

BE HAPPIER



BE HEALTHIER

OTHER BOOKS BY GAYELORD HAUSER

EAT AND GROW BEAUTIFUL

DIET DOES IT

GAYELORD HAUSER COOK BOOK

LOOK YOUNGER, LIVE LONGER

BE HAPPIER

BE HEALTHIER

by Gayelord Hauser

FARRAR, STRAUS AND YOUNG
NEW YORK

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Preview

The theme of this book is merely this: that from the sun, air, earth and water, the green things we depend upon extract all that is good, all that is required, for health; and that the extent to which we adjust ourselves to sun, air, earth and water, determines the measure of our health. Yet, to our physical bodies, there have been added minds and emotions which make our adjustments more complicated, and more miraculous. Our happiness depends upon such adjustments. Our health depends upon such adjustments. For, so miraculous and interdependent have these great potentials become that we cannot be happier without being healthier, or healthier without being happier. In all of this great interplay of interdependencies, the relationships of human beings, one to another, is the most important of all. Here is the clear, the straight, if also complicated and tortuous, road of happiness and health. This is the maze of circumstance you must wend. This is the problem you must solve. Let me help you do it. Give me your hand. I have been through this maze myself, I have solved some of its secrets. I want to help you.

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BE HAPPIER



BE HEALTHIER

When health is absent, wisdom cannot reveal itself, art cannot become manifest, strength cannot fight, wealth becomes useless, and intelligence cannot be applied.

Herophilus, physician of Alexandria

CHAPTER ONE

The Beginning of This Book

You are a creature of habits. We all are. Life could not be lived without them. Habits are Nature's way of enabling us to answer questions without thinking. If we had to stop and decide every issue that came up, if we had to solve every problem that arose, it would be time to go to bed before we had finished breakfast.

But some of our habits are bad, and must be corrected. Some are good, but can be better, and these must be improved. And some habits, some very good and convenient, life-improving habits are lacking. I know, because we are all human.

So prepare yourself. I mean to send the blood flowing through your arteries and veins until you are a-tingle with newly discovered excitement and happiness—until your body bubbles with exuberance and health. For I am a minister of disturbance, and I intend to jog you out of your complacency and routine.

You must make some changes. How shall this be done? First, by looking at yourself as though you had never seen yourself before. *You* are a brand new person. Look at

yourself in a mirror, a full-length one, preferably. Look well, for you are gazing at the person who is going to be your best friend for life, for a very long life. What you see should make you happy, should give you satisfaction.

Are you a little ashamed? A little embarrassed? A little dissatisfied? Don't answer now. Postpone these decisions for another time. Make this a new habit. Keep looking until you see a younger YOU, a happier and a healthier one. You will, I promise you that.

Now you must also look at your mind. Does it, as most of ours do, need a little house cleaning? Is it, by any chance, overloaded with Self-pity, Self-indulgence, Self-importance—in other words with Selfishness? If so, then another kind of Self, an important kind, is probably lacking; Self-reliance, Self-respect, Self-confidence and Self-discipline.

Now take one more look at this image of yourself. Do you see, or do you feel, stresses and strains? If so, say goodbye to them. They'll do you no good. They are but parasites leeching on your happiness, eroding your health.

During the last war, millions of Americans became familiar with the phrase, "a happy ship." A happy ship was a shipshape ship, a well-regulated ship, a ship with morale, a ship the crew of which respected their skipper who, in turn, not only respected his crew but fought for them, as well as with them. A happy ship was mature. Its crew did not fool themselves about danger, but knew that the best guarantee of survival was the facing of the facts of danger as intelligently as possible. A happy ship was an adult ship; its crew was adult; its captain was adult. There was no room on it for Pollyannas or ostriches.

And so this is to be a happy book. And let's not delude ourselves that the pursuit of happiness and health is an aimless pastime reserved for long-haired poets and idealists. Democracy is based on the ideals of life, liberty and happi-

ness. And our ship of state is a happy one depending upon the extent to which you and I get mature about these most precious privileges—life, liberty and happiness.

It is to be a happy book, but it is also to be a personal book, a very personal and intimate one. It is addressed solely to you. It is written for you, by me, Gayelord Hauser. But you need not fear that anything that passes between us will be revealed. As the minister maintains the confidences of the secrets of men's souls, as the lawyer preserves the sanctity of the relationship with his client, and as the physician observes the unimpeachable ethical standards set down by Hippocrates, so too will I respect you, maintain your confidences, and serve you to the best of my ability.

This is a personal book because it treats of the most personal things in the world—your relationship with yourself. Yes, only you can answer the questions that must be asked if an analysis and examination is to be made of your happiness and your health. I shall ask those questions, and I shall do so with sincerity and respect, but this does not mean that I shall not do so as forcefully as I can. You must not dodge this issue. Your happiness and your health are at stake.

You can be HAPPIER. You can be HEALTHIER. There is an old saying that Seeing is Believing. I would change this to *Being* is Believing. You will be happier, if you believe you will be. I well remember the great psychologist, C. G. Jung, in his book *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, saying that practically all of the patients he had seen in thirty years of practice were sick because they had lost faith, and that none of them were really healed until they had recovered faith. Faith in what? Faith in that which they had believed in.

Never before in the history of the world has man been subject to so many, and such powerful, stresses and strains.

These forces are levers that would pry you loose from health itself. They are magnets that would extract your happiness and leave you an empty and unhappy mockery of yourself.

Birth of a Book

But first let me tell you how this book was born, why I decided to write it. When I went abroad, in the summer following the publication of *Look Younger, Live Longer*, I had no idea of what awaited me. I knew that *Look Younger, Live Longer* had been translated into some sixteen languages but even so I was but ill-prepared for the tremendous enthusiasm it had engendered.

After the lectures, the receptions, the autographing parties, the conversations, the question and answer periods, the correspondence—I repaired to my villa at Taormina in Sicily, beside the Mediterranean, for rest and also for recuperation, for the trip had been strenuous.

And as I sunned myself on my little beach, as I floated, relaxed in the ever-changing blue of that tideless ocean, as I sat on the porch with Deucey in my lap or faithfully at my feet, I kept thinking of the fact that was so forcefully borne in on me in my journeys, that I was not just *engaged* in something, I was *involved* in it. And it was a big thing, as big as the peoples of all the world. These lectures, these receptions, the applause, the attention and publicity were not for me—they were for the thing I represented, the movement of which I was a part.

Yes, I was involved, and I was glad, for my whole adult life has been devoted to helping others. And I thereupon resolved that I would write another book. It would treat to some extent of the all-important matter of better food and better eating habits. But it would also treat of other things. It would treat of the benefits our bodies can derive more directly than through food from the wonderful

worlds in which we live, especially those of the sun, the earth, the air and the water. But it would also treat of the equally important matter of the care and nourishment of the mind, of the establishment of good habits of mind, so that the body and the mind can operate as one, as they should so that the two, together, the body-mind house can go about the bigger business of being human without having to concentrate on diet and exercise.

Here is that book. I do not treat of the body as the doctor does. I don't know beans about medicines or drugs. I have no scalpel. I use no analytical couch. I have no laboratory to analyze the fluids and tissues of your body. I do not even own, or use, a machine or instrument for measuring the various motions of the body.

But I believe that you, better than anyone else, know when you are well and happy. I believe, in the last analysis, you are the one who knows what is good for you. I believe that you are the person who must decide when you should go to the doctor or psychiatrist. And I would have you go sooner, rather than later.

I believe an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.

I treat of the world of the sun differently than does the astrophysicist, the earth differently than the geologist, the air differently than the physicist, and the water differently than the chemist. These are specialists. They have special knowledge. They have special vocabularies and nomenclatures in which to express and transmit their knowledges. You and I cannot understand them, though ultimately we benefit tremendously from their discoveries.

Let me show you these worlds as I see them, as I have learned about them, as I believe they exist for your benefit, for your greater health and happiness. And also for your greater fun. Yes, fun. I believe that fun is something that all human beings are entitled to. We know that fun, that

laughter, is good for our physical and mental selves, that as whole human beings, fun is an essential, a must.

So, let us now enter into the world of the sun, and see what we shall see.

CHAPTER TWO

Our World of Sun

Sun-Light Is Life-Light

Let there be light, and there was light. But there was more. There was a creating force, energy to build, to heal and to sustain—the sun! Now, through modern analysis, science shows sunlight to be many things. It has the colors of the spectrum; red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. There are waves of various lengths. The short ultra violets affect us chemically; the long rays, physically. The ultra violets cannot go deeper than the first layers of the skin, but there their activities start processes that result in the formation of new cell stuff, especially 7-dehydrocholesterin which becomes the wonderful Vitamin D, the mortal enemy of rickets.

Even in the time of Herodotus the lore of the sun was old and ancient. In Babylon, Assyria and Egypt, instinct for the sun, for its warmth, its good feeling, and as a health cure was well established. Special terraces for sun-bathing were built. And the athletes of the first Olympic organized a sun cult to increase their strength and endurance. The Incas considered themselves the sons of the Sun. Systematic

sun bathing was prescribed by the great Hippocrates. And Antyllus used sun bathing and sun light much as it is used today in surgical therapy.

Instinct turned men toward the sun, but they did not always know why. During the middle ages there was a great loss of knowledge of the value and beneficence of the sun, and it was not until the eighteenth century, in France, that the therapy of the sun came back again. Under the agencies of Faure, Le Peyre and Le Compte, sun, as a medicine, as an instrument of health, had a great revival and vogue.

To the ancients, and to the modern astro-physicists, too, the sun seems first. For it is suggested that there could be no earth for living things until there had been suns that had died.

And it is for this reason that I began my book with the Sun, the Earth, the Air and Water, for these are the components of everything we know and are. These are the building blocks from which we are made, and these are the building blocks with which we construct our health and our happiness. There is nothing else. And the sooner we see them, and admit them, for what they are, then the Happier and the Healthier we can be.

In Sun There Is Health

It is now believed that the long rays of the sun not only benefit the surface of the body but also penetrate and give thermal stimulation to the nerves. This would mean that skin stimulation, muscle structure and even some of the inner organs can be affected.

One of the first effects of sun bathing is the action on the blood vessels: the surface capillaries relax, dilate a little and allow more blood to come to the outer skin. The skin becomes pink and ruddy with this extra supply. The blood content of blood vessels is not always the same. After

eating the vessels supplying the digestive tract have first call on all this vital fluid. There is important work to be done. On the other hand, the surface capillaries can, under the conditions of sun bathing, command up to 30% of the blood supply of the entire body.

The first rule of sun bathing must be: **NO SUN BATH FOR AN HOUR OR MORE AFTER EATING.** Noel Coward has immortalized this idea with the phrase "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun."

The effect of sun on muscles that are weak is direct and beneficial. Breathing is stepped up, the metabolism increased, and a greater supply of energy is sent to the wanting muscles. Then, too, such increased metabolism tends to burn up excess fat.

Dr. Head has established the existence of certain zones on the surface of the body as being connected through nerves to inner organs. The experienced masseur has knowledge of such relationship. And the existence of erogenous zones, quite apart from the genitalia, where tactile stimulation can effect the sexual feeling are well known. If the rays of the sun, hitting the surface of the body, can give stimulation to nerves, and through them to organs, then the future of our knowledge of the all-importance of the sun on our happiness and health is great indeed.

In the meantime we can rest certain that the sun, intelligently used, is most healthful. So drink the rays of the sun and let them improve your circulation, strengthen your muscles, and stimulate your organs.

In Sun There Is Happiness

The sweating resulting from sun bathing can be a distinct assistance to the kidneys through the removal of surplus water. But excessive sweating can be a sign that you are overdoing it.

One of the little-considered effects of the sun is on the *Psyche*, on the personality. If you have a mean, pessimistic mother-in-law who lives in a dark dingy flat with drab wallpaper, take her out of there, take her to the beach, put a linen dress on her, and the sun will do the rest. People who get lots of sun are inclined to be good, happy, generous, and in other respects to have positive qualities. The effect of the sun in this way can be seen on whole populations of people as for example in Sicily, where everybody comes under the optimistic influence of the sun.

Such people are happier, gayer, they dance more, they have more temperament than people who live in the north where there is so much less sun, so much less warmth, and so much more clothing to be worn. The people of the north are more inclined to be quiet and sedate. They are the ones who make and enjoy serious and somber music. Correlation has also been made between sun deficiency and hysteria, imaginary illness and inferiority complexes. To be gay is to create something that is good. It is from the effect of the sun on the spirits that such good things are coined.

These are some of the things that are known and suspected about the sun, and its importance to you for happiness and health. I often suspect that we will some day discover that the sun's rays transmit as yet unknown and important vitamins to our internal bodies.

In the meantime, let me give you some techniques for sun bathing. It is easy to make a mistake about the sun. The sun in spring is quite different from that in the fall. The morning sun is not just like the afternoon sun. The sun in the city is not the sun in the country. The sun on the mountain top is not to be confused with the sun on flat land. The effect of the sun on blonds and brunettes is varied. The effect of the sun on alcoholics is one thing, and on heavy eaters, another. The sick should never be

subjected to the sun in the same way as the well are. And there is a difference in the way the sun affects the young and the old.

The basic rules are:

1. Shut out the harmful rays with salves and oils that contain a filtering agent.
2. Never expose the bare head during sun bathing. The rays can cause dizziness and even sun stroke.
3. Expose the body in parts—do it gradually.

In Sun There Is Therapy

The most healing, and also most dangerous, sun is that to be had in high mountains where the clear air and the rarer atmosphere permit of the full force of the sun, especially of the ultra violet rays. If you are not used to the sun in the mountains, be ever so careful, expose but little of the body and always use a filtering salve or oil. Also in the mountains, when there is snow, you should bear in mind that the reflection doubles the strength of the sun. If a filtering oil or salve is not available, you may use olive oil and quinine the way the Swiss mountaineers do. Sick people in the mountains should never be given sun baths except under the direction of an experienced physician.

On plains, and in valleys, the sun can be taken longer because many of the ultra violet rays have been lost or become weakened in transit. At the ocean, though, caution is required. First because of reflection, and second because the salt water is an irritant. It is not wise to lie still while sun bathing. You should keep rolling and moving. He who goes to sleep is likely to wake up unhappy and even sick.

Liberal smokers and drinkers, and overliberal ones, should do much sun bathing. It will relax and quiet them and depress their need of and desire for these stimulants.

I cannot urge you too strongly to take sun bathing seri-

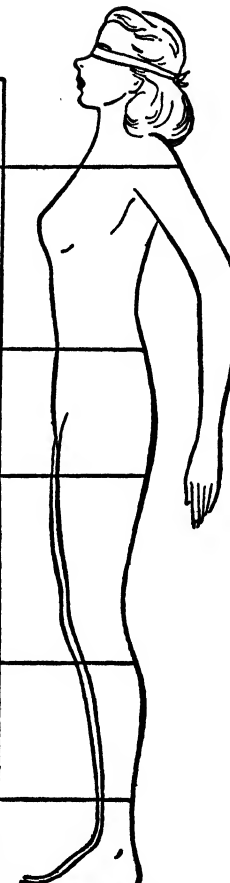
		MINUTES					DAYS				
40	35	30	25	20	8						
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Table of sun exposure for the parts of the body.

ously, to let it caress your body. But don't overdo it. Don't try to be the first one browned to a sizzle. Take it easy, but take it. And, wherever you are, beware the noon-day sun. All plants and animals that love the sun set examples for us. Animals will go into the shade, and many plants close up when the heat of the sun is greatest. And, of

course, in tropical countries, everyone takes siestas except "mad dogs and Englishmen." Twelve to four—closed. No business. Eat, sleep or rest.

Getting tanned is not a game or a competition. It is the serious business of vitalizing, of renewing, of strengthening, of purifying the body. Get the sun wherever you can. Even in the city, in winter, you can probably find one window where for a few minutes a day you can make a little Florida beach for yourself. But don't forget—sun through the window pane is no good.

And don't forget Grandma. She needs the sun, too. Just as much, maybe more than you. But don't let her wear one of those big, black, 1910 model bathing suits. Get her a good, brief beige or gray. The color will give her a lift in itself. Follow the sun chart that I have prepared. Begin at the feet, and go up the body, five minutes more each day. Cover the head. In the Swiss sanatoria, sun bathers lie with green leaves over their heads. It is not for nothing that the English solar topee is green inside.

Personally, I think there is no beauty like that which has been caressed by the sun. We know that right amounts of sun are wonderful for the skin. But also, there is something healthy and wholesome looking about people with dark skins. They look better. I am sure they feel better. I do not like the color of grass underneath a rock. It has lost its chlorophyll, and I am sure people too were intended to have something in their skin that came from the sun.

So, gather your sunshine while you may, especially you city people. I know of a bus driver who gets his sun at Tar Beach—his name for the roof—and he always looks brown as a berry. Give yourself to the sun. It contains the principle of health and happiness. It is a wonder thing. All of us are equally rich in sunshine. Make its strength

your own. Let its happiness gladden your heart. Not all the money in the world can buy one ray of sunshine, and not the richest man in the world can get along without it.

In Sun There Is Fun

Man seems happiest in the sun. When he is sick he seeks recovery in the warming and healing rays of the sun. It is the sun that blesses his earth and permits green things to grow. It is the sun that fills the heavens with cooling showers. It is the nearness and remoteness of the sun that causes the seasons and makes the heats and colds which cause the surface of the earth to yield its rocks and minerals up into soluble salts and soils. Sun makes the day and gives us light. It inspires man to see things, to understand things, it makes him human. Ignorance is darkness and cold. Knowledge is light and understanding, and these warm the spirit. Man knows that however he may be buffeted by fates and storms there will always be a sun to warm him, heal him, inspire him.

There is an old story about a king who was the wealthiest man in the world, but not the healthiest. He had everything but health. And so he sent his ministers out to find the healthiest man in the world, and bring him to the court. So out they went, and for a long time they searched and searched for the healthiest man there was. And finally, being agreed on the success of their quest, they returned. And the king asked his ministers if they had found the healthiest man in the world, and they said they had. At this the king, rather angrily, said, "Well, where is he? Bring him in." After some hesitance, the chief minister spoke up and said, "But we can't, Your Majesty, he has no shirt."

If the king was a wise one, he probably promptly shed his garments and went up on his palatial "Tar Beach"

and got a little sun himself. There is nothing so precious as that which gives us health, and the wealthiest man in the world had no substitute for the rays of the sun that are yours for the shedding of a shirt.

Don't ever forget, it is easier to maintain health than to cure disease.

The Benches of St. Petersburg

Today, the benches of St. Petersburg, Florida, are filled with happy people enjoying the second half of life. But when I first saw St. Petersburg, it was a depressing sight, a place full of old, sad, unhappy, pained people, trying to be reconciled to a dull prospect, a short future. From every part of the country, they had come with their remaining money and their aching joints. They hobbled. They sat like sacks of grain. They had found the Fountain of Youth but they were not rejuvenated. Each morning, after breakfast, they took their places on the benches, and sat and sat and sat until it was time to laboriously rise, and struggle lunchward. Then the benches were empty, and as depressing in their emptiness as they had been in their crowdedness. After lunch, out crawled the crowd of the decrepit, the hopeless, the waiting, and the benches were filled again.

But now how different everything is. Maybe Ponce de Leon really made a mistake, for St. Petersburg is now truly the Fountain of Youth. The benches are full, but the people pop up and down, change places, come and go, like so many children full of energy. They can't keep still. They wear clothes that admit the sun. They are full of competition. The sounds are those of happiness, of enjoyment, of participation. No, the benches of St. Petersburg are no longer depressing. They are now the most encouraging, the most heartening sight in America, possibly in the

world. For the people in St. Petersburg, the future has ceased to be a hole in the ground and has become a castle in the air. They play. They gad. They talk animatedly. They bathe in the surf. They walk. They sun themselves. They eat with gusto, and from hunger. And if their backs are bent, and their knuckles gnarled, they still have areas of optimistic and pleasure-productive activity. They have learned how to climb the mountain of life. They have ceased sliding helplessly down into the sunless valley.

They are using the sun and its life-giving rays, to vitalize their blue-white bodies. They are taking advantage of the invigorating sea water. But most of all, they have learned to eat the "sunshine" foods which grow there in profusion. St. Petersburg is a wonderful spot for one of those "Health Holiday" hotels we will talk about later. It's all there, sun, air, sea, and wonderful, healthful food.

There Are Miracles in the Sun

Properly absorbed, the rays of the sun, especially at great altitudes where the sun is at its best for such purposes, can accomplish miracles. I wish you could see the "before and after" pictures of people who have been cured by Dr. Rollier, the "Sun God of Switzerland." I have told Dr. Rollier's story many times, and shall continue to do so, because of its inspiration and encouragement. For love of a nurse who was suffering from tuberculosis, he gave up his surgical practice in Bern and took her high up into the Alps to a little town called Leysin. There, slowly but steadily, and most surely, she recovered. Today, Dr. Rollier and Leysin are known to thousands and thousands of people all over the world. His book, *The Cure of the Sun*, is known as the "bible" of sun therapy. His treatment calls for intelligent moderation. You will find it described, briefly, in *Look Younger, Live Longer*. It is primarily a story of love, and not just the love of a man for a woman.

There is more. The love of the healer for his art, and his selfless devotion to his patient. But then, also, there is the love of living things for the beneficent rays of the sun, its warmth and its goodness.

CHAPTER THREE

Our World of Earth

The Earth Is a Living Thing

In the new books that are being written about the earth, about food and health, two names keep constantly recurring. They are an Irishman named Robert McCarrison and a tribe in Pakistan called the Hunzas. Yes, and there is one other topic that is regularly mentioned, the Hunzarized rats. Let us see what these may mean to you, how they may make it possible for you to be happier, and especially how these Hunzarized rats will make it possible for you to be healthier.

Come with me on a little journey. I want to take you to the land of the healthy Hunzas. It is a small place of a few thousand people situated in the northernmost part of Pakistan, where Afghanistan, China, Tibet and the southernmost part of Soviet Russia are closest together. There, at an altitude of 8,000 feet, in between sheer walls ten to fifteen thousand feet high, live the fabulously happy and healthy Hunzas.

But we must go back, first, to Belfast, to pick up our guide, a young man named McCarrison who, in 1900, had

just qualified as a doctor. Subsequently to become Major General Sir Robert McCarrison, he was then an adventurous soul who joined up with the Indian Medical Service. On his twenty-third birthday he set sail for India, and an adventure that was to lead him to a belief about disease that was, and is, revolutionary—the belief that good soil, a well-nourished mother, and an unsophisticated diet are the enemies of disease, and the best guarantees of happiness and health. McCarrison was assigned to the Gilgit Agency which was some sixty miles away from the Hunza valley. At Gilgit, young McCarrison found the customary ills, ailments and afflictions. But, strangely, the Hunzas, sixty miles away, failed him almost completely. They weren't sick. They wouldn't be sick. Sometimes, he has said, he would remove a senile cataract, or treat an accidental lesion. But as for cancers, ulcers, appendicitis, dyspepsia, or mucous colitis, never once did he see any of these conditions. And in the years to come he was to wonder why, and he was also to arrive at some interesting conclusions.

He recalled, subsequently, when he had had more time to think of food in its relation not only to health but also disease that among the Hunzas there was a notable lack of consciousness about the abdomen, except in connection with hunger. And this buoyant, abdominal health, he remarked, contrasted significantly with the dyspeptic and colonic lamentations of our highly civilized people.

The Earth Makes People Healthy

What were they like, these Hunzas? They were happy. They were healthy. They loved to dance, and did so with grace and zest. They were superb mountain climbers. They had tremendous stamina. One traveler reported that he had seen their Mir playing a vigorous game of polo at the age of seventy. Sir Aurel Stein, the famous archaeologist,

told how, one morning, he was amazed to see a messenger return who, five days before, had been dispatched on a two-hundred-and-eighty-mile journey most of which was along a track not more than four feet wide, and which sometimes was supported on stakes driven into the sides of cliffs. Twice in the course of this long journey, this hardy Hunza had to go over a pass as high as Mont Blanc.

They are agriculturists, these Hunzas, and they love and protect their soil. Possibly this is because most of their food comes from land that would long since have been washed away if it had not been given constant care and attention. They terrace and irrigate. And they return to the soil everything that has come from it. From this constantly renewed earth they get grains, fruit and vegetables. From their cattle, who also enjoy and renew this earth, they have milk, sour milk, buttermilk, cheese and—once in a while—meat. They make a wine, and though they are Moslems, they drink it, sparingly, but none the less enjoyably. They are good craftsmen—carpenters, masons, gunsmiths, etc., and they are good companions.

Possibly nowhere on earth is there a better example of the beneficent and happy relationship and result of good earth, good food and good health.

The Hunzarized Rats

Many years later, in 1927, McCarrison was appointed Director of Nutrition Research in India. He knew what he wanted to do. He had waited a long time for the opportunity. The healthiest peoples of India were the Pathans, the Sikhs, and the Hunzas. So McCarrison established a food and health experiment with some rats who were to achieve substantial, posthumous fame. Eleven hundred and eighty-nine rats were watched from birth until their twenty-seventh month. At that point they were the equivalent in age of man at fifty five. During this time they were

fed whole wheat bread spread with a little butter, bean sprouts (pulse), fresh raw carrots, all the raw cabbage they wanted, unboiled whole milk, a weekly allowance of meat and bone, and plenty of water. A few rats had died from accident, while young. But, otherwise, there had been no mortality at all.

Then they were sacrificed to research. And here, in McCarrison's own words, was what he found. "During the past two and a quarter years there has been no case of illness in this 'universe' of rats, no death from natural causes in the adult stock, and, but for a few accidental deaths, no infant mortality. Both clinically and at post-mortem examination this stock has been shown to be remarkably free from disease."

The Poor Bengalized Rats

McCarrison had Hunzarized the rats. He had done it with food. Diseases had been abolished. What diseases? McCarrison had the answer for that in another experiment, when he fed his rats the diets of the underprivileged people of Bengal and Madras. Dr. G. T. Wrench, in *The Wheel of Health*, reporting on this work of McCarrison's, has this to say. "He took the customary diets of the poorer people of Bengal and Madras, consisting of rice, pulses, vegetables, condiments, perhaps a little milk. He gave these to the rats."

Now, this diet immediately opened the lid of Pandora's box for the rats, and diseases and miseries of many kinds flew forth. McCarrison made a list of them. Here it is as given by him at the Royal College of Surgeons.

Lung diseases

Diseases of the nose

Diseases of the ear

Diseases of the eye

Gastro-intestinal diseases

Diseases of the urinary tract

Diseases of the reproductive system

Diseases of the skin

Diseases of the blood

Diseases of the lymph and other glands

Diseases of the endocrine system

Diseases of the nervous system

Diseases of the heart

Oedema

They had pneumonia and pleurisy, sinusitis, stomach ulcers and cancer, pyelitis, renal calculus, they aborted, they had gangrene of the extremities, a type of pernicious anemia, enlarged adrenals, polyneuritis, myocarditis and pericarditis, to mention a few of the troubles that resulted from their eating the diet of the poorer people of Bengal and Madras.

But the Hunzarized rats had none of these things. The Hunzarized rats had health.

Dr. Wrench thinks that health was "transferred" by food. McCarrison thinks so. Many others do, and the group is growing.

Later, McCarrison fed some rats the diet of the poorer classes of England: white bread, sweetened tea, boiled vegetables, tinned meats and jams of the cheaper sort. By the sixteenth day these rats began to kill and eat the weaker ones.

The healthy rats were good-tempered, the badly fed ones were ill-tempered. The healthy ones seemed to have a philosophy of live and let live. The others were cannibalistic.

There seems to be a natural cycle of health. Healthy earth produces healthy plants, and healthy plants make food that makes animals and human beings healthy.

The Faulknerized Earth

Here is a new book, *Soil Development*, by the well-known agriculturist, Edward H. Faulkner. You probably will remember him as the author of that revolutionary best-seller, *Plowman's Folly*. Mr. Faulkner has settled down on a small farm in Ohio. His purpose is to practice what he preaches. He is demonstrating that one can do two things at once. He is growing earth as well as crops. Yes, growing earth. The earth is a living thing, full of bacteria, earthworms, microscopic protozoa.

Incidentally, the great Darwin was one of the first to study earthworms, and he estimated that in an acre of land devoted to the growing of grain there would be 27,000 earthworms, and twice that number in land devoted to gardening. He described the function of the earthworm as that of constantly taking the soil from below the roots of plants and spreading it on the surface. He believed that earthworms could form new mold on the surface of the earth at the rate of an inch of thickness in five or ten years. In moving the soil from the deeper layers to the surface, he said, earthworms not only broke up the soil and mixed it with organic matter, but also by their burrows provided easy access for air and water.

But to get back to Mr. Faulkner, the interesting thing about his farming is that he uses no chemical fertilizers, no sprays, no dusts. "At no time," he says, "have I used fertilizers, lime, compost, or other soil amendments, anywhere on the farm. Having no animals, I have had no stable manure to use. Therefore, whatever change has come to this soil must be credited to the fact that the remnants of each crop have been faithfully mixed into the soil before the next crop was planted."

Then, Mr. Faulkner adds, "After only seven years of this kind of treatment, my soil performs like new land

. . . in 1945 it wouldn't even grow a decent tomato." But listen to this, "Already insect and disease troubles are virtually at an end. Some crops have had no such troubles for several years. I have come to expect insect infestation and plant diseases to be so mild that no remedies are needed."

Mr. Faulkner does not disbelieve in composting, he just believes that the same decomposition process occurs when trash is mixed into the earth, and that "certain gaseous losses that seem inevitable in the compost heap will thus be avoided."

One of the great differences in food grown in this way is that of flavor. Many people remark about this. Faulkner says, "Differences in flavor are often astonishing, and the flavor of a vegetable grown in naturally well-developed soil is far more pleasing than the flavor of the same vegetable grown in the conventional way in ordinary soil. A naturally grown tomato does not smell like a drugstore when it is cut open, while some of the tomatoes sold these days certainly do have an odd odor."

There are many who are pessimistic about the wasting of the earth, and while Mr. Faulkner is no rosy optimist, he does present a positive scheme for "growing" the soil, for improving it, for recovering its original condition. We may well believe he is right, for if he isn't we have a long wait ahead of us until Nature makes us some more, at the rate of an inch every five hundred or thousand years. When the soil goes, we go. And as the soil goes, so goes the health of the things grown in it, and the health of those who eat those things.

Is it any wonder that soil that is so worn out needs the boosting effect of lime and fertilizer? Or, that foods grown in such soil require the bolstering that is available in the wonder foods I have talked so much about: yeast, wheat germ, yogurt, blackstrap molasses and milk powder?

McCarrison has told of how the Hunzas make a compost of all the organic material they can collect, and how they nurture it until it obtains the consistency that enables them to spread it carefully and evenly over their land as though it was apple butter being spread on a slice of bread. The ideas behind organic farming have a tremendous fascination and appeal. Hands that have never held a hoe will hold a book about the subject way into the night. And no wonder, for, after all, there is nothing more important to us than the cycle of circumstances that produces our food.

Briefly, the theory is that the earth is a living thing, subject as all living things are to conditions of life. There can be healthy soil and sick soil. Sick soil is soil that has lost some of its elements. Healthy soil is whole soil. The growth of plants is to be measured by the things they have extracted from the earth. When the plant comes to the end of its days, it withers and rots, and the things it has taken from the earth are returned to the earth. If an animal consumes these plants, it has consumed the things the plant has taken from the earth. When the time comes for the animal to go to his reward, the accumulated borrowings from the soil are returned whence they came.

The waste of organic material that could go back into the land reaches appalling amounts. Paul Sears, the author of *Deserts on the March*, has estimated that the city of Cleveland throws away each day organic material equal to the amount that could be produced in one year on a 300 acre farm. Writing in *Mother Earth*, the journal of the English Soil Association, Professor Sears suggests that one kind of conservation that we sorely need is that of "the proper conservation of sewerage, garbage, and other urban wastes which ought to be processed and returned to the land."

Organic Oranges

Two years ago, America was visited by one of the most dynamic of Englishwomen, the well-known Lady Eve Balfour, daughter of the famous Lord Balfour of World War I fame. Mrs. Leonard Busby brought her to see me at my home in New York, and I remember what an exciting evening of conversation we had, talking of these matters so close to both our hearts. That evening ended at four in the morning. Consequently, I was more than interested in her account of some of her American experience as it was recounted in portions of her American diary republished in *Mother Earth*.

"May 5 . . . Finally we got to the Champion Brothers' organic orange grove. All day we had been driving through orange groves—70 miles of them. Few looked really healthy and alarmingly many were clearly going back rapidly with a high proportion of dead or dying trees. I had already heard that the Champion grove had been in a like state a few years ago but had been restored to health by organic treatment.

"I was therefore eager to get contrasting photographs. As we passed these diseased groves, therefore, I kept saying, 'Stop, let me photograph that one,' to which Mr. Barton invariably replied, 'There's lots of time, we'll pass plenty worse than that,' from which you can gather the extent to which the California orange industry is threatened.

"I was told that in the commercial groves there is little or no conservation of organic wastes. The trees are fed only with artificial fertilizers and are heavily sprayed. Most groves, in fact, carry large red notices warning that it is dangerous to enter, because they have been sprayed, and small dead birds can frequently be seen. The oranges are harvested before they are ripe and are then dipped in disinfectant, dyed to make them look ripe, and then waxed.

"The contrast at Champion Brothers was almost unbelievable. In three years, following a system of heavy mulching plus compost making, for which they keep a few fattening steers, the grove has been restored to health. The fruit is sun-ripened on the tree and no poison sprays are used. The flavour is superb, and one can even eat the skin, which is not bitter. I brought a lot home with me, and they kept perfectly, the last being eaten two months later."

The Plundered Planet

No one has written more effectively about the soil problem than Fairfield Osborne in *Our Plundered Planet*.

This book contains more of the same argument, more of the same evidence. Mr. Osborne, too, believes we are ruining our earth because we do not realize that it is a living thing that must be nurtured, that we cannot forever be taking from it without returning that which has been taken. He believes that the health of man is related to the health of the food he eats, and the health of the food, of vegetables, to the earth from which it comes, and the health of animals, to the health of the vegetables or animals they eat.

Here is the great wheel of health. Here is the spiral of Nature. Here is the cycle of the processes whereby living things live together. We have been fighting Nature, says Osborne. He calls it the silent war, the war that in the long run will result in "more widespread distress to the human race than any that has resulted from armed conflict. It contains potentialities of ultimate disaster greater even than would follow the misuse of atomic power."

Lady Balfour is not the only one who questions the quality of food that is grown in exhausted soil. Mr. Osborne asks the question, "When is a vegetable not a vegetable?" "One needs," he says, "to ask the question seriously these days because color, form and bulk are not necessarily

the only criteria by which we can tell whether vegetables, or any other earth products, contain nutrients essential to health. There is the obvious likelihood that if soils in which plants are grown have become leached, depleted, or otherwise impoverished, the food derived from them will be deficient in energy-giving or health-giving content."

The Geography of Hunger

All roads of learning about the earth, its health and its diseases, inevitably lead to food, and, increasingly, to the incomplete food that comes from a tired and depleted earth. To my way of thinking, no one has dealt with this so thoroughly as Josué de Castro, the Brazilian who is Chairman of the Executive Council of the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations and who has written an important book entitled *The Geography of Hunger*.

Starvation and partial hunger are two entirely different things. Starvation drives men and animals into the doing of horrible things. Hunger, on the other hand, chokes off the libido, the will *to do*. Hunger is a throttling of human reaction. Here, briefly is a picture of the effect of starvation on men and animals, even on the sexuality of man. It is followed by evidence of the effect of hungers on man, especially, the deprivation of certain necessary elements of nutrition if man is to be human, and not just a wild animal.

"In disaster areas, where there has been wholesale starvation, animal life is similarly altered. During one of the great droughts of the Brazilian northeast, there was a frightful plague of bats; these normally nocturnal creatures became active day and night, and swarms of them invaded houses, sucking the blood of children and even attacking full-grown men. Serpents, too, became frenzied

in these Brazilian droughts: rattlesnakes come out of their dens and move in bands through roads, corrals, farmyards and even houses, searching for prey. During the Spanish Civil War, the depredations of stray dogs in the streets advertised the famine which struck Barcelona. Men, subjected to total hunger, react as violently as animals. The overwhelming action of hunger dulls all of man's other vital interests and desires, even suppresses them completely. His whole thinking is actively concentrated on finding something to eat, no matter what the means, no matter what the risk."

Even the libido is reduced or eliminated by starvation. At Minnesota, some young men submitted to a semi-starvation diet for a period of six months to see what effect it would have on their sexual hunger. At the end of the period "sexual interest was extinct in almost all of the individuals."

We, here in America, who are concerned with diet, are shocked by the information that twenty-five million Americans suffer from that national malady that results from overeating. De Castro presents the horrible, the shocking information that a billion and a half people, human beings, residents of this planet, are in a state of hunger, are permanently in that state, and cannot escape from this most terrible affliction of society.

He makes amply clear just what that affliction is. It is not the total hunger of starvation that reduces human beings to the emotional status of wild animals running amuck in their blind search, their frantic quest, for food that will enable them to keep the spark of life from going out—though there is too much of this. It is the *partial* hunger of malnutrition, the hunger of incomplete diet, the hunger that comes from the deprivations of certain things necessary for happiness and health.

Proteins and Progeny

But one of de Castro's most important conclusions has to do with the effect of such hunger, of malnutrition, on reproduction. He puts it plainly. The birth rate of the world is in inverse proportion to daily protein intake. Here is his table.

<i>Countries</i>	<i>Birth Rate</i>	<i>Daily Consumption of Animal Proteins, in Grams</i>
Formosa	45.6	4.7
Malay States	39.7	7.5
India	33.0	8.7
Japan	27.0	9.7
Yugoslavia	25.9	11.2
Greece	23.5	15.2
Italy	23.4	15.2
Bulgaria	22.2	16.8
Germany	20.0	37.3
Ireland	19.1	46.7
Denmark	18.3	59.1
Australia	18.0	59.9
United States	17.9	61.4
Sweden	15.0	62.6

(The table is from *The Geography of Hunger* by Josué de Castro, Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Copyright 1952, by Josué de Castro.)

The great birth control is proper diet, if his idea is right. It is as though malnourished people, people whose survival prospects are least good, people whose susceptibility to the high mortality of disease and epidemic, because of bad diet, are stimulated by nature into overproduction. It is among such people that infant mortality is greatest and the life span is shortest. This is a great conclusion, answering, as it does, the Malthusians who predicted that population would outstrip the food supply,

and even the capacity of the earth to feed the growing population. According to the Malthusians, war and pestilence, or birth control, or all three, would be necessary in order to keep the one in the bounds of the other. Then came the Darwinian idea of evolution resulting, in the popular mind, of the idea of the survival of the fittest. This added weight to the theory of Malthus.

But, if de Castro is right, then both of the others may be wrong. It may develop that the way to control population is through adequate diet, through good food grown in good earth.

Here again is an evidence of the all-important role of food, as I have been teaching it for a quarter of a century. Food is not only the answer to the health of individuals, but to the health of mankind.

De Castro is quite specific about this. "Hunger for proteins," he says, "involving a deficit in certain amino acids, increases significantly the fertility of animals. Proof of this is in the sensational experiments of J. R. Slonaker, which have not yet had the recognition they should and must receive. Slonaker subjected groups of rats to diets which varied in protein content, and studied their reproductive indices for six generations. He found that diets rich in proteins, when proteins constituted more than 18% of the total caloric intake, were unfavorable on all counts to the reproduction of the species: they increased sterility, retarded the epoch of fertilization of the females, and reduced the number of litters and the number of young in each litter."

Malnutrition and Human Dignity

But the specific hungers that cause malnutrition do much more than just open the gates to disease and overpopulation. They make man lethargic and apathetic. They degrade him in size. They disintegrate the personality.

They affect the attitudes of self-preservation. They lessen mental control. Scruples wither. Moral inhibitions disappear. And de Castro points out that the areas, the hungry areas of the world, are those where banditry, morbid mysticism, continual revolutions, prostitution and moral depravity are most prevalent. Depression is induced. Loss of initiative and ambition ensues. Submissiveness, fatalism and improvidence are induced. The Communists know well that food is a weapon of war. They know that by reducing protein in the diet of subjected people that those people will become submissive. And they may well know, also, that along with a protein shortage the human cauldron will boil with too many people as well as with disease and despair.

I have seen how Hitler systematically starved Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, etc. The first thing he did was to reduce their consumption of meats, eggs and milk. He practically eliminated these important protein foods from most diets. Right now in Hungary, the Communists are carrying out this same diabolical plan. The cattle, fowl, eggs and milk go to the party members. The others live on devitalized cereals, spaghetti, rice. The hunger edema is growing steadily in once happy and once well-nourished Hungary. Weaken the health and break the morale and people will become easy prey for insane and alien philosophies.

During the first World War we had a slogan, "Food Will Win the War." Can we not have one now that "Food Will Win the Peace?"

Even though de Castro may be right about protein and birth control, there is no question but that it will be some time before the people of the world are sufficiently well-fed to have any marked effect on population. In the meantime, as Lord John Boyd Orr, former Director General of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization,

says, in his Foreword to Robert Brittain's *Let There Be Bread*, "We must look forward to our children inhabiting a world with a population double what it was before the last war. Can the earth support four billion people? This brilliantly written book will convince the unbiased reader that with modern science this can be."

New Food Frontiers

And I agree with Lord Orr. I have long been teaching the value of sea farming, and of the great possibilities it presents. Mr. Brittain has an exciting chapter on the "Salt-water Frontier." I myself have seen the seaweed farms he mentions, off the coast of California. But there is more than that. There is a great world of pioneering opening up to those who will discover the underwater forests of the oceans. And then there is the mass-production of fish in the sea. Fish farms in the ocean. Whoever would have thought such a thing possible? But off the coast of Northern England you could, now, see fish farmers rowing out and dumping food overboard just as casually as pig farmers dump food in their pens. And then there are the unlimited possibilities of productive and fruitful experimentation with plankton, the microscopic food on which all fish, directly or indirectly, seem to live. Imagine my surprise and pleasure to find an entire building at the University of Messina in Sicily devoted to the study of plankton.

But the story of chlorella is the exciting one. Chlorella is an alga. You know it best as one of the green scums you see on stagnant ponds. Brittain describes chlorella, a little microscopic blob, as "a very efficient little food factory." They found it, at Stanford, where research has been going on, to be a most efficient manufacturer of carbohydrates, but not so good on proteins. Omitting all the things they tried, let Mr. Brittain tell you what they have found thus

far, "richly fed chlorella, harvested in the early stages of its growth, contained much more protein than it would if allowed to grow longer. Working along the lines suggested by this fact, they have been able to harvest a plant in which 58% of the dry weight is edible protein."

It has been conservatively estimated that an acre of water would yield twenty tons of dry protein annually. And this is only one of the algae. It may well be that water is the food frontier of the future.

Worms Know Better

I am sure you have heard many times the saying that rats will desert a sinking ship, but I wonder if you have ever heard about the famous horse breeding farm in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. It concerns a farm that was famous for the many winning horses it bred. For years it had an enviable record. Then hard times came to the foals. Many were lost. And most of those who survived failed, as their ancestors had not, to win races.

The story got around that the stock was petering out, that it was overbred. The vigor and stamina and spirit that had characterized the horses of this line and stable, disappeared. Its owner was so discouraged that he finally decided there was but one thing to do—get rid of all the mares and stallions and start fresh with an entirely new set of sires and dams. He was on the verge of putting this drastic and horribly expensive decision into effect when one of his assistants, one who had studied agronomy at a state agricultural college, asked that he be permitted to make some tests. But the tests were not made on the horses. Instead, they were made on the soil.

And, as the sailor is horrified to find that the rats have left his ship, so was this young man horrified to find that all of the worms had left this land. The dying earth had been deserted by its earthworms. Years and years of the

same procedure, the pounding hoofs of hundreds of horses, the same crop of blue grass, had exhausted the soil. It grew grass, tall grass, beautiful grass, to look at. But the horses that ate that grass, that lived on it, had been starved. There was a hidden hunger buried in that land, and the horses that grazed there were affected by that hidden hunger.

The bright young agricultural student set about revitalizing the soil. He turned it over. He planted and he plowed the crops in. He planted earthworms there. He bred earthworms, and when the earthworms decided that it was good enough for them, that it contained the things they needed, then the horses were brought back.

And with what result? With a spectacular result. The mares stopped losing their foals. And the young foals almost immediately they were grown began winning races the way their sires and dams had. The line was not bred out. The soil was just exhausted.

We can learn much from rats and earthworms. And we can learn much from meal worms, too. When the meal worms desert a grain elevator, or when they fail to attack flour, you may be sure there is nothing in it for them, and if there is nothing in it for them, then there isn't very much in it for you. You can try it yourself. Put a bag of whole wheat flour on a shelf beside a bag of white, refined flour. And then, week by week, examine each and see where the bugs appear first. The answer, of course, is obvious. The rats know when the ship is going to go down. The earthworms know there is no future in exhausted soil. And the meal worms know there is slim pickings in white flour.

White flour that has been bleached and not fortified is wonderful flour, economically. It will last. It is antiseptic. It is bug proof. And it makes wonderfully white, soft bread. But if it isn't good enough for bugs, it isn't good

enough for you, just as the earth that was not good enough for earthworms was not good enough for horses.

Certified Soil

Someday, and I can dream if I want to, someday I believe that, just as we have certified milk, graded meat, and grading of food in cans, some day I believe we will have certification of soil exactly as we have certification of herds of cattle. And then we will be able to buy carrots and potatoes that were grown on healthy, flourishing soil. Someday, the tomatoes we buy will smell like tomatoes, and not, as Faulkner said, like drug stores.

Certified soil! Certified earth! Certified dirt! "These turnips were grown in soil that is certified by the United States Department of Agriculture to have a full composition of mineral elements." It is good live, healthy soil.

If you want winning race horses, you must have soil that is certifiable. If you want winning bread, you must have flour that is not only good enough for meal worms but also comes from earth that is certifiable. Grade A milk. Why not Grade A earth? Nothing can go into a plant that has not been present in the soil. The content of a plant is a mirror of the content of the soil from which the plant comes. If the good is in the soil, then you can get it by eating the plant that comes from that soil. To be healthy you must have the good minerals that are present in the good earth. As long as you cannot eat earth, you must eat that which feeds on earth.

Strangely, there are times and places, where human beings do eat earth. It has a name. It is called Geophagy—the acute hunger for and need of certain minerals. There are known instances of primitive people eating clay, of people traveling great distances to get a particular kind of earth which they then eat directly. And it has been found that in this way, these peoples, intuitively, prime them-

selves with minerals which are lacking in their normal diets, and which they very much need.

Geophagy is an extreme method, but still it is not much more extreme than the doctor's prescription of iron for anemia. In fact, it is much the same thing. The chief difference is that one is intuitive and the other scientific.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that organic farmers report repeatedly that green things grown on healthy soil are not susceptible to the blights and pests that attack things grown on soil that is hopped up chemically. Growing things, grown in healthy soil, seem, during their living, to have an immunity to the great armamentarium of botanical attackers. True, when the growth is complete, if harvesting is delayed, then the pest will attack. But that is apparently just part of the process of returning that which has come from the soil to it, of breaking up, through bacterial action, the things that emerged from the earth. That happens to all things that live. It is the process, the ten thousand year process by means of which top soil is produced.

But what we have to look out for is the disease that attacks human beings in their youth, and plants before they are ripe. It is health derived from healthy soil that seems to be the great preventive doctor, the great enemy of disease of all sorts. And the only way man can get that health is by eating plants grown in such soil, or animals that have fed on plants that have been grown in such soil.

Ponies Are Only Hungry Horses

Shetland ponies, the smallest horses in the world, have always had a tremendous attraction for children. Enterprising American business men, hoping that profits could be increased by breeding them here, thereby reducing transportation costs, were nonplussed to discover, after several generations, that they weren't Shetland ponies any

more, they were full-sized horses. They learned the hard way that it was the barren soil of the Shetland Islands that kept Shetland ponies small. Goldfish kept in a limited environment will remain gold fish. Liberated into a larger and more natural environment they became carp.

De Castro suggests that the Chinese and Japanese are "human ponies" kept small by their soil and the diet it yields them. Their stature, he says, has been reduced by chronic malnutrition.

He cites the anthropologist Thorday in connection with another group of human ponies, the pygmies of Africa who when moved to another environment begin to grow.

Inferior races, so-called, de Castro says, are races that have been reduced by their soil, and the food that soil yields them. Starvation, or total hunger, alters behavior.

Pint-Sized Cows

Recently the newspapers have told us of the introduction into America of the pint-sized cow. It gives only two gallons of milk a day, less than half what a regular cow will give. It is the Dexter, and is said to be an Irish mountain animal. It is about three feet tall and weighs 500 pounds. It is said to have a "frugal" taste for thistles, nettles and poison ivy "instead of" alfalfa and clover. Maybe the people who are breeding Dexters as "suburban" cows, will find out, in time, that their stature is not in their genes but in their diet.

It would be interesting to see a complete comparative chemical-analysis of the milk of big cows and pint-sized cows, when the big cows had been fed alfalfa and clover grown on certified soil and the little cows had subsisted on weeds, underbrush and thistles, nettles and poison ivy.

It is said that Dexters are gentle and docile. It has also been said that the best fed children are the ones who are the most rambunctious. Should we be looking for cows

that can survive on an acre of mediocre land? Or should we be looking for cows that reject the idea of subsistence living and marginal diets?

It may be that pint-sized cows will give "pint-sized" milk, which might result in "pint-sized" children.

When You're Born, You're Done For

The world is full of people, and people are full of ideas, and every once in a while, an idea will become contagious, and will infect millions, so that they all hold the same idea, or the opposite of it. About a hundred years ago, after Darwin had burst his bomb of evolution upon an unprepared and unsuspecting public, the great idea was evolution. Everyone talked evolution, and did so in terms of the great argument of the day, the relative importance of heredity to environment. It was a chicken-and-the-egg sort of argument—which came first, which was more important.

If I remember correctly—and I have no means of checking here in Italy—in his *Experiment In Autobiography*, H. G. Wells tells of the long, running argument he had on this subject with Arnold Bennett. It went on and on for years. They thought about it. They talked about it. They wrote about it. And after some twenty years of give and take, of pro and con, they decided they were getting no place, that neither side could win, and so they called it off. But at the very end, Bennett wrote to Wells, agreeing to call it off, admitting that neither side could win, and then went on to say, "But, one thing I know. When you're born, you're done for."

And so you are. You are born with genes that determine certain things. But you are born into an environment that is also determining. Your brain may be inherited, but what you do with it, what happens to it, is the result of environment. On the other hand, you might have a most

inadequate inheritance, and still be born into a most stimulating environment, and become a most productive member of society.

I have always liked this idea. It is suggestive of a very old, and very wise idea, that men cannot be divided into two parts. Heredity is important, and so is environment, but the most important thing is *man*, who is the product, the sum, of these two. And so is man, himself, a product, and the sum, not just of his mind, but also of his body. They cannot be separated. And every year that passes demonstrates the increasing importance of this observation.

Minds can make unhappy bodies, they can make unhealthy bodies. And healthy bodies can make sane minds, just as unhealthy bodies can make, or can contribute to unsound minds. We know these things, today. But they have been known for centuries. They are not new, they are merely things that can now be proven. The wise men of the past who knew these things, also knew others. They knew that food was important, and that some food was more important than others.

I believe in nature, for one very good reason. That reason is that all living things have an intuitive or native instinct for solving the problems of living. If they had not, life would have died out billions of years ago.

The world we know, the world of science and technology, of philosophy and sociology, is quite new—not more than two or three thousand years old. Prior to that time, for the hundreds of thousands of years that man and his erect ancestors have been around, men still knew how to solve the problems of living. There were many things they did not know, and many things they did not have to worry about. These were the things that man has discovered in the course of these last three thousand years, and they were the consequences of these discoveries.

But all this time that man has been discovering gunpowder, mathematics, and philosophy, certain things have remained constant. And the most constant things have been man, his body, and the food that he needed in order to fuel his organism. Human evolution is so slow that more than a hundred thousand years would be necessary in order to show or detect the slightest change in an animal that is so slow to reproduce as man.

So, for at least a hundred thousand years, man has been successfully solving the problems of living. If he hadn't he wouldn't be here. His body has changed little in that time. Nor have the needs of his body changed. First and foremost of these needs is food. And these have not changed, in that time. But, during that time, man's teeth have learned to decay. His arches have learned how to fall. He has invented the horrible deficiency diseases that bow his legs and dry his skin.

Native Wisdom

How, and why, I often ask myself, did man forget so much? Animals know what food is good for their bodies. Dr. Albrecht, Professor of Soils at the University of Missouri College of Agriculture, has told of the way cows will refuse the extra tall and luscious green grass that grows on urine spots, and how they will literally risk their necks to get through the barb wire and at the virgin and unexploited vegetation on the side of the road.

Animals know what is good for their bodies, and, not possessing "thinking" brains, they have not, through conscious thought, created problems for themselves. Their problems have been created by man. And man is inclined to think that cows are just perverse in their attempts to break out of inadequate pasturage.

But man is possessed of a thinking mind and, having known what was good for his body, he has also had to

decide what was good for his mind, too. In the course of the last two thousand years, he has placed more emphasis on what was good for his mind than on what was good for his body. With what result? With the result that he has lost a lot of wisdom about his body and its needs. He had decided that his mind was more important than his body, as though the two were only temporarily and inconsequentially related. Man could neglect the body and cultivate the mind. Indeed, people used to think one should, because of the greater importance of the mind.

Now it has been discovered and well established that the body and the mind are one, that there is a direct relation between the condition of the body and the character of thought. Further, it develops that attitudes of mind can affect the physical condition of the body.

Finally, it appears that some of our mental judgments about what is good for the body are not as good as some of the old intuitive judgments that man used to have.

Green Medicines

One of the great intuitive arts or semi-sciences was that of herbs. These green things constituted the chief armamentarium of man, and also of animals, against ills and disorders. Animals still naturally tend toward certain green things under certain conditions. In pussy and Fido we see that sort of tendency when they eat grass for the thing that ails them.

For thousands and thousands of years, man has been accumulating a certain kind of very effective wisdom about the desirable effect of green things—things not usually considered food—upon undesirable conditions of his body. These were the green medicines of nature. This lore constituted all the medical and therapeutic wisdom man had, until knowledge of chemical reaction began to creep in,

and surgical techniques were established, in snail-like fashion.

But, primarily, it was the herb that cured man's cough, reduced his fever, relieved his aching back, and quieted his nerves.

No one has done more, recently, to reclaim the lore of herbs than that wonderful Englishwoman, Mrs. Leyer, founder of the famous Culpepper Houses in England. With no attempt whatsoever to show the many things that herbs used to be used for, but merely to give an idea and a savor of the lore of herbs, I have prepared the following which shows the wonderful world of names and of claims with which herbs were associated. This was the beginning of the modern pharmacopoeia. Many of the names remain, not only of the herbs themselves but also of the therapeutics in which they were compounded. It was only four short centuries ago that all sick men, and ailing, turned to this sort of thing. There was nothing else to turn to. Is it all gone by? Is this all stuff of the past, displaced, lock, stock and barrel, by scientific knowledge? Not at all. Much remains. I, in Taormina, had every single afternoon, a wonderful tea made of lemon verbena. Why is it better than China tea, you may ask? I would counter with another question, why is it not as good—it is much cheaper. It stimulates, it soothes, it pleases. I like it. Why don't you try it?

In the meantime, here is a bit of the flavor of that wisdom, intuitive wisdom, that was used for medicinal purposes until only a short time ago, and is still used in many places, even today. We tend to forget that the pharmacopoeia of today is merely the great-grandchild of the herball of the sixteenth century, and that that, in turn, is but the accumulation of thousands of years of native, pragmatic wisdom about the values of the green things of the earth.

The very nomenclature of herbs is appealing. Adam's

Apple, Barber's Brushes, Bleeding Nun, Devil in a Bush, Venus Bath, Turtle Head, Spanish Needles, Pussy Cats' Tails, Medick, Penny John, Lousy Grass, Pick Pocket, Knives and Forks. Who could resist such imaginative names? And from these, and thousands of others, we can see the patient grandmother preparing her syrups, salves, powders, electuaries, extracts, tinctures, oils, liniments, sachets and potpourris. By concoction, decoction, infusion and by extraction, by drying and by comminution, she used every valuable part of the herb. Into her pots and mortars went roots, barks, petals, gums, saps, seeds, flowers and berries.

And the products of her wisdom and patience were demulcents, diuretics, sudorifics, deobstruents, emmenagogues, alteratives, anodynes, tonics, stomachics, aperients, carminatives, styptics, resolvents, and many other strange things. If we now use the word emulsified instead of demulcent, if diuretics become kidney stimulants, and if our favorite carminative becomes bicarbonate of soda, we need not be surprised. We use aspirin to reduce fever, they used a febrifuge.

They believed that saffron was good for rheumatism. We are now discovering a plant hormone that has an almost miraculous effect on arthritis. The great question we must ask ourselves is how much wisdom did they have that has been discarded. Ephedrine was not a discovery, it was a recovery, a recovery of wisdom that the Chinese had had for a thousand years or more.

The old herbalist had a cure for every ache and pain, not only of the body, but also of the mind and soul. There was no mood, no aberration, no abnormality, for which there was not an appropriate restraining herb. The ravages of time, of the emotions and passions, failing eyesight, eroticism, grief and terror, all of these came within the area of the herbalist's activity, because there was no other treat-

ment. Chemistry had not been born, and there were no psychiatrists.

In every country of the ancient world, there is an age-old lore of herbs. Herbs for food. Herbs for medicines. Herbs for condiments. Herbs for spices. And herbs for the states of the mind. Much of the lore is fantastic, to be sure, but who can tell where fact and fantasy end and begin. In her fascinating *Elixirs of Life*, Mrs. Leyel tells of a Chinese herbalist, Chang-li-yun, who died in Peiping in 1933 at the age of 256 years. To prolong his life, he is reported to have drunk daily infusions made from a special herb. And from another, they concoct something they say has prolonged life as much as seven hundred years. Have you ever had camomile tea? The chances are the closest you ever came to it is in a novel of the eighteenth century. It used to be used in poultices to relieve toothache or other pains. As a tea it soothes the nerves and aids digestion. But camomile also has another use. One of its old names was Plant's Physician, and the reason for this name is interesting. Mrs. Leyel says that it contributes to the health of the soil and keeps away obnoxious pests. Another suggestion that all plants are not always susceptible to all insects and diseases. Or, consider Angostura. We think of it as something to dash lightly into a Manhattan or Old Fashion cocktail. They thought of it as a febrifuge, a fever reducer.

CHAPTER FOUR

Our World of Air

Free Air

The best things in life, we used to sing, are free. And nothing is freer than air, or better, or more important. But because breathing is involuntary and air is universal, we are inclined to take them both for granted. Most of us, especially us city dwellers, tend to become lazy breathers, shallow breathers, flat breathers, chest breathers. We breathe as though there was a scarcity of air and even as though the less air we consumed, the better off we would be. As if breathing was a tiring process.

This is a horrible, horrible mistake.

Air is one of the most important elements in your life. You can live without food for weeks, without water for days, but can only live a matter of moments without air. In this whole, big, wide, confused world nothing, but nothing, is more important than air. It contains the fuel we use every second of our lives for releasing energy to our billions of cells. It contains the chemical properties that cleanse our bodies. Yes, the thoroughness with which our cells are energized and our bodies are cleansed depends

upon the manner in which we breathe. And, just as air is the most important element of nature, so is breathing the most important function of our bodies. But while breathing is an involuntary function, one that we cannot stop, it is one that can definitely be conditioned and improved. The ancients knew this. Some of them called breath their instant contact with their gods. The Hindus, more than any other people, take breathing seriously and have developed it into a vital science. They believe that the good things in life—peace, poise and longevity—depend upon right breathing, and they speak of the air as being, or containing, “*prana*,” which, itself, is the container of “*vital spirit*.” Whether this is so or not, we Westerners are hardly in a position to tell, but I do believe that deep rhythmic breathing is the quickest way to vivify and energize tired bodies, and is even more important for our happiness and health than good food. I sincerely hope that I can make better breathing as popular in this book as I have made better eating popular in *Look Younger, Live Longer*.

*You Can't Stop Your Breathing,
But You Can Improve It*

In England and France there are many schools of “breath” culture, where they teach deep, rhythmic breathing. In Germany I found schools, sanitariums, and many doctors, teaching, as part of their regular treatments, diaphragmatic breathing, complete breathing, or, as I like to call it, deep-down belly breathing. Of the many “systems” of breathing which I have taught my students, I find the one by Professor Tirala of Vienna of immense value and also the most practical for busy people.

Professor Tirala is a serious doctor and uses what he calls *Heilatmung* (Health-breathing); he has made scientific breathing an important part of his practice for more than twenty years. He is the doctor who examined countless

singers and discovered that they rarely suffered from high blood pressure. Deep rhythmic breathing seemed to discourage it. Professor Tirala also has had excellent results in helping patients suffering from circulatory diseases and especially heart troubles. Naturally, it is a doctor's job to take care of high blood pressure and heart troubles. But it is exactly these circulatory diseases which cause so much unhealth and unhappiness, even more than cancer, in these tense times of socialized stress and civilized strain.

I certainly would like to have every reader of *Be Happier, Be Healthier* include belly breathing in his daily life. This is how I teach my students better breathing, and this is how I suggest *you* learn to do it.

If possible, remove your clothing, or at least loosen everything and anything around your neck and waistline. Lie down—relax—and let go. Now, breathe in slowly through the *nose*—and don't force yourself. Do it all very gently. Now, exhale slowly through the *mouth*—as you exhale hum the letter U. Make your exhalation as long as you can, without forcing, of course. Now you are in for a surprise.

Take your watch, just for fun, and time yourself, and see how generously you have been partaking of the world's most important stuff—fresh air! You will be surprised to find out how much you have been cheating yourself, probably for years. Yes, the average man or woman, when told to inhale as long as possible, can only do so to the count of ten or fifteen; and when you ask them to exhale as long as possible, they usually exhale even less. Professor Tirala finds that people with high blood pressure and weak hearts can only inhale up to a count of five or ten, and that their exhalation also lasts between five and ten seconds, which shows a great deficit. But for you who follow my *Be Happier, Be Healthier* program—you, the great army of intel-

ligent men and women who want to *remain in top form*, I want to pass on this technique for "belly breathing."

Now, in order to help you breathe better, here is what has been helpful to thousands of my students. First of all, forget about pulling up your chest forcefully as you take a deep breath; instead, think of your "belly," and breathe into it and out of it. It is best to learn this lying down. You will see that as you take one of these deep-down inhaling breaths that your abdomen will round out—that is as it *should* be. But as it rounds out, so, also, will your chest expand. Do this consciously five times, ten times, twenty times, do it as often as is necessary in order to get the full feel of the nostril-to-belly inhalation.

Remember, for best results do your "belly breathing" lying down in a relaxed manner; don't force, don't strain, don't hurry. After you have learned to "belly breathe" in this manner you will soon be able to do it everywhere—sitting, driving, walking through the woods. I beg of you—to include deep breathing in your new design for happier living; but, please, do not make the mistake of breathing *furiously and strenuously*. Your watchword, whatever you do, should be: Do it relaxed, and ever so gently. If, in the beginning, your inhalations and exhalations last only a few seconds, do not be unhappy—don't strain to hold your breath longer. That is a mistake. You will find that after a few weeks of practice you will breathe better and your inhalations and exhalations will gradually become deeper and calmer.

Please, practice deep breathing at least once a day for ten or fifteen minutes. Before going to bed is an excellent time—it can even help you to sleep better. For the busy executive, I recommend five minutes of deep, rhythmic breathing also during the day. Why? Because no other few minutes of invested time can possibly bring you greater returns. If you are "from Missouri," then see for



Tank up with as much fresh air—don't strain—start breathing in through your *nose*, deep down in the abdomen (see how it protrudes) and breathe in as much as you can, so your chest and belly are filled with life-giving oxygen—don't strain—easy does it.

yourself what deep breathing will do. Look at the following sketch of an X ray of the heart.

Exhale, milady—exhale, sir! The next time you are under stress and strain please remember that the more attention you pay to your *exhalations* the better off your body will be and the calmer and happier you will feel. Exhalations are so very important because the deeper and



Now, slowly exhale through the *mouth*, humming the letter U as you breathe out. Make your exhalation as long as possible—see how your abdomen flattens. That is all there is to it; it looks quite simple, but it requires a little patience and practice. It is so very important for oversophisticated flat breathers to forget their flat “upper chest breathing”—and breathe in through the nose and way down into the belly.

longer you exhale, the more impurities you remove from your city lungs and the more relaxed your whole body becomes. I have found that pent-up, fidgety, nervous people are often flat-chest-breathers and never give their bodies the benefit and the pleasure of really deep-down exhalations. Youngsters and animals understand and practice the fine art of breathing with their bellies—watch a baby asleep, or look at the animals in the zoo. No heaving of chests, but slow, deep-down, rhythmic belly-breaths. Watch what most people do when you tell them to breathe better, or to get some fresh air: nine times out of ten they stand up and take deep breaths of air through the nose, raise their chests fast and furiously for a few moments, and, of course, feel very virtuous about the whole thing. Well, I have news for you—these furious and fast “tanker-uppers” are all wrong. They don’t feel better, they don’t feel relaxed and they haven’t lost any of their tension.

I had such interesting experiences on TV in New York. Television studios are full of tension and bad air—it’s nerve-wracking work—so very religiously, I would go out into the fresh air right after rehearsals. I got some good, deep belly-breaths by breathing—gently, not furiously—through the nose and then as gently and calmly exhaling through the mouth, humming the letter U, *and* I exhaled longer than I inhaled. This is just the opposite of what we used to think. And this is why I repeat, the longer you *exhale* the more you purge your lungs, and the more you exercise and strengthen your entire breathing apparatus.

I hope you will try this very simple and very effective way-down-from-the-belly breathing the next time you are tense and tired. I look forward to the day when belly-breathing is taught to children in schools.

There are many kinds of breathing exercises. One of the very best of them is singing, so don’t, please, be like the

man in the story my good friend Erich Remarque, the famous novelist and author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, told me about. The man in the story felt pretty bad and finally, as all people do when things get bad enough, went to see the doctor. That worthy gentleman had little difficulty in diagnosing the trouble. "Young man," said he, "the trouble with you is an old, old trouble—too much wine, women and song. You'll have to give some of it up." At this prescription the patient brightened appreciably, sat up and said, "Okay, doc, I'll give up song." Singing is the one thing you must *not* give up.

As a matter of fact, when did you last sing, yourself? Singing is one of the most wonderful forms of exercise there is. It exercises not only the lungs, but also the spirit. Even singing in the rain that falls from your bathroom shower can bring you infinite amounts not only of joy, but also health. I firmly believe that singing is not only an expression of happiness and health, but also a means of obtaining them. Singing is a super-exercise for the lungs, good loud, exuberant singing, especially with groups where all the participants are bathed in a great aura of happiness.

In walking, talking, singing, in every effort we make, in the feeding of the body; in the maintenance of health and the increase of happiness, the lungs have a stellar role. There is no part of the body that is not benefitted by them, and no part that cannot be hurt if they are hurt. The limits of our activities and of our ambitions and aspirations are, in the last analysis, determined by our breathing habits.

There are many who have thought that there is more to air than has ever been discovered by the physicists. Whether this be so or not we cannot judge, but we can be certain that between good breathing, good lungs and greater health and happiness, there is a direct connection,

and we can also believe that breathing can be improved and that breathing has curative possibilities. So I would like you, in connection with your Be Happier, Be Healthier program to develop better breathing habits. Don't become fanatic about them. Like good diet, they should with a little practice become unconscious.

I would like you to think of your body as having unlimited potential for happiness and health, and the great world about us in which we live as containing an infinity of the factors and forces necessary for obtaining it. Between this great reservoir outside of your body and the million, billion cells within it, of which you are composed, the funnel through which the one will pass to reach the other is that pair of soft bag-sacs that are so miraculously cradled in your chest. The bellows of life that maintain the ebb and flow of this material are the muscles that cause your chest to expand and contract. Just as you can breathe stale air or dry air, so can you develop lazy breathing habits. You must consider the quality of the air you breathe as well as the character of your breathing.

House-Cleaning the Lungs

Think of your *exhaling* breaths as house-cleaning breaths. The relationship between these breaths and the condition of the blood and the happiness and health of the cells is almost instantaneous. It only takes a matter of seconds for the blood to complete its course around the body.

Professor Tirala says that diaphragmatic breathing is very important when people are suffering with conditions of the gall bladder and liver. He believes that these people can be helped by this breathing technique which, when developed, results in inhalations depressing the diaphragm and stimulating the secretion materials essential to the blood. There is a direct relation, too, he says, between liver

secretions and the peristaltic function of digestion. Deep breathing, Professor Tirala says, also strengthens and develops the heart, which expands as we inhale and contracts as we exhale. There have been many books on breathing and many of them treat of breathing as a magic or mysterious rite. But science has now established the fact that deep belly-breathing, or diaphragmatic breathing, is not to be written off as an old wives' tale or hangover from an early superstition.

One of the enemies of good breathing is bad, stale, dry air, and every radiator in our steam-heated homes and offices should have an evaporation box on it, or hanging in back of it, and these should be kept full of water. Stale dry air is recognized as an enemy of health and one of the chief causes of colds. The world of air is another one of our worlds of fun and we should obtain enjoyment from breathing. Every breath should make us feel happier and healthier.

One of the very best breathing exercises is dancing, but not the night club dancing that takes place on a small square of floor in a smoke-laden atmosphere, when the heart is already overworked and overstimulated. Dancing, in order to be most beneficial, should be in the open air. Swimming, too, is one of the great breathing exercises, providing one is not out to break records. And, of course, there are no better breathing exercises than those of golf and tennis, providing the element of competition is kept down to reasonable limits.

Exercises of all sorts promote better breathing—just ordinary walking more than doubles your breathing capacity, climbing a hill increases it four times, real mountain climbing multiplies it twelve times, and competitive sports, like tennis, increase it twenty times or more. In such sports where people breathe furiously, say thirty times in a minute, they actually aerate their lungs with

ninety litres of fresh air. But when did *you* climb your last mountain? When did *you* play your last game of tennis, and in how many sports have you participated recently? Many people have lost the natural art of belly breathing. The torso and belly muscles have become soft and flabby. I am not recommending strenuous, competitive sports, because I believe that they can be harmful. But walking and relaxed swimming are wonderful exercises for old and young people especially when they are combined with deep breathing.

In all of this breathing exercise, though, don't neglect *exhaling*. But of all the exercise for the lungs, there is nothing but nothing which contributes so wonderfully to the increase of happiness and health as laughter, and, in connection with the deep diaphragmatic belly breath, the deep belly laughter of complete and abandoned enjoyment is tops. The saying that if you laugh the world will laugh with you is true enough and takes on extra special meaning and significance when you appreciate the fact that pessimism is infectious. Gloomy Sunday was a mortal disease. Laughter is the specific for that condition.

Just a short time before this book went to press I had the pleasure of lecturing in Zurich. I was thrilled to learn among the more than 2,000 persons present were the Birchers and Professor Tirala. The latter had flown from Vienna especially for the occasion. I had two marvelous days with him; the most exciting thing he told me was his experience with a high American government executive who had sought relief everywhere for a blood pressure of 240, but with no success. Then he came to Tirala, who taught him how to breathe, and in just four weeks his pressure was down to normal.

If deep rhythmic diaphragmatic breathing, as taught by Tirala, can help a person suffering from high blood pressure, why should we not assume that it can, in some in-

stances at least, assist in preventing it? It is for reasons like this that I place so much hope and emphasis on better breathing. Let me emphasize that high blood pressure is not to be played with by either patients or amateurs; it needs personal supervision and treatment.

But for us millionaires, the Healthy, the Wealthy and the Wise, we certainly can practice "belly breathing" several times a day, and who knows how many doctors it will keep away? It's free, you know!

CHAPTER FIVE

Our World of Water

Taking the Cure

For thousands of years, men have been taking cures. Somewhere, somehow, long before any knowledge of chemistry, or physiology, or medicine, man had discovered that some waters were good for one thing, and some for another. Taking the cure—drinking or bathing—is as old as the hills.

Think of the names of places that are famous throughout the world for their waters!

Baden Baden, French Lick, Vichy, Nauheim, White Sulphur, Auvergne, Carlsbad, Evian Spa, Wiesbaden, Saratoga.

But these are not the only places to which men take themselves in search of health. Just as animals will beat a trail to the nearest salt lick, so have men, for centuries past, proceeded to the shore, the hills or mountains, and to the woods. But whether it be the Riviera or Florida, Bath or Coney Island, the Alps or Denver or Saranac, Tucson, Dieppes, or Sun Valley, we know that man is trying to get as close to the health-giving forces of Mother

Nature as he can. For it is from the sun, earth, air and water that all living things draw the energies they need.

Of all these places, two are dearest to me. One is Switzerland, where I recovered my health as a sickly youth through the vitalizing transfusions of vegetable juices, or the blood of green plants as they called it. The other is the little town of Woerishofen, where the teachings of Father Kneipp did so much for me in the streams that came tumbling down out of the mountains. It is difficult to convey a full picture of all he did for me, and so many others. But you may imagine a place of great natural calm and peace pervaded by a spirit of infinite good. Picture a small town surrounded by great woods, through which small streams of mountain coldness made their way. It was in these streams that so many frayed nerves and fevered bodies were cooled and alleviated.

Probably no one in America did more to establish the therapy of water than Dr. Simon Baruch, the father of the illustrious Baruch "boys." In 1893, he published the first original book in English on the subject: its title was *The Uses of Water in Modern Medicine*. And in 1920, he wrote a small volume called *An Epitome of Hydrotherapy*. That water can be a potent and important element in our lives is evident from the uses of it that Dr. Baruch lists. These are:

1. As a stimulant
2. As a sedative
3. As a tonic
4. As a diuretic
5. As a diaphoretic
6. As an emetic
7. As a purgative
8. For the promotion of metabolism
9. As an aseptic

10. As an antipyretic
11. As an hypnotic
12. As a local anesthetic

Just recently, I am glad to be able to report, the cornerstone for The Simon Baruch Houses was laid, at a ceremony on the lower East Side of New York attended by the two sons, Barney and Herman: one, America's foremost elder statesman, the other, ex-Ambassador to the Netherlands. And I am naturally delighted that their famous father has been so recognized as an important bridge in the therapy of water, connecting as he did the natural wisdom of the ancients with the scientific skill of modern medicine. Like their wonderful father, these two famous sons are proof that there can be fun in the second half of life, and that that period can be productive, as well.

Hot Springs

The Black Forest was one of the great joys of my youth. There was an old tradition that when hunters had wounded a stag they always knew where to find him—deep in the forest there was a warm spring, and animals instinctively would drag themselves to it. Yes, the wounded animal would always bathe its wounds in this warm spring in the heart of the Black Forest. Today, people come from all over to do exactly what the animals used to do—immersing their ailing bodies in the healing waters of that wonderful natural warm spring called Wildbad.

In America, many, many years ago, in the Middle West, Indians used to bring their sick and wounded from miles away to a place just like Wildbad where there were warm waters which the Indians intuitively knew had healing powers. The American tradition is that neighboring tribes were accustomed, at first, to war for possession of this miraculous medicine, but that, in time, they came to real-

ize that their mutual interests were greater than their individual rights and so one of the first civilized actions of the North American continent occurred with respect to this so highly prized natural resource, and a little United Nations was established, where all Indians were at peace, where all sick and wounded could be brought there with safety and certainty, and that place is now called Hot Springs in the Black Hills.

The Father of All Water Cures—Father Kneipp

We do not know what it is that water does that has such a wonderful effect upon the sick, the tired and even on the well. But Father Kneipp always said that water contained great and potent healing power, and, certainly, the thousands of people who went, and are still going, to his little water haven at Woerishofen in Bavaria, obtain wonderful benefits. Besides benefitting the sick, the world of water is also a world of fun that all people can enjoy. The natural forces that exist in water have not been studied enough. Father Kneipp, in German, called these natural forces "*Naturkraft*." There is nothing better in the world, not only for ill people but for healthy ones as well, than the practice and the pleasure of letting the body be stimulated and caressed by water and sun. It is well known that water stimulates the peripheral nerves in the skin and, through them, benefits the inner organs of the body.

I would like to give you one rule for you to follow all of your long, happy life. Never put cold water on a cold body. If you are cold, then use warm or hot water, or, if warm water is not available, rub yourself briskly with a good rough towel until you feel warm and your skin is pink and glowing.

Begin your baths warm and end them cold. This also holds for showers. Enjoy the warm water as long as you want to and make it as warm as you please, but at the end,

have the water as cold as you can stand it, but not for too long. You should come out of your warm-cold bath glowing and pink—never blue.

There is no country in the world so fortunate, as far as water and bathing facilities are concerned, as the United States. There are some who think that excessive bathing is bad, that the natural body oils are removed and that the body suffers accordingly. I do not think we need worry about this. Such people are still probably devotees of the Saturday night bath and have not yet learned the fun that exists for them in the world of water. We are not all blessed with the means of taking ourselves off to Wildbad or Hot Springs or Saratoga or Baden Baden every time we feel the need for the blessings of these places, but there is no reason why each one of us cannot make a little spa and bathing resort out of his own bathroom. If you cannot come to Father Kneipp's beautiful Woerishofen, you can still have cool water come tumbling out of the tap in your bathtub and obtain from a little wading much of the benefit that would otherwise cost you so much. And, if you will use your imagination, close your eyes and think of the most beautiful mountain stream you have ever seen, with a high summer sun coming through the few breaks in the leaf umbrellas of the trees around you, then it may well be that you will get from your wading all the benefit and at a tremendous saving of money.

We are mostly locked to our land and locations, we Americans. We must make the best of what we have. We are not the type to go back to nature. We must go forward to it and just as you can make a watering place of your bathroom, so, too, can you, even in winter, find a little space in one room where by opening the top window at a certain time of day you can get the full effect of the healing rays of the sun. Where there is the will, there is the way.

We are fortunate in America beyond all dreams of fifty or a hundred years ago. We have the fruits of all the seasons in our ice box; we can have a southern beach for a few minutes a day in some room, and we can have a great bathing place in our own bathroom. And, with a little imagination, we can not only have immense fun but we can derive tremendous benefits.

A Sitz Bath in Every Home

I am always very envious of the Europeans about one thing. To be sure, there is no country like America where modern plumbing is so prevalent. Still, there is one respect in which the Europeans have it all over us, and that is the sitz bath. I look forward to the day when the sitz bath will be really established in America. Anyone who has never established the pleasant practice of the use of a sitz bath can have no idea of the invigoration that is to be derived from it. There are many people who confuse the sitz bath with the bidet. They are, however, two entirely different things. The bidet is a cleansing bath, whereas the sitz bath is a small bathtub in which one sits, with the knees, legs and feet hanging over the tub and only the trunk of the body and the vital organs are immersed in the water—first in warm and then in cool water. So many do not realize the importance of bathing the vital organs of elimination and reproduction. Father Kneipp especially recommended the sitz bath for people who were tired, and so did the Romans many years before him.

You are probably saying to yourself, however, this is all very well and good for Gayelord Hauser to talk about, but where is there a sitz bath? And my answer is, there is a sitz bath wherever there is a bathtub. Although it is not the most convenient or comfortable one, it is still very effective. Put a small amount of water in your tub and sit in it sideways with your feet hanging over the edge of the

tub. The water must not come higher than your hips. A sitz bath, followed by good towelling, should leave you dry, pink, pretty and glowing. This is what I do when I am tired or have a lot of work ahead of me, instead of taking aspirin or benzedrine. And the next time you build a house, I would recommend that you consider joining hands with nature and have your architect and your plumber design the bathroom with a sitz bath and then you, and all the members of your family, will obtain an enjoyment and a benefit you have never known before. And also, when you build that house, if you are like me, one of those over-six-footers, do insist on a good big bathtub. Big tubs and big beds are not luxuries for big people, they are real necessities. Like the bed, the tub should be a place where even the biggest and tallest of Americans can stretch out in comfort.

There are many people, even in America, who do not always have access to tubs and showers and I would like to suggest, especially for the working girl, that she try the "towel bath" that her European sisters know so well. Take a rough, small Turkish towel, soak it in warm water, then wring it out and rub the body with it. Do this twice, then soak the same towel in good cold water and rub the body briskly just once. Even after a hard day's work you will feel like a million dollars.

I have stressed, and I want to stress again, the idea that baths should begin warm and end cold. Everyone knows that he should not go out into the cold air when he is overheated because heat opens the pores of the body just as cold causes the pores to contract. That is why warm baths are so relaxing. But that is also why all baths should end up cold.

As a matter of fact, we Americans who live so much of the fall, winter and early spring in horribly overheated homes and offices, might very well take a lesson from the

divers who work deep under the sea and the sandhogs who burrow through the earth under great pressure in order to make our marvelous tunnels. They know that they must always go through decompression chambers before they come out into the ordinary atmosphere, and it might be wise if we, instead of rushing from the hot office to the chill air, went through a cooling chamber which closed the pores of our skin and prepared us for the other weather in which we live. But we shall not have cooling chambers for a long time, anyway, so do, please, remember that bathing and even washing of the face should always end with cold water—as cold as you can stand it—so s-p-l-a-s-h and have fun.

Yes, There Is Even a World of Snow

Look at Nature as so many worlds. The world of Sun, the world of Earth, the world of Air, the world of Water, even the world of Snow. Worlds in which life is thrilling. I was amazed when I first went to Switzerland, to find that people were not cold in the snow. I saw people walking around with no fear of the cold. This came to me as a tremendous surprise because I had been brought up to think of the cold as being something that hurt, something to be afraid of. But the world of Snow can be just the opposite, as the people I saw walking barefooted proved to me so many times. Sleighing, skiing, skating, sliding, walking in the world of Snow will produce glowing and hungry bodies. I do not ask, or suggest, that you walk barefoot in the snow, but under certain conditions high up in the mountains, where the sun is so close and warm even in the midst of winter, there is still a chance for bathing the top of the body, walking barefoot, and even rolling in the snow, rubbing the entire body with the dry powder.

And don't think that even Grandmother will not enjoy the pleasures and the benefits of water. All her life she

may have been afraid of it and have foregone its benefits. But I always like to think of a friend, who, at the age of seventy in Honolulu, had the great good fortune to meet and to be introduced to the fun in the world of Water by that great swimmer Duke Kahanamoku. He was so surprised to find that not only did she not know how to swim but that she was also mortally afraid of the water. He encouraged her by saying, "But look, Madame, the sea is your mother. Rest on her, relax. Lie on her. Why don't you let her carry you?" And then he told her something that I had never known myself. That to float in water the body must be relaxed. That when you are tense and taut, you will sink unless you struggle to stay on the surface. That is why, I think, so many people who have gotten rid of their fears of water, derive so much benefit from it. That is why in Sicily in the summer I, myself, get into the blue Mediterranean, relax, float on my back with my eyes, wherever I look above me, filled with the cloudless blue of the Italian sky.

When we have our health and beauty hotels where we can retire from ourselves, we must have lots of streams and lawns of soft green grass, so that we can walk our way to health in our bare feet. Yes, the world of water is a world of fun, whether we swim in shady pools or rushing streams, and when we look at water as fun, then we will obtain also the double stimulation that derives from the sense of pleasure as well as the ineffable benefits from the therapy of this great natural element.

The world of water is a much more important one, I believe, than we realize nowadays. Actually, water is to us just as important as it is to those things that live in the sea. We think of fish and marine plants as being aquaceous organisms, unable to exist in the air, just as we think of ourselves as being terrestrial beings unable to live beneath the surface of the water, but we forget that we are, be-

neath the surface of our skins, aquaceous beings, too. All of our million, billion cells living in a world of fluids of many kinds, miraculously controlled by those automatic mechanisms that regulate our blood and water. And water, of course, comprises a predominant part of our bodies and so it is not strange to me that the world of water, besides being so essential to us, is one from which we can derive so much pleasure.

No Oaken Bucket, But—

We city dwellers must forego the pleasure of quaffing the cool liquid from a bubbling spring, but we can still, nevertheless, enjoy, in imagination at least, such pleasures as drinking the wonderful waters that flow from our taps. There are times when we are sick and feverish when fluids should be forced into our bodies, but the automatic mechanism that controls our temperature is paralleled by one that controls the amount of fluid in our bodies, and if we drink too much we merely add undesirable ballast to our stomachs, distend our bladders, overwork our kidneys, and interrupt our routines. Drinking intelligently, like eating intelligently is something we must all learn to do without thinking.

Just as the human body is composed overwhelmingly of fluids, so, don't forget that the good things of nature, the sunshine foods and especially the sunshine fruits, are also almost entirely composed of water. But these are the wonderful, natural mineral waters, the like of which no spa on earth, no watering place, can boast. For when we eat good fruit we drink a water that is enriched and fortified with the minerals of the earth that have given that fruit its shape, its substance, its taste, its color and its nutriment. And when we eat the green things, again we are drinking the miraculous mineral water that is made by photosynthesis—nature's mineral water that is fortified by chloro-

phyll. And this chlorophyll is not owned by any man, not patented by any company, no royalties need be paid to anyone. Here is the chlorophyll mineral-water-cocktail par excellence. Yes, when you eat the sunshine foods you drink all of the desirable elements of the periodic table.

I am very definitely opposed to those faddists and foodists who say one should drink six, or eight, or ten glasses of water a day. Our bodies know when they are thirsty and our bodies know very much better than we do, I believe, when we should drink. Of course, when we are in warm places, in hot climates where we perspire more profusely, we will drink more water, but it still is nature that tells us that we need more water just as it is nature which, in the hottest climates, in the tropics, produces the juiciest fruits. Haven't you ever noted that in the warm places you find the citrus fruits, the melons, the vegetables that are so wonderfully full of their delicately flavored and vitaminized mineral waters. Yes, if you want a super-water, a special water to drink, a water in which there is no chlorine, then "drink" a watermelon or a papaya, or an orange, or an avocado. Then you will be drinking a nectar which the beverage tycoons of the world will be spending the next 1,000 years in vain, trying to duplicate or, even in part, imitate. This is not a world that we live in, not just an ordinary world. Our eyes and ears and noses, our tongues and our sense of touch and feeling, make it a great big beautiful world of sun, air, water, earth, of living things, of fun, of happiness and health.

We live in these many wonderful worlds of the sun, of the earth, of the air, of water, of snow, of wind and rain. All are good, though all can hurt us. But we are blessed with that brain that enables us to extract a maximum of goodness from each of them. There is good in these worlds, there is fun in these worlds. We cannot live outside of any one of them.

I have come upon people who think that all of this "ain't" so. I have also come upon many people who think that "ain't" ain't a good word, and I remember that one of the wisest of all Americans, Will Rogers, used to tell a story about a man who criticized him for using the word "ain't," and told him that he shouldn't say "ain't." And Will Rogers replied, "I know that I shouldn't say 'ain't,' but I have noticed that a lot of people who don't say 'ain't,' ain't eatin'."

And I feel that those people who think that the things I have to say about the many marvelous worlds in which we live ain't so, ain't livin'.

The Miracles of Nature

The air is afloat with islands of clouds which themselves are reservoirs of moisture. The sun is the elevator that lifts the vapors from the oceans and lakes of the earth into the heavens, that the waters of the earth may be redistributed.

The earth is a sponge that is forever renewed. Water is the medium by which the salts of the earth are conveyed to the living things that need them.

Who shall say which of these miracles of nature is most important? Without any of them there could be no life, no green things, no animals, no human beings. They are equally important. And we are equally dependent upon them.

CHAPTER SIX

Discoverers and Recoverers

Once Upon a Time

Some people wonder where I got my ideas about the importance of these worlds of the Sun, the Earth, Air and Water. The answer is: from the knowledge of the ancients, from the practices of European healers during the nineteenth century, and from my personal experiences and those of my students, and from the discoveries of modern science. The Sun Temples of the Greeks, the emphasis of all peoples upon the benefits of breathing, the all-important part that was placed upon bathing, and the realization by everyone everywhere that good food was essential for good health. None of these things are new. Yet there have been times in the history of man when they have been belittled and de-emphasized. Even cleanliness has been considered of no importance as the result of over-emphasis on the importance of the spirit. Night air has had its vogue of being harmful. And here, today, even in America, there is a tendency to assume that earth, however exhausted it may be, is still earth, and that anything that is grown in any earth is as good as anything else grown in any other earth.

We know these things are not true. We know that sun is an indispensable part of health. We know that there can be good earth and earth that is not so good. We know that night air is not harmful. And we know that water is an indispensable part of all health—the health of plants as well as animals and humans.

Science has discovered many wonderful things. But some of the most important things that science has *discovered* are not discoveries at all, but *recoveries*. The use of ephedrin is a case in point—the Chinese used it thousands of years ago. The realization that the earth must be nourished, must be renewed, must have returned to it the things that have been taken from it, all this was known by even primitive people. Science is now showing that they were quite right. The benefit of deep breathing has been known to non-scientific civilizations. The benefits to be derived from water, not just for the quenching of thirst and the cleansing of the body, but in the maintenance of health and happiness, were known to people, even to animals, and it took no science to prove it. There has long existed the idea that health is a natural thing. Alongside of this idea there has developed one that illness and disease were punishments imposed by angry gods for sins of omission or commission, and that the only cures were prayers and appeasements.

Consider just a few of the ideas that history has recorded which relate to these points. As far back as the fourth century B.C., Diocles of Karystos recommended that the main meal begin with raw vegetables, an idea that was to be rediscovered by Virchow more than two thousand years later. The importance to the Romans of water bathing, the emphasis they placed upon it, can be imagined by the realization that the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York City is an exact replica of just the central chamber of the Baths of Caracalla in Rome. The Zoroastrians con-

sidered water sacred and used it in connection with the rites of purification of the sinful and the healing of the ill. Next to water in sacredness came milk.

Chinese doctors had a saying, treat the mind first, then treat the disease. This idea ties up very interestingly with our new medical specialty of psychosomatics. The Taoists believed that manipulation of breath was extremely important. They recommended frugal and moderate eating, and believed that immoderate eating caused illness, an idea that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company more than confirms. They also believed that immoderation in thought undermined the body. Again, the new science of psychosomatics confirms them. They said there was no better medicine than a happy mind. We know that happiness makes for health just as health makes for happiness.

In the first century A.D., Athenaeus of the Pneumatic School said that overeating was one of the primary causes of illness. Again, The Metropolitan study of the incidence of disease and obesity confirms this conclusion. From ancient Assyria came the idea that pain could be cured or relieved by placing the patient in a position in which his head was lower than his feet. I do not recommend the Body Slant for this particular purpose but I do believe that the Body Slant is conducive to better health and consequently to fewer occasions for pain. Pliny believed that every plant had some specific medicinal value. Now we are discovering that many plants have tremendously potent curative values. Ancient midwives used moldy rye bread. Today, ergot is prescribed for the contraction of the uterus after delivery. One of the oldest ideas of course is the one that is so current today, the wonderfully succinct statement that we know is so true—*Mens sana in corpore sano*, a sound or healthy mind in a sound or healthy body; this is the very essence of psychiatry and psychosomatics.

Athenaeus had another idea which is full of contem-

porary validity: Relaxation and a joyful mind contribute a great deal to good nutrition. We know this is true, that one should not pile a heavy meal on anger or fatigue.

The Greeks placed great emphasis on rest, sunlight, bathing, fresh air and diet, believing that health and disease were natural, not supernatural conditions, and that the body tended to cure itself if it were left free to relax and recover its strength.

And in the later part of the Middle Ages, Sir John Harrington said that there were three great cures, and the order of their importance was as follows: first, Doctor Quiet, then Doctor Merry-man, and finally Doctor Dyet. What better advice could there be? Quiet, contentment and diet. Peace, happiness and good food.

One of the very greatest of the physicians of the Middle Ages was Paracelsus. One of his reputed sayings was: Hail to him who follows not paths of confusion but the way of nature. She is the healing remedy and the eternal healer. He was a bridge between ancient medicine and modern medicine. He broke with the past and paved the way for the future. He used to say, Nature heals, the doctor nurses. Later, Paré was to say the same thing, essentially. His words were, "I dressed his wounds, God healed him." Here were beliefs in natural processes, in the efficacy of the components of nature, the sun, the earth, the air and the water that I have emphasized.

I believe the ancients may have had wisdoms we could use today, but have lost sight of, or if they were not wisdoms, practices—practices that were good for them and could possibly be good for us. And I know, with respect to food practices, that there are many things done today that weaken our food, that take from it things we need, that nature intended we should have. It is wonderful to have scientific knowledge that can stop a disease, but it would

be more wonderful to have a scientific knowledge that would prevent that disease from ever occurring.

The future is ahead of us. We cannot go back—not to Nature. But we can go back, historically, and take a peek at some of the things that happened then, some of the bad, and some of the good. I believe in nature, I think that nature is the great source of health and happiness, but I firmly believe that all good things are to be obtained by “going forward” to nature, not “back.”

Why do I say this?

Pity Poor Ptolemy

The place is Alexandria. The time is 3000 B.C. The patient is a Ptolemy. He is an aristocrat, a member of royalty. He has been out of his mind for several days. He is not himself. Nothing would do but that he have the best of professional attention. So they called “Dr. Amenhotep. The diagnosis was quick. Ptolemy was suffering from an abberation—nothing serious, though, he was just possessed by some evil spirits. The cure? Easy. Make it uncomfortable for the spirits. Exercise them, and they would leave. So the worthy doctor set about his task with all his professional skill. Ptolemy was possessed of some devils. Rather, some devils had taken possession of Ptolemy. They must be discouraged. They must be dispossessed. They must be driven hence, whence they had come. How to do this? According to the newest and latest and most approved principles and practices of the Cairo Medical Center from which Dr. Amenhotep had just been graduated. And Dr. A. went to work. The first principle was to make the domicile of these devils unpleasant. That the doing of this invovled making Mr. Ptolemy unhappy was unfortunate, but necessary. So the scourging went on. On, also, went the introduction into Mr. Ptolemy’s insides of every unpleasant and repulsive taste and combination

of tastes that had been devised, to date, by the pharmacists of Cairo. On the outside, poor Mr. Ptolemy was belabored by scourges. On the inside he was assaulted by theriacs. His skin was made sore, and bleeding—that the evil ones might escape. His insides were revolted with dung and urine, that they might be expelled. On and on, day and night, this attack on the spirits, the evil spirits that possessed Mr. Ptolemy, went on. Mr. Ptolemy grew weaker. His aberrations assumed less and less violent proportions and manifestations. That was a good sign, said Dr. Amen-hotep. The spirits were losing their grip. So also was Mr. Ptolemy. Finally, after days of skilled effort, Dr. Amen-hotep pronounced the patient cured. The aberrations had ceased. The devils had been exorcised. But, so also had the poor patient. His spirit had escaped, too. The cure was only too complete.

Star Gazers

Let me take you to what is now Bombay. The time is two thousand years ago. Our patient is flat on his back. He is weak. He coughs. He has had some blood in his sputum. The doctor is called—a reputable man, for this is a well-to-do family that will only have the best. The doctor comes. There is palpation. There is auscultation. And then there is diagnosis. The trouble? In his *last* life, this honorable patient murdered a man. Consequently, he has, as all reincarnated murderers have, tuberculosis. Now if he had only stolen a horse, he would now be suffering from nothing more serious than lameness. But—well, murder is a serious thing to be suffering the effects of, as indeed it is—wherever it is suffered. And especially if it is called, properly, tuberculosis.

The family is properly regretful, and sad—but, after all, a family can hardly be blamed for what one of its members did in a previous life. So let's be realistic, let's be

positive—what is to be done now? How is the patient to be cured?

Well, says the doctor, I cannot tell you now, but let me go out and consult the stars, let me have a consultation with a very fine astrologist I happen to know, and see if we can find out what the treatment should be. In the meantime, don't let the patient get discouraged, and keep him in bed. I'll be back in a month or so. . . .

Extreme? Just wait! Come with me, in more modern times, to the Indian palace of the King of Magadha. The heir presumptive is ill. He has fainted, as no potential king should ever do, so his father, the royal Bimesara calls in the best of the best experts of the domain. The treatment is prescribed and into six tubes of butter goes the future king. But wait, that is not all, subsequently he is to be dunked in a bath of sandalwood oil. P. S., the crown prince recovered, and the specialists were probably handsomely paid off.

These were the treatments that the Mayos of their day prescribed and applied. These were the prescriptions and the therapys that the Rockefellers and Fords of their day paid for—and in more ways than one.

This is one way of judging the medicine and the surgery and the psychiatry of the ancients. But there is another way. It is a way that has more contemporary validity and applicability. This other way is the reason why I say I think we should go forward to nature, because if there are some things we should give up, of past practice, there may be others we should hang on to.

Let us see.

These Roots Still Live

To the Greeks, health was a blessing, disease, the upsetting of the elements of the body. At the time of Alexander the Great, they had more than 300 health temples

situated where patients would get a maximum of sun and air. These were usually close to the shore, where patients would also have the benefit of the salt water. They believed that the body, relaxed and given an opportunity to strengthen itself, would effect its own cure. I have visited two of these temples, one in Agrigento, the other in Selinunte.

The Japanese were convinced, whatever their medicine and surgery, that health would follow right views, right aspiration, right speech, right conduct, right living, right efforts, right thinking and right rapture (an idea we all might cultivate). Twenty-four hundred years ago, in what is now poor, benighted Korea, there was a hospital. India knew of a great physician named Charaka. To him the four "limbs" of healing were the nurse, medicine, the doctor, and the patient. This idea is quite valid today, especially if it includes a good diet!

The belief in the validity of herbs, baths, massage, food, and exercise, was almost universal. The "heathen Chinese," five thousand years ago, and despite their devotion to moxibusture, were using what we now know as ephedrin, agar, and iodine sponges. Hippocrates, with no knowledge of vitamins or chemistry of the blood, recommended the use of ox liver, mixed with honey, for night blindness. Here he intuitively used Vitamin A therapy. And in ancient Egypt, of all places (ex-king Farouk, please note) they had decided three thousand years ago that overeating was the most important cause of illness.

Seekers of Health

In the nineteenth century, in Middle Europe, but chiefly in Germany, there was an active and successful group of nature healers. They believed in health. And they believed that health, once lost, could best be recovered and maintained by wise adjustment to nature.

Each of these persons had his own ideas, his own special diets and treatments. But, to a man, these persons believed in the use of sun, air, water, and diet. They believed in getting as close to nature as possible. They knew little or nothing about vitamins, yet they made their diets rich in them. They knew next to nothing about the significance of minerals in the maintenance of physical health, but the foods they prescribed were full of them. They believed that the sun had curative powers. And they believed that water used externally was as beneficial as it is essential, internally. Some of these men were trained in medicine, most of them were not. Some of them were extremists. Some were faddists. But the best of all their ideas are among the best of the very best ideas we have today. In nutrition, in physical therapy, in relaxation and the care of jangled nerves, in the strengthening of tired bodies and the recuperation of those who had been ill, and in many instances in the curing of those who were ill, these men did much that is being done today. They did it because it seemed the way to do it. Today, science demonstrates it is desirable.

The wonderful part about these ideas is that they are the least expensive treatments there are. Simple, honest foods cost less. The sun is free. The air is all about us. And water costs little or nothing. Let me tell you briefly, of a few of these people.

Two Hahns, Siegmund (1664–1742) and his son, Johann Siegmund (1696–1773) started even before the moderns to study scientifically the beneficial effects of cold water as an agent, as *the* agent in the maintenance of health. And they were the first to develop the theory that the methods for maintaining health are the best methods for treating illness. They looked at the skin, not only as the cover of the body, but also as an important means of getting rid of the poisons

within. They were opposed to all medication. They were in favor of fruit and vegetable juices, exercise, light clothing and good breathing.

They had a considerable influence on Priessnitz, and it was the reading of one of their books that enabled Father Kneipp to cure himself of lung hemorrhages, and started him on his humanitarian career.

Louis Kuhne, the first of the urban pioneers in natural healing, established a clinic at Leipzig. A vegetarian, he wrote *Die Neue Heilwissenschaft*, which had a world-wide success. He attracted many patients, and was skilled in the use of water therapy, especially the sitz bath.

Bismarck was known as the Iron Chancellor, but in Schweningen, he came up against a will stronger than his own. Yes, if Bismarck was the Chancellor with the Iron Will, Schweningen was the doctor with the Will of Steel. Other physicians had been able only to give him temporary relief. Schweningen, the young physician in his early thirties, was called in. Ahead of Bismarck were to be many years, the Triple Alliance, and considerable vigor. Bismarck was overweight, his hours were horribly irregular, he drank too much, conditions other doctors had tried to correct with medicine, as though thereby, he would be empowered to live even less sensibly.

Schweningen laid down the law to the Iron Chancellor. Less work, better food and less of it, no liquor, more regular hours. The Iron Chancellor capitulated. Down went his weight. Down went his blood pressure. Up went his health. Down went debility. Up went vigor. His liver ceased to bother him. Schweningen became famous and fabulously successful. He was known as "the reducing doctor." And Bismarck lived to 1898, and the age of 83.

A famous American doctor of this time was Edward Hooker Dewey who had a clinic at Meadville, Pennsylvania. He firmly believed in eating lightly. Heavy eating took away man's energy. A small intake increased his ability to work. Two meals a day were sufficient, but breakfast was not to be more than black coffee and a little water. More important than food, for health, were plenty of sleep and happiness.

It is most interesting to note the rise of the psychological and psychiatric techniques in the writings and practices of these people. It is my belief that the great Goethe had much to do with this development. He had once, he believed, fought off an infectious disease with will-power. At any rate, we subsequently find Feuchtersleben saying that pain can be minimized by the direction, positively, of spirit and will-power. "Pain," said he, "is a Nothing which can only become a Something by acknowledgement, which can only become Great if we are Small." Here are beginnings of ideas of relaxation, hypnosis, mass-suggestion and the auto-suggestion, of Coué and Wetterstrand.

Adolf Just, at his clinic—Jungborn—in the Harz Mountains, taught the healing power of the soil. Influenced by Rousseau, Priessnitz and Kneipp, convinced that man's only hope was a return to nature. Just preached as well as practiced. He preached that only through true faith and a proper attitude can a patient recover.

The benefit of the earth's power could be obtained by lying naked in the grass, with the covering of a blanket at night. For wounds and compresses he used mud or clay which he called Luvos, and which his family distributed commercially as a diluvial substance. His diets were remarkably like those of Dr. Bircher-Benner—nuts, berries, raw milk, butter, and uncooked vegetables. He discour-

aged the eating of meat and leguminous vegetables. He seems to have come intuitively to the nutritional point that Bircher-Benner arrived at scientifically. An advocate of the use of the sun, air, earth and water, he still believed the decisive factor in cure to be psychic, and he constantly cited Jesus' acts of healing as evidence of the importance of faith.

Known as the "sun doctor," Arnold Rikli believed that light and air were the great therapeutic factors and forces. He is best known for the idea of "polarity," the alternation of hot and cold, of warm and cool, but, unlike Priessnitz, he advocated gradual change from one to the other. He used water in connection with a few illnesses, but, mostly, recommended it for cleansing and compresses.

These people thought that there was a difference between the counteracting of a disease, and the recovery and maintenance of health. This, it seems to me, is basic to the differences between these nature healers and health worshippers, and the modern doctor of medicine.

They thought, these students of nature, that health was lost when there was deviation from the proper way of living, and that health is recovered by returning to that proper way. In recovering health, illness is lost.

I have written about these pioneers for just one reason. Mankind's search for health and happiness is eternal. Some of these people, and some of their ideas, are strange. Some are funny, Some are ridiculous. Others, downright dangerous. But let's learn about everything, and keep that which is good, as we avoid that which is bad.

I have suggested that some of these things, these ideas, seem silly. Certainly, anyone would be looked at askance who used his towel *before* taking his bath. But that is exactly what the founder of homeopathy, Samuel Hahne-

mann, prescribed. He believed in cold baths, and also, that the patient, or bather, should be warm, from exercise, or from towel rubbing, before entering the bath. Here are baths that begin and end with toweling. Here is an idea that might seem silly, but probably is far from being that. It is because of these things that I believe we should investigate as much of the past as possible, that we may supplement our present advantages as much as possible.

The Faith of Father Kneipp

Of all the nineteenth-century health practitioners, the influence of good Father Kneipp has been greatest. Like so many of these ministers to the body, Father Kneipp had suffered from acute illness and had been given up by the doctors. But he treated and cured himself by following the methods of Johann Siegmund Hahn.

At the age of thirty-four, he became confessor to the Dominican nuns at Woerishofen. And, in the cloistered laundry he began ministering to their bodily ailments. Shortly, bathing facilities were established for the inhabitants of the village, and, finally, houses for the guests from other places who had heard of his sensational cures.

Father Kneipp was a firm believer in the unity of the body, especially of the importance of the influence of the psychologic on the physical health. And he believed that the whole body would respond to the treatment of parts of it. His theory was one of strengthening the body in the ways of health by the use of water. He believed that improper diet, tobacco, and alcohol caused irregularities of the blood. The body, thus weakened, was the illness-causing factor. The cure involved the elimination of the poisons, and the strengthening of the whole body.

His patients received many kinds and types of baths: upper and lower body compresses, cold footbaths, alternating warm and cold footbaths, hip baths, cold plunge baths,

head baths, eye baths, arm baths, and water-pourings over the head, face, ears, breasts, arms, loins and knees. He also prescribed the use of wet shirts, wet scarves and wet socks.

Father Kneipp placed great emphasis on diet and exercise. He was specially aware of the value of proteins and recommended foods that were rich in them, though he talked of nitrogen. As for vegetables, "they should not be cooked, but only steamed, since, otherwise, valuable ingredients are lost."

It is this pre-vitamin insight into the values of foods and superior preparation of them, this native and intuitive knowledge that is now so magnificently confirmed by food chemists and nutritionists, that is one of the fascinations these wise and good men have always held for me. "Apples," said Father Kneipp, for example, "should be eaten in the same form as they come from the trees." We know today that skins and peels, when thrown away, take with them the greatest accumulations of the greatest good that are within them.

For the strengthening of the body, that illness might be prevented, he recommended walking barefoot, walking barefoot in wet grass, on wet stones, in water, in snow, and in the sand. He believed that the sun has a healthy effect upon the body, and especially the eyes. He said that the air had a beneficial effect upon the blood and the fluids of the bodies. He advocated loose and light clothing, no underclothes, and the clothes made of material on the rough side that it might have a brushing effect upon the skin. He said that cold baths increased the power of the soul as well as the body, that mattresses should be hard and covers light, and that the head should be elevated but very slightly, while sleeping. The smaller the child, when such strengthening began, the better, he said. Infants should be put in cold water for at least half a second. And children should go barefoot as long as was possible and practicable.

Father Kneipp began this treatment in 1855. Just before the second World War there were 375 Kneipp groups and Kneipp spas with a membership of more than 44,000. His sanatorium at Woerishofen thrives at this moment, and many hospitals have divisions where his methods are practiced.

Diet Cures

Until Dresden was destroyed by war it was one of my favorite places of study. Dr. Lahmann's Weisser Hirsch Sanatorium was famous. People came from all over the world for "Diet Cures." Many of my friends and relatives made yearly trips to this beautifully located health spot, and it was partly the Lahmann Lacto-Vegetarian Diet which helped me get well.

Here on a hill, also, was Dr. Möller's sanatorium, where I learned about fasting, and personally fasted for twenty-one days—something I do not recommend unless professionally supervised.

It was in Dresden that I met the Swedish chemist, Ragnar Berg, who collaborated with me in compiling a dictionary of foods which was later published in America. Ragnar Berg made the first analyses of many commonly used foods. I still treasure a photograph made of the two of us at work in the laboratory of the Friederichstadt Hospital.

Ragnar Berg was born in Goeteborg in 1873. From 1909 to 1921 he was in charge of the physiologic-chemical laboratory of Dr. Lahmann's sanatorium. Later he was director of the laboratories of the Dresden municipal hospitals. I shall always be grateful for the very helpful work he did—*Die Nahrungs-und Genussmittel*—in which there was published a table listing all major foods, their calories, their protein, fat and carbohydrate contents, their alkaline and acid contents.

According to Berg, green leaves and tomatoes are especially good sources of the vitamins. It may be deduced that nature planned a balanced-vitamin-substance to have a surplus of alkali. All other foods have an uneven balance of vitamins. The more processed a food may be, the less well balanced its vitamin content will be. Forty to sixty per cent of all minerals, and 95% of all alkalis are lost by cooking and throwing away the water in which the vegetables were cooked. The natural alkali contents of vegetables are turned into acids by this process.

The calcium content of less cultivated vegetables is higher than that of cultivated plants. It is important to use hard water with high calcium content for drinking water and the cooking of vegetables, so that the body may be supplied with sufficient alkali calcium.

The Hardy Dane

One of the most influential nutritionists in the world is the hardy Dane, Mikkel Hinhede. He not only practices what he preaches, but he also had all of Denmark doing it, and with such significant results that the death-rate fell off sharply. A graduate with honors in medicine, Dr. Hinhede had come to believe that sunlight, air, exercise, and a simple diet were the best means of curing illness and increasing health.

For ten years, he, his wife, and their four children, lived chiefly on fruit, vegetables, milk and a whole rye bread. He reduced their protein intake, especially animal proteins, as much as possible. His children proved to be healthier and stronger than their classmates.

The first World War imposed a terrific food problem on the three and a half million Danes, and their five million domestic animals. The grain fed to the pigs came chiefly from the United States. The British blockade cut it off. Hinhede, then Superintendent of the State Institute

of Food Research, was made Food Administrator to the Government. He actually became the world's first Minister of Nutrition. His problem was to feed the people and to decide what should be done with the pigs. The answer was obvious—to Hinhede. Four-fifths of the pig population, and one sixth of the cows, were sacrificed. The grain formerly used to feed the animals was set aside to be used by people. The Danes then got a rich, whole wheat bread with the extra coarse bran in it. With this *kleibrot*, the Danes got porridge, green vegetables, potatoes and other root vegetables, milk, butter, eggs and fruit. The use of grain and potatoes for the distillation of spirits was prohibited, and they got only half as much beer as before. They got a little meat. In two years, the Danish mortality rate had been reduced by 17%, and there was markedly less illness. Hinhede has an interesting theory that the raising of animals for food is a luxury the world cannot afford. An ox, he says, for example, in the course of years, consumes as many calories as six and a half men, yet when it is butchered it only yields enough calories to keep one man going for two-thirds of a year.

The last time I was in Copenhagen, I went to call on Dr. Hinhede. I shall never forget that visit. We discovered, my friend and I, that he lived on the fourth floor of a modest apartment house that, of course, had no elevator. After we had climbed those stairs, the door was opened by the doctor's wife, a pleasant little lady. The doctor, it seemed, was down in the back garden. We found him there, stripped to his flat waist, and brown as a berry. Thin and lively, he proved to be a keen and happy person. He was gracious and hospitable, and seemed genuinely glad to see us—we must come back upstairs with him and have a long talk.

The conversation, of course, was about food, diet and health. I answered his questions, and he answered mine.

As it got late, I felt we should be getting back to our hotel, but Mrs. Hinhede insisted we stay and have supper with them, which, of course, pleased me. Every nutritionist likes to see another nutritionist eating in his own dining room. We sat down at a simple cloth, in the middle of which was a huge bowl of strawberries which he told us he had picked that morning. There was a great jug of milk. And there was a great pile of the blackest bread you ever saw, and some fresh country butter. Everyone helped himself generously. They both replenished their helpings, and urged us to do so, too. I felt, though, that for a first course I had had enough, for I was expecting that the strawberries would be followed by a second course, and I was curious to find out what it would be. Well, there wasn't any second course. *That* was supper for the first minister of nutrition the world had ever had. Strawberries, black bread, butter and milk. But what a fine meal it made—a Spartan meal—but a wonderful meal. And what a splendid and inspiring advertisement Dr. Hinhede was for his own theory of nutrition.

I know that you will be interested in his five basic health rules. Here they are:

1. A simple diet, mainly whole-grain bread, potatoes, butter, milk, vegetables and fruit.

2. No alcohol or tobacco. Drink spring water, if possible. Hot water with sugar and cream. Coffee made from cereal—no real coffee. *Very* weak tea.

3. Retire early and rise early. Wash the body with cold water upon rising. Exercise—preferably by working in the garden or by taking a brisk walk.

4. Avoid central heating. Wear loose and porous clothing. Expose the body to the sun.

Dr. Hinhede points to history as a teacher for moderate living. He observes that Greece was at its peak when the people, and the army, lived on figs, nuts, cheese, and

whole bread, and that it was only when power and wealth had been established that they turned to excessive eating. He thinks the same pattern may be seen in Roman history, too.

Whether this be so or not, Hinhede is, I believe, entirely correct in pointing out the fact that hundreds of people live very successfully on simple and even meager diets, especially when their food is natural food, and is grown close by. We American overeaters need to be reminded of this.

Forward to Nature

I sometimes think that, just as the Dark Ages were terminated by that wonderful recovery of ancient wisdom when the world was re-illuminated by all the knowledge of the past and the Renaissance burst upon Europe, and the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome became the common property of all of the nice people of the Western world, that so, too, in connection with the intuitive wisdom about food and about nature that the ancient peoples had, that we have come through a great Dark Ages and are now having a grand Renaissance of wisdom and insight into nature and the marvelous and unfathomable ways in which nature has grown things which make it possible for us to eat and drink health and happiness. Science, of course, has been the great factor in the birth of this Renaissance and the doctor is nature's greatest assistant in the restoration of health. But the health itself, that we cherish so much, comes from and is maintained primarily by the food we eat, which is produced by a nature which knows no white-coated researchers.

It requires no meteorologist to put a warm coat of fur on the beaver when the winter is to be long and hard. I have seen a mother sage hen in Nevada, after a cold and

dewy night, lead her little brood to a sagebush and, with her beak, pull down a branch that her little brood might partake of the needed medicine contained in its spicy leaves. But we are not mother sage hens, we are modern human beings, living in a world that man has changed to such an extent that *back to nature* movements are as silly as they are impossible. We will go forward to nature, not back, and we will make, if necessary, our beaches for sunning on the floor of our living rooms, our spas in our bathrooms, but we may well look forward to the day when the genius and know-how of modern man will make it unnecessary to fortify our foods with the supplements that are now so necessary. It will, indeed, be the millenium when the need for vitamin pills has passed when all of our foods come to us with all of the food elements they have themselves extracted for our benefit from the good earth.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Our Body-House

To Thine Own Self Be True

Every American business man knows all about physical inventories and the matter of assets and liabilities. These are the bases on which American business operates. You know what you have got. You know what the dangers are and what the advantages are. To come out even you must balance your liabilities and assets. To have enough material for your needs, you must have a proper physical inventory. Now, why shouldn't we individual Americans look at our own bodies and minds that way? What business is more important than that of living? And, if living is important, what is more important than being able to live happily and healthily?

Happiness depends upon the prevention of the setting up of the beach-heads by enemies that will make us unhappy. Health requires the prevention of invasion by enemies that will undermine health. Are you saving your troubles for a rainy day? If so, you will find that it won't rain it will pour. You won't have a gentle shower of trouble, you'll have a deluge. The best way to have trouble is a lit-

tle at a time. Space it out. Take it easy. It would be nice if we could have all repairs, and corrections attended to at one time, and gotten over, once and for all. But it doesn't work that way.

To be happier and to be healthier, you must be aware of your assets and liabilities. You must look at yourself, you must recognize yourself for what you are, not what you were, or what you would like to be. Candor begins in your own mind. You must cease playing ostrich with yourself. Knowledge, even knowledge of your liabilities, is power.

A physical inventory of your present condition is a *must*.

The point of departure for objectivity and maturity is this very moment.

You have but one body, you will never have another. You cherish it, I know—we all do. But do you care for it, do you know it, do you understand it? You are a most miraculous organization of bones, cartilage, muscle, nerves, glands, fluids, organs and flesh. No one part of your body is independent of any other part. You are a whole composed of interrelated and interdependent parts.

Now I want you to go on a tour of inspection of your own body. The reason for doing this is to put all of your worries, uncertainties, concerns, and queries out in the open in one place where you can see them, admit them, and act intelligently about them.

Knowledge of your body should give you confidence and make you proud. The chances are that you are worrying about one or two little things, when there are a hundred reasons why you should be happy.

I am not suggesting that you play doctor with yourself. What I do want you to do is to make up your own mind, fairly and fearlessly, as to whether or not there are conditions and circumstances that should be referred to your physician. But I also want you to make a physical inventory of your assets and liabilities. There are little things

you can do to increase your efficiency, improve your appearance, enhance your attractiveness. I want you to pass before yourself in review. I want you to do for yourself what every business man does for his bank, and for his directors and stockholders. You will be on the lookout for habits that could, and possibly should be improved. You will admit weakness when you come to it. From the top of your head to the tips of your toes, you are going to examine yourself with the fine comb of objectivity.

A Small List of Most Important Things

Begin with your scalp, your hair, your complexion, your ears, eyes, nose, teeth, tongue. Look at them. Feel them. Think about them. If they satisfy you, if you are happy about them, if they function as nature intended they should, forget them. But if you find cause for concern, take that concern to your family physician.

Let me give you a list to go by, and do not try to fool yourself. Don't skip an item. You are not to diagnose causes and prescribe cures; you are to consider conditions; you are to decide if there is anything that should be diagnosed, by an expert.

Scalp	Breasts
Hair	Stomach
Ears	Reproductive organs
Eyes	Rectum
Nose	Legs
Mouth	Knees
Teeth	Feet
Lips	Toes
Tongue	Lungs
Throat	Heart
Arms	Brain
Hands	Liver
Fingers	Kidneys
Chest	Intestines

I would now call your attention, briefly but firmly, to certain inevitable and wholly natural circumstances that must be faced. Defecation, urination, menstruation, perspiration, and respiration are all accompanied by odors. Personal hygiene is in large part the constant vigilance of cleanliness that keeps these odors below the threshold of olfactory consciousness. Success is best achieved and insured by the daily bath, providing clothing is also admitted as being an important part of hygienic procedure. We need only recognize that the entire body breathes and, under conditions of exercise, heat and humidity, perspires, to realize the necessity for keeping outer clothes, as well as under clothes, clean.

Now I can hear you say to yourself, "Is that what Gayelord Hauser calls a self-examination?" The answer is "Yes, it is." But don't jump to the conclusion that this is something you can do in five minutes and forget about. On the contrary, this is something you should do for the rest of your life. Periodically, just as you have regular check-ups with your family physicians, so also should you check yourself up to see if your body is serving you the way you want it to, and if you are serving your body the way it needs.

You have two jobs. One is to tend to your body-house—to feed it, to guard it, to see that it is kept in good repair, to see—even—that it is improved. The second job is to see that your mind is constantly accomplishing more—extracting from the wonderful worlds in which we live more happiness.

To maintain and improve our body-houses we must eat better, more intelligently, and—as occasion arises—obtain the assistance of physicians. But to obtain the profits of accomplishment, you are on your own. Eternal vigilance and endeavor is the price of happiness. You cannot obtain it with the body alone, or with the mind, alone. Happiness is the product of the cooperation of both. The healthy body

will give maximum aid to the mind, and the mature mind will give maximum aid to the body. Together, never alone or individually, these will enable your whole self to get somewhere, to do things, to accomplish feats that add up to happiness.

Until the matter of health, though, is reduced to intelligent habit, we must concentrate on it, on our physical selves. And until the matter of maturity is reduced to intelligent habit, we must concentrate on that too, on our mental and psychological selves. But once these habits have been established, once intelligent eating has become unconscious, once maturity has displaced immaturity, then we can forget about our separate selves and operate as whole humans for the increase of the happiness that comes from accomplishments achieved by bodies and minds operating as a well organized team.

In *Look Younger, Live Longer*, I concentrated on the matter of dietary assistance and aid to your body, hoping thereby that you could make diet, the best diet, an automatic and unconscious thing. Now, in this book, I suggest that you do the same thing with your mind, that you learn the habits that will make you the happiest possible human being. Once that is done, or once you have established habits that lead in that direction, then a whole new world of pleasure awaits you—the pleasure that comes from the doing of things with the instant and enthusiastic cooperation of both body and mind.

Consequently, my interest in the human body is not in terms of conditions that should be referred to the best doctors you can obtain, but rather things, concerns, and matters which do not usually come within the domain of medical men. I am interested in happiness and health, in pleasure, beauty, in accomplishment, in the joy that comes from the whole use of the whole body, in those things, big and little that make for comfort. My interest in the hu-

man body has to do with its contribution to the health of the mind, and the happiness of the whole man and woman, to making us more human. We must remember, we must never forget, that a healthy body contributes to a healthy mind, that a mature mind makes a healthier body, and that these two together make for happiness. This is the counterpoint of nature.

Look at Your Eyes

What I am interested in is the beauty of your eyes, their strength, and the way you use them, the things you see with them. Your eyes are one of your connections with the great natural world. They are the most miraculous, color-television set that has ever been made. I am also interested in the way you feed your eyes. If, in the course of your physical inventory, you come upon a situation that puzzles or concerns you, then you must refer it to the proper authority. Self-diagnosis is a great mistake. Even doctors are advised from doing it. The objectivity required for the analysis of symptoms is even difficult when a doctor tries to diagnose the condition of a member of his own family. If he can't do it, you can't.

But you can, and you must, look at yourself from the point of view of your friends, neighbors and business associates.

Your eyes should be clear, bright, strong, agile, and unwavering. They should see what they look at and should not be used for idle glancing, aimless viewing, thoughtless contemplation. Women's eyes should be meaningful and men's eyes should be understanding.

But your eyes exist not just for the purpose of seeing that which is, but also for the purpose of taking photographs, of painting portraits and pictures that may be enjoyed at will.

What the eyes sees is photographed on the mind, but

does it stay there? It can. Your mind can be, if you will have it, as rich in originals as the Louvre and the Metropolitan and the British Museum, all rolled into one.

Eye Photography

Learn to take mental photographs, to paint mental pictures. You need no expensive equipment, no paraphernalia, no messy darkroom, no bottle or trays of hypo, no enlarging machine, no file for negatives, no album for prints. All will be in your head, to enjoy when and as you will.

Let me show you how I do it. I select a subject. I focus on it. I consider it from the point of view of composition, of highlights, of shadows, of perspective—the converging of the imaginary lines of sight. Let the background fade away—all cannot be in a great picture. Relax. Concentrate on the picture itself. Take four or five minutes making sure that everything you want in your picture is contained in the frame of your attention. Go over it detail by detail. Go over it in large.

Now shut your eyes. Now look again, and if things appear which you had not remembered, then your exposure has not been long enough. Don't try to get every point and aspect of your picture. Concentrate on those features of your subject as are necessary to convey to you the whole. Now, ready. Shut your eyes again, having made sure everything is as you want it. All ready? Good. Open your eyes and make your time exposure. It will take a minute or so. Now you have your picture. It will not fade with time, become worn out, or get lost. It is yours forever.

I have such a picture in mind at the moment. This picture of mine was taken in Taormina, from the hill above the lower town. It is a picture of an orchard of fig trees and peach trees. It is mid-August. There is a haze over the ineffably blue Mediterranean. The shores of Messina

across the bay are ghostlike. But in my orchard there is life. Two men, white shirts and black hair, are switching fruit down from the upper branches with long bamboo poles. I can hear the beating of the poles against the branches. They go about their harvesting with incredible industry. And under nearby trees, there are bent-over figures—grandmother, middle-aged women, the children with their bare legs and brown backs. The sun cuts across them at forty-five degrees. The rugged young man has just come from the tiled house with such a jar of water as was carried by the Romans, here, two thousand years ago. One sturdy girl is carrying a pannier of fruit across the orchard to the house. This is my Breughel. The greens of the trees, the brown of the harvested field, the blues of the sea and the sky, the gay colors of the costumes. All of these are in my album of memory, my gallery of mental pictures. I can see it in the dark as I await the blessing of slumber. I can invoke it as I walk the tortuous streets of Catania or the sidewalks of New York. And with the scene, come the ebullient laughter and song of these indigenous, operatic aspirants. They sing their songs in their own way, but no one ever heard more spirit in the Metropolitan or La Scala than comes to me in these extemporaneous snatches of joy and zest that rise from the meadow of Breughel as I painted it in my mind some years ago.

This is what the eyes are for, to hang the mind with masterpieces of your own, to enrich your dark moments, to lighten your sadness, to give value to the time you have spent here.

To bring the past into the present.

What's Normal?

Are you a normally active person? If you are, and you are over the age of twenty-five, then you should be reducing your caloric intake. According to Dr. Josef Brozek, of

the University of Minnesota Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene, people, beginning at twenty-five, should eat $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ less each decade.

But what is a normally active person?

People, especially nutritionists, talk about activity a great deal—as Mark Twain said, about the weather—but nobody does anything about it, or at least anything that would make it possible to define it more accurately, or measure it. Presumably, a normally active person is one who expends less energy than an unusually active one, and more than an unusually inactive one. Activity is movement. Inactivity is immobility. But while there is life there is no such thing as complete inactivity. A certain amount of energy is required to run the body even of a completely paralyzed person. On the other hand, the most active person would presumably be one who worked around the clock, without any rest or sleep. Needless to say, such activity would not last very long. Rest is necessary as a restorative and revivifier. But in between complete activity and complete inactivity, presumably half way between, the normally active person will find himself.

He sleeps, say, eight hours a day. He sits down during three daily meals for an average of thirty minutes a meal. He sits down while he works—let us assume an eight hour working day, or for maybe 75% of that time. He sits down, if he is lucky, while he is going to and coming from work—say three quarters of an hour each way. He sits down after dinner, for an hour. Possibly, he works in the garden, or around the house, for an hour a day. The rest of the time he is standing or walking. That means that for $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day, plus the hour of work, say $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day, the normally active person is on his feet. The rest of the time he is lying down, or is seated. It means he does more sitting than anything else. He is in bed for eight

hours. He is in a chair for nine and a half hours. He is on his feet for six and a half hours.

Beds, Chairs and Shoes

Surely, beds, chairs and shoes are important things, if for no other reason than that we spend all of our lives in one or the other of them, unless we sometimes go barefoot, as I believe we should do more, especially on our holidays. Going barefoot on a sandy beach or on soft green grass lifts not only one's arches but also drooping spirits.

Yes, health and happiness cannot be disassociated from beds, chairs and shoes, any more than they can be from food, and the mind. Is this oversimplification? I don't think so. One of the great troubles, today, is the complicatedness of things. We lose sight of the natural sequences, of the causes and effects of nature. This has been the almost inevitable consequence of civilization. We have so divided labor that we think there is no relationship between the hunter who catches his own food, and the business man who works for money with which to buy his food—food that someone else has hunted or grown. To me, though, the man who goes to Wall Street every day is just as much a hunter as the primitive man who goes into the forest with a bow and arrow in search of his next meal. The chief difference, as I see it, is not so much in the fact that one catches his own food, whereas the other tries to catch money with which to buy it, but in this all-important fact. The hunter uses his whole body to get his food. He is on his feet, he walks and runs; he uses his arms and legs, his feet and his hands, as well as his brains. The business man, though, never uses his whole body except in walking or exercising. Most of the time, he sits, and uses his hands and brain. This is the thing most characteristic of civilization, that more and more people use less and less of their bodies in making their living. We have in-

vented machines, or we have domesticated animals, to do our work for us. We have gotten to the point where, in order to give the body a sufficient workout, we have to join athletic clubs. If you have ever sprained an ankle, dislocated a shoulder, or broken a bone, or been confined to bed for a long time, you have learned at first hand that unused muscles atrophy—become weak—shrink. Keep your arm in a sling long enough and it will become only half as large as the free one.

We have, unhappily, put most of the body of modern man in a sling—that is, in making his living he only has to use a small part of his body. He walks a little to, at, from work, and around the house, but he really works sitting down and uses only his head and his hands. And unless he does something about them, the little-used muscles of his body will shrivel up. Of all the whole-body exercises, there is nothing that can quite compare with proper walking and proper breathing. Needless to say, hunters, farmers, workers, etc., need not worry about such activity.

Muscles were made to work, and good muscle tone can only come from use. There can be no healthy body or happy inhabitant of a body where muscle tone is not good. Figure out for yourself where you stand, or sit, in the scale of civilization, and see to it that your body is activated accordingly. This is as important as proper diet.

But consider, also, the bed you sleep in, the chairs you sit in, and the shoes you walk and stand in. Don't forget, you spend a third of your life in bed. But when I say *in* it I mean *on* it. Because your bed should not be a *sinker*. Maximum refreshment comes from sleeping on a bed that is soft, but not so soft as to prohibit easy movement. On the other hand I do not believe your bed should be as hard as a board.

A simple way to relax the entire body is in the Body Slant position. The Body Slant is a board a foot and a half

wide and a little longer than yourself. The raised end should not be more than twelve or fifteen inches high. I find it as effective as "head standing" and much simpler and safer. In the Body Slant position, the spine straightens out and the back flattens itself; muscles which ordinarily are somewhat tense are relaxed and at ease. The feet and legs have a chance to release accumulated congestions in the blood stream and tissues. Sagging abdominal muscles get a lift and the blood flows more freely to the muscles of the chin, throat and cheeks, helping to maintain their firmness. The complexion, hair, and scalp benefit from this increased blood circulation. Take the Body Slant for fifteen minutes, twice a day—on arising, before retiring, or best of all, when you come home tired from work.

I offer for free a million dollar idea to the manufacturers of beds: make one with some sort of contraption at the bottom to which the Body Slant board can be attached, and make some provision under the bed for storing it when it is not in use. Further, sell beds equipped with Body Slant boards—everybody should have one.

And finally, because I am myself one of the tall fellows, I think foot-boards should be done away with. They do little good, serve little purpose except to irk tall people and prevent them from getting a full measure of rest and repose.

Sleep in the nude. Sleep with open windows. And don't forget that better breathing habits, consciously learned, will benefit the whole body while you slumber. If, as Doctors Hofhauer, Schmidt, Douglas, Behr and Professor Tirala all say, breathing can have curative effects, and they tell of the splendid results they have obtained, then you, by learning to breath better can be taking a cure while you sleep.

The person who is a success in the business world is still a failure if his eyes do not close when he gets into bed at

the end of the day, if his mind does not relax, and his conscious does not give way to his subconscious. This is one of the great tragedies of civilization—that people who work hard, who are good and virtuous and productive, cannot sleep.

Think of the devices that have been invented and are marketed for the exploitation of such unfortunates. There are pills. There are blinders to keep out the light, and stopples for the ears to keep out the noise. There are pillows of various shapes and compositions. Pillows of rubber, of kapok, of cotton, of feathers. There are thick pillows and thin ones. There are boards to bolster failing backs. There are patented mattresses and scientific springs. There are sheep to be counted and night-caps to be consumed. There are air-conditioning units, temperature controls and humidity regulators. There are electric blankets. There are night-clothes that are short, that are long, that have strings around the middle or have elastic bands. There are pull-over tops and button-tops. There are hot baths and hot-water bottles. We cannot get along without sleep, but I cannot believe there is any sleep that compares with a natural one. The happy mind and the healthy body will have little use for any of these sleep inducers. But if there is sleep trouble, then I must recommend good deep-breathing and mental cocktails. I think you will find that they are much more efficacious than chemical pills and mechanical devices. Yes, breathing, diet, exercise and quiet-and-beautiful ideas will lull you to sleep better than barbiturates, and will lull you into a pleasanter and more restful sleep, too.

Here is another million dollar secret. Better breathing will have a wonderful effect on the little annoyances of life—everyday tension, headaches, that feeling that comes from eating or drinking too much. And, Wife, if your husband has made a fool of himself or has overdone it, give

him a celery and tomato juice cocktail when you come home, and make him do some deep breathing by the open window before he falls into bed.

Chairs for the Heart and Chairs for the Emotions

I am often asked about new heart, or contour chairs, and I always say that anything that enables people to obtain necessary rest is good. There can be no question but that these chairs serve a very excellent purpose, but I do wish they were neither so expensive, nor so ugly. However, each of you can afford a Body Slant board, and, personally, I much prefer them.

The sedentary lives most of us lead make it particularly desirable that our bodies be stimulated in as many ways as possible. Activity is exercise, but still there are few people who have used the Body Slant who have failed to enjoy and benefit from it. Of course these new chairs are good. When one is tired he likes to get as horizontal as he can. But the Body Slant is even more of an aid, I think.

Some people think that the blood is pumped back to the heart the way it is pumped out through the arteries. Actually, the blood is lifted up by little valves in the veins which operate as the result of muscular motion. That is why walking is such fine exercise, it stimulates the flow of blood, thereby bringing more food to the cells and carrying more waste poison away. Because the heart is a muscle, it, too, needs rest, but I think that the problem of the average healthy American is not so much one of physical overactivity as it is of mental and emotional overactivity.

We are not only a nation of sitters, we are a nation of spectators. We sit and watch organized sports, entertainment, and we sit and listen to the radio and after-dinner speeches. Television, it seems to me, presents a particularly difficult problem. When one goes to a prize fight, or

wrestling match, or ball game, one is constantly jumping up and down, squirming, and shouting. One becomes stimulated emotionally, and lets off that emotional steam by participating, vicariously but still quite actively, in the competition.

But at home, watching television, this letting off of emotional steam is quite lacking. One tends to sit passively and let emotion build up. One stews in his own emotional juices, and this only means that something is bound to happen to you. It would be much better if the family behaved the way the crowd does at the game. They might turn off the set feeling a little tired, but at least they wouldn't go to bed overloaded with powerful chemicals.

The person who doesn't work off his surplus emotional energy is sitting on a powder keg, and sooner or later it will blow up.

By all means watch television, but don't forget to take a good brisk walk after you have seen a particularly exciting contest.

And talking of sitting, I would like to know what ever happened to the rocking chair. I shall never forget the first time I saw a rocking chair. I was fascinated by it. In my home in a little town in the Black Forest, I had never seen such a thing. But of course no Europeans knew anything about rocking chairs, they are, you know, an American invention, and a wonderful one. How good it is to sit after dinner, the mother in one and the father in another, rocking away gently while reading, and vigorously while talking. That used to be the standard way of putting a child to sleep. The mother would sit at her spinning wheel, or in her rocking chair, giving the cradle a gentle push with her foot. Such motion is stimulating as well as soothing. It is this principle that is used in connection with oscillating beds that are so beneficial and healthful. We may laugh at the rise of technology and some of the

things that it produces, but there are many people in hospitals who can tell you how wonderful a rocking bed can be.

And the rocking chair is essentially the same thing, and I would like to start a one-man movement to bring them back. I can't imagine why the chair manufacturers ever stopped making them. I would like to see two rocking chairs in every home in America, one for Father and one for Mother. They ought to be wonderful for looking at television.

As a matter of fact, though bosses do not like it, the business of putting one's feet on the desk while talking is first rate, as far as the body is concerned. It just seems to be human nature to try and get the feet up in the air, and even women, when they wear slacks, seem to revert to this practice.

But please don't forget that if you sit all day at a desk, and come home tired, the chances are that it is mental and emotional fatigue that has gotten you down, and sitting around for the rest of the evening isn't going to help you much. What you need is a little physical exercise, not more mental and emotional activity. Take a walk.

Pity Your Poor Feet

Less than twenty years ago, Alan E. Murray had foot trouble. He had corns, calluses, hammer toes and collapsed metatarsals. He has plaster casts of his feet to prove it. Today, his feet are paragons of perfection, and he will take his shoes and stockings off to prove it. But the shoes that he takes off are the oddest looking things imaginable. They are called "space shoes," and people like Arthur Godfrey, Lillian Gish, Joe DiMaggio and Martha Graham, together with 25,000 others, not only wear them, but swear by them. And they cost more than fifty dollars a pair.

Murray had been a skater, but his feet deteriorated so

much he had to give it up. Then he tried to obtain relief and correction. Nothing and no one helped him. So, being the kind of man he is, he set about making a pair of shoes for himself. He believed then, and he now has evidence to prove his point, that just as feet are deformed or distorted by shoes, so can they be corrected by them.

Mr. Murray's space shoes seem more adapted to keeping a diver on the floor of the ocean than to flying through space like Buck Rogers, but there can be no dodging the acclamation they receive. Mr. Murray's theory is to fit the shoes to the feet, not the feet to a space that is available after every concession has been made to the outside form that convention demands.

So he fits the inside of the shoe to the foot, and lets the outside come where it may. Women, whose feet are *killing* them, shudder at the sight of the shoes that are about to give them the first foot comfort they have ever known. They seem to think the cure is worse than the ailment. But Mr. Murray tells them to wear them in the dark, or around the house when no one is there. And pretty soon, he says, they are usually wearing them proudly and even boastfully in public. They even get to the point where they seem beautiful. The eye could be educated to accept them, just as we have in the past accepted the high-button shoes that seem so ridiculous to us today.

Godfrey once put his Murray-clad feet proudly up on his broadcasting desk so that his vast audience might see them, and have a laugh at his expense. But Godfrey can afford to have people laugh at him, and maybe one of the reasons he himself has such an infectious good humor is because his feet are so happy. And Murray can afford to have people laugh at his shoes, too, because he now has a thriving business in six figures.

I am sure that in time a way will be discovered to im-

prove their looks without sacrificing their function, and that in the process, ways will be found to reduce their cost.

In the meantime, people who stand on their feet all day, clerks and postmen, are buying them, even on their limited incomes, and pronouncing them the best investment they ever made.

The Business of Walking

Do you know how to walk? I mean, really walk? Of course you can ambulate. Anybody can do that. But do you know how to walk not only with your feet, but also with your arms and your eyes? I think that walking is one of the greatest of all privileges and blessings—it is the universal exercise. It stimulates the circulation as well as exercises the muscles of the legs. But walking is not just a matter of going someplace, it is the privilege of seeing where you are going. Then, walking involves breathing, and breathing engages the diaphragm, the contents of the chest, and the viscera. Good, free walking, coupled with deep, rhythmic breathing, accompanied by a generous use of the eyes, is as stimulating to the mind as it is to the muscles and organs.

There is no better thing to do with anger, or petulance, or concern, than to walk it to a frazzle. I knew a woman who, when she got mad, always broke a dish. I told her that was a wonderful idea as long as she always had cheap dishes around to break into little pieces. But she said they had to be expensive dishes, that if they were cheap it didn't do any good. Well, that was her method. But I don't recommend it. I think walking is much better, as well as being much cheaper. After all, breaking a dish, even an expensive one, really doesn't accomplish very much except to make you a little poorer. But walking will make you richer, in health and happiness. Walking, with a full stride, swinging the legs from the abdomen, will dissipate

and dissolve your ire much better than breaking one of grandma's best soup plates.

Of course, to walk properly, one must have the right kind of shoes. In connection with walking and shoes, it is customary to complain bitterly about women's shoes, the high heels, the distorted instep, the open toe, the wafer-thin sole, the lack of support, but men are not without fault in this respect. Not that they wear high heels, though some dealers think they can increase man's stature by making more of a heel for or out of him. But that seems silly to me, and hardly worthy of notice.

The important thing to remember in walking is that it is a repetitive, hammer-like process, and, if you walk on uniform pavements in the city, that you will be forever hammering your feet in the same places, and in the same way. When you walk in the country, in the woods, or on uneven dirt roads, the hammering is in a different place and in a different way, almost every step. For this reason, walking in the country involves different parts of the bottom of the foot. The load, and the wear and tear, or the exercise, is distributed. Walking barefoot, on the dew-wet grass has long been considered to be one of the most beneficial and pleasing and helpful forms of foot exercise and therapy there is. We can't all do that, not all the time, anyway, though let's do it when and while we can. But, in the city, men should remember that walking is a repetitive process, and that the only manner or method by which this repetition can be prevented from being a constant rehammering in the same places, is by either changing the pavements on which you walk, or the shoes in which you walk on the pavements. In the country, you won't have to worry because the ground underfoot is constantly different, but in the city it is constantly the same, so, in order to distribute the shock and the exercise, you must change your shoes. It would be best if every man wore three pairs of shoes a

day. This may be impossible, for any one of several reasons, but most men can wear at least two pairs of shoes a day. It would be best if you could wear one pair to work in the morning, change them in the middle of the day, and wear the second pair home. Why? Not to be silly or snobbish, but merely for the purpose of redistributing the shock and sharing the exercise. Every pair of shoes is different. The wonderful feeling that comes from changing from one pair to another, or from one pair to a pair of slippers, is evidence enough to persuade the most reluctant soul. Your feet feel better. *You* feel better. Changing shoes is a form of rest, of refreshment. Calluses and corns will have much less future if you will do this.

Then, too, there is the extra relief and comfort to be obtained from changing from one pair of sox or stockings to another. We all know that nylon is non-absorbent, that cotton and wool have different effects, that rayon is still different. Experiment with different fabrics, shift from one to another along with your shoes as often as you can. Figure out for yourself what gives you the greatest comfort.

There has, of late, been a marked tendency on the part of girls in their teens and twenties to wear ballet slippers for both street and evening wear. What does this do? Is it good? I think we must leave this answer to their wearers, or to time. If they like them, if they are comfortable in them—OK by me. But if they are merely trying to reduce their stature to conform to not-very-tall beaux, or if they are trying to establish a new hip-swing then I question the wisdom of the vogue. I would like to see a happy shoe, an intermediate shoe established as fashion—one with more of a heel than none and less of a heel than a high one. But who can fathom a woman's fashion?

In the meantime, men can refuse to purchase shoes which are not thoroughly comfortable and wearable at

first *attempt*. The day has gone when one must suffer the pinching and the blistering that is involved in "*breaking shoes in*."

Pinched Toes and Tight Lips

As for women, I hardly know what to say.

But somehow women must be given shoes that feel as good as they look. If they are going to walk, that is. If women, in America, are going to be showpieces, walking only from apartment house to taxi, and from curbstone to store, then these pieces of sole with attenuated straps, without heel back and without toe front, may well suffice. But, if women are going to walk, and they should, then they must have equipment that does not torture them. The day of the bound Chinese foot has gone. A walking woman will have more beautiful legs, stronger abdomen, better carriage, happier mind, and will probably give birth to healthier children, and do so with less danger to herself and her child.

And don't, please, forget that when you can stand bare-foot in the swirling water of a cool mountain stream, or in the roiling waters of the ocean, that you are giving your feet the best vacation and the best therapy they can have.

I think, if I were a beautician, that I would begin all facials with the feet. I have never known a beautiful and happy woman who did not realize that her smile began in the comfort and happiness of her toes. So often that pinched, pained look you see on the face of a beautiful woman, that drawn look around the mouth, that haunted look in her eyes, is not a Mona Lisa look, it is just the result of foot discomfort. The shoes look beautiful, but their wearer feels awful, and her face shows it.

Do you own a lazy shoe horn, one with a handle two or three feet long? If so, give it away, or put it away. In any case, don't use it. Why have you got it? Is your stomach in

the way? Do you get dizzy when you bend over? Are you afraid the muscles in your back and the back muscles in your legs will break, or wear out?

Muscles are funny things, they wear out from disuse, not use. There is only one way to get tone back into a muscle, assuming that you eat properly, and that is by a little stretching now and then. Even the stretching that goes with yawning is good. But for the back and the backs of the legs there's nothing like bending over, and if you will learn to play stork, and put your shoes and stockings on while standing on one foot, and tie your laces, or fasten your straps, by bending over, you will be doing something to start getting those muscles back into trim.

It is not necessary to do silly things like throwing a pack of cards on the floor, picking them up, one by one, without bending the knees. I see no reason why all exercises should not be either useful or pleasant. If you feel the need for bending over more, go weed a garden or dust a baseboard, or clean under a bed, or straighten rugs, or straighten the books on the lowest shelf of the book case. Don't waste your energy. That is why I always tell people to use their eyes while they walk. Don't be afraid of stumbling. Lift your feet, and look about you, and you will come back refreshed beyond expectation.

Some years ago, with several cosmopolitan women noted for their attractiveness, I was sitting at luncheon at the charming Villa Trianon, in Versailles. Suddenly there was a hush, and all eyes could be seen turning to the entrance to the great dining room. A beautiful woman had entered. But she was more than beautiful, she moved with breathtaking grace. Here was appearance and movement that was truly regal. Her erect poise, her long, unhurried step, befitted a queen. And she was a queen, a queen of the drama. Lynn Fontanne had arrived. My companions, no novices at entrances, I can assure you, literally gasped with

admiration. I am sure they realized that both Miss Fontanne's beauty and grace were founded on good, straight-boned, strong-arched, well cared for, well exercised and well vested feet.

Beauty starts from the ground up, and maybe that troublesome line in your face could be erased by transferring your attention. We do not appreciate our feet while they feel good. We take them for granted. We assume they need no care or attention, that, because they serve us well now, they will always do so.

No people on earth abuse their feet more than Americans do, and especially American women. There is good reason for foot vanity. The high heel affects the shape of the calf of the leg, determines the length of the stride, and controls the swing of the hips which are not, in women, joined as are those in the male skeleton. This movement of the hips and buttocks, as it is conditioned by walking on high heels, has always had an attraction to men. There is a grace to the rhythmic roll of that part of the female body, and the swish of skirts resulting therefrom, that is emotionally powerful. So powerful is this effect, and so aware of its potency are women, that there is little chance that they will give up the practice, even though, in the meantime, their feet "kill" them.

There is one thing that all of us can do. We can take the matter of foot bathing seriously. Foot bathing can improve the circulation, and is in itself a most refreshing and invigorating thing. Yes, foot bathing is good for the nerves as well as for the feet. One of the important parts of the famous Kneipp cure was standing in the cool water of the little mountain stream that came tumbling down through Woerishofen.

And another wonderful relief for tired feet and swollen ankles is the use of the Body Slant. I have great faith in this simple and inexpensive treatment. You will

find a full discussion of this in *Look Younger, Live Longer*. It is one of the very effective things you can do for yourself. It is good, not just for the feet, but for the whole body, and is an effective beauty aid.

Don't Let the Light Go Out

Every once in a while I meet a woman who proudly, almost boastfully, announces that she has never in all of her life used any make-up of any kind whatsoever. And usually, as I look at her, I think to myself, "Sister, you look it!" I have never seen a female face that could not be improved by wise use of make-up. It was not very long ago that make-up was associated with easy virtue, but, fortunately, that is all now in the past. The art of make-up is as old as the oldest civilizations. Cleopatra highlighted her features, and I have seen, in ancient Indian temple-paintings, figures of women whose lips, eyes and brows were all accentuated very delicately and exquisitely. Every female face has some good features and milady's job is to highlight the good and de-emphasize the nose that is too large or the chin that is too small, etc.

I do not at all agree with the beauticians who say that soap should not be used on the face. I think that soap is as necessary for the face as it is for any other part of the skin. Healthy skin is clean skin and there is but one way to clean it. Having cleaned it, though, the first law is to oil it, to use the proper lotions to keep it soft.

When those women come to me and tell me that they have never used make-up, I try to tell them that I think it is impolite for anybody not to look as attractive as possible. No one has any right at all to go around looking unattractive and unhappy. It is as natural, I think, for women to enhance their features as it is for birds and animals to preen and clean themselves. Just as we need food for the body, so do we need food for the spirit, and the confidence

and satisfaction that comes from knowing one looks well is the best food the spirit can get. Let us fortify the food for the spirit as we fortify the food for the body. I know of a woman whose house was bombed in London during the blitz, and when they finally dug her out of the rubble the first thing she did was to reach for her lipstick.

We cannot really be very happy when we don't think we look well. So, don't be afraid to do things with your lashes, your brows, your lips. Why be a shrub when you can be a flower?

Beauty Is Ageless

There is no country in the world that places so high a price on beauty as America. And there is no place in America where beauty is so richly rewarded as Hollywood. Yes, we Americans worship beauty, and our American women are the most beautiful in the world. There can be no question of that. But have you ever noticed, that the traffic, in and out of Hollywood, is terrific? Yesterday's beauty, often enough, is gone, and forgotten, tomorrow. We worship beauty, and Hollywood pays a high price for it, but it is a transient kind of beauty, as a rule. These beauties, by and large, are annuals, not perennials.

But there are a few beauties who stay. These are the ones, the Garbos, the Swansons, the Goddards, the Dietrichs, whose beauty is more than that of form and face. These are the ones whose beauty is *enhanced* by time. To them, time has done a beautiful and wonderful thing, it has increased their charm, their skill, their ability to convey emotion. *This* is the great beauty, the beauty of fullness, not the shallow beauty of a fragile flower, sweet and perfect at the short moment of its first opening.

If beauty is only skin-deep, then it must be that one is only talking about skin-beauty. But the beauty of character, the grace of a beautiful person, grows, as it did in the in-

comparable Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse, with every moment and hour. These beauties are the perennials of Hollywood, of Broadway, of the world stage. To my mind it is this beauty of character that makes Mrs. Roosevelt beloved by so many. This is why I felt that Lady Mendl was one of the most beautiful of women.

It is this inward force, this pressure from the vitality within, that distinguishes people. It was the sense of this *élan*, this vital power, that made the sculpture of Rodin so real, so great. Vitality is a force that presses for escape. It makes the body *alive*. It gives it that dynamic symmetry which constitutes the greatest appeal that man's eye can discern or enjoy.

How can you obtain this force, this beauty? I believe it comes from enjoyment and appreciation. It certainly does not come from fear, or from weakness. There is nothing more beautiful than health and happiness; *these* are the cosmetics of permanent beauty. From this comes color and grace, and charm and dignity.

The most beautiful women I know are not beautiful because of showy clothes or *striking* make-up. They are beautiful because of the force and power that emanates from within. They have sublimated the superficial, and have accentuated the positive. And, need I add, the most beautiful women I know are in the second part of life and are intelligent about their food. To be beautiful, they must care for their bodies from within, which is the only place from which the spirit can be fed.

There is too much imitation, it seems to me. So many, at one time, wanted to be Veronica Lakes. The real Veronica Lake is a beautiful person. But the imitation Veronicas became a drug on the market. Beauty is the enhancement of one's own characteristics. Be proud of your nose. Use your forehead. Let your hair fall where it wants to. Then, amplify yourself with the beauty of a healthy body and a

happy mind. Do this, and your beauty will grow and grow, and never wither and fade. This has been the eternal secret of all the great women of the world.

This is the secret, too, of the great men of the world. Consider the vitality of Churchill, whose body I deplore, whose eating and other habits I cannot approve. But what spirit he has. How he has flourished. And what strength he has been able to share with people starving for strength. All of the great leaders, it seems to me, are shining examples of inner force generated by a mature understanding of the relation of food to happiness and health.

The Old-Clothes Racket

When men wore dickey's and Ascot cravats, when their trousers came up to their armpits, and their coats never met in front, there was some reason for waistcoats, or wes-kits, or vests. When men used to turn their coat collars up, and had a button on the under side of the right lapel, there was some reason for the button hole on the left lapel.

But there has never been any reason for that dust-catching cuff on men's trousers. Fashions in clothes are dictated by custom, and custom is a ruthless dictator. Man is much more subservient in this respect than the American woman. His emancipation has only recently come about and has, as a matter of fact, but barely begun.

There is a story about an American business man who was much disturbed by an incessant and annoying ringing in his ears. He had been the rounds of doctors, without relief. Finally one physician decided he needed a rest, and prescribed a stay in Bermuda. While there, the patient decided to buy some shirts. The clerk seemed a little incredulous when the man asked for size 16. He measured him and found that the man had a 17 neck. He explained that he had always worn size 16. Thereupon, the clerk remarked that he should think such constriction would cause an

awful ringing in his ears. Needless to say, the patient came home cured!

But we are not yet completely cured of vests that serve no need. We still wear coat collars where none are needed. We seem reluctant to stop catching dirt in the cuffs of our trousers. We still wear the buttons that are supposed to stop us from wiping our noses on our sleeves. We wear hats not as a protection against sun and rain but as an archaic reminder that it used to be unsafe to go abroad without a helmet. We wear outdoor clothes in steam-heated homes and offices. And even in the hottest weather, most of us still wear tight coats and trousers, and full shirts anchored at the neck with an absolutely useless necktie.

But we are escaping. The high, starched collar has gone, together with the uncomfortable derby and rigid straw boater. The vest is disappearing. Tropical worsteds and rayons and nylons of light weight are being worn. The constricting garter is being discarded. The stocking has given way to a shorter and shorter sock. And men are increasingly giving their hair a chance to breathe in the open air.

I am not, and never have been, a nudist, but I do believe that the human body likes to be caressed by sun and air. Our bodies are as dependent upon the elements which surround us as a fish is dependent upon the water that surrounds it. And man's clothing himself is, in a way, as silly as it would be if a fish went around in the water with a dress and girdle on. However, civilization, which we, of course, very much enjoy, is an arrangement that involves clothing the human body. That should not blind us, though, to the fact that the human body itself, physically as opposed to mentally, can benefit tremendously from not just exposure to but, rather, participation in the element in which it was originally born. That is why I believe modern water bathing and sun bathing and air bathing are so important.

There was a time when civilization required that man not even bathe and whole winters were spent by great populations sewed up in their clothing, as though air was something the body should be insulated against. Now, fortunately, we have come to the realization that the body-house is covered with a myriad of breathing pores. We have come also to the recognition of the fact that night air is not dangerous and that the naked body is not naughty. Clothing continuously, and fortunately, becomes briefer. The nightshirt is getting shorter and more and more people are discovering that the complete relaxation and benefit of sleep comes from an unencumbered body that can slither in its sleep, without getting bound up and entwined in senseless night clothing as though everyone must be dressed against the proprieties of an always imminent air-raid or fire drill. Don't be a poor fish, all dressed up against emergencies that never happen. We need clothing to keep us warm. For myself, I am devoted to sweaters, the pull-on type. Nothing could be more comfortable or sensible. I wear them under an ordinary suit or sports jacket. I don't mean that I wear them all the time. But I never hesitate to wear them in public. I suppose I would lose my job if I were a teller in a bank, even though the lady teller in the next cage always wore one, and with no coat to cover any of it.

The time will come, I am sure, when we will wear loose, light, comfortable and economical clothes. We don't have to walk around in flowing Roman togas, but I see no reason why our great clothing manufacturers and their designers should not apply themselves to some sort of garment such as aviators used to wear during the war. The Prime Minister of England, the "former Naval person," wore them. In Hollywood, Mitchell Leisen, a director who operates a men's shop as a hobby, designed and wore such a garment during the war. Recently *Esquire* has depicted

a similar garment designed and offered for sale by Chipp of New York. They call their suit the "Idler." The zipper makes such a piece of clothing eminently practicable. A coat or shirt and trousers in one continuous garment. No suspenders! No belt! No vest! No need for tightness around the waist! No need for a necktie! No gaps between the upper and lower garments! What could be more sensible? More comfortable? More economical? Away with flapping coats! Away with the saggy and baggy pants of waist-hung trousers. We might well adopt as a slogan a paraphrase of the old war-cry: Office workers of the world, arise—you have nothing to lose but those three-piece unsuitable discomforts called *suits*.

Yes, I Wrote for Women

A lot of people think that I write and lecture only for women. Well, once I did, and no wonder. But now I number thousands and thousands of men among my most devoted and enthusiastic followers. Twenty years ago, though, food was something that women worried about and prepared and men ate and suffered from. Men never gave it a thought. If they were sick, they took an aspirin, stayed home, and possibly saw a doctor. In the old days, there was only one way to do something about reducing the size of a man's stomach, and that was through the person who cooked for him—his wife. So that is why, in the beginning, I addressed myself to the ladies of America.

I believe that American women are the most beautiful in the world. Not because they have any monopoly on good looks, but because they eat better than other women. But beauty should not be a transient thing that lasts for the short period before overeating catches up with the victim. No. Beauty is that appearance that comes from, and remains during, good- but not over-eating. It is so easy for well-fed women to become enthusiastic about food, and to

think that the only, or at least the most important, way to a man's heart is through his stomach. And it is doubly easy for her, the cook, to succumb to tasting trouble, to the overconsumption of food that follows so naturally upon nibbling and testing. This is what I call cook's complaint. It is one of the most virtuous of all excesses, and comes entirely from overenthusiasm. I will admit, it is most difficult for the cook to refrain from taking too much while she is merely trying to reach that epitome of excellence that will most please her spouse, but it is true—it is difficult. A little sip, here, and a soupçon, there, and those extra calories are on their way to the spots that will show most, and do the least good.

I believe, as a matter of fact, that excessive overweight is one of the chiefest obstacles to love there is.

It is a most subtle and insidious path that leads from slight plumpness to obesity, but it is a most devastating one.

I also talked to women about more than food. I had an advantage no husband possesses, I could scold them gently, and chide them a little about their manners and appearances. After all they had come to me voluntarily, and they took it all like the good sports they are. To me, one of the great tragedies of life is the gradual slipping into casual and taken for granted relationships between husband and wife. Child-bearing inevitably changes the body of the woman. The breasts develop. The pelvis changes, and the thighs, the stomach and the *derrière* assume characteristics appropriate to the new function. But this does not mean that the new mother is condemned to an ever increasing weight. The fullness of maternity is the blossoming of beauty. There is no beauty in the world comparable to that of the fully developed woman. I have shown thousands of women how they can, through proper eating, maintain their figures in their new proportions. And to-

day, the average American Mother is freed of the grossness, the overweight, the flabbiness, and the stoutness that only a few years ago was considered the inevitable lot of the girl who married and had children.

And having established myself as a mentor and guide for the eating habits of American women, having won the confidence and following of thousands of American women, I then scolded them the little bit that was necessary in order to get them to slim their husbands.

It has always seemed to me that Jack Sprat and his wife were the exceptions, rather than the rule. At least it has seemed to me that the average American couple is alike. If the wife is overweight, the husband is. If one is underweight the other is. And when one is properly proportioned, the other seems to be, too.

Fat is the modern man's burden. If you do not believe it, tie a sack of flour or sugar around your waist, and then climb two or three flights of stairs, or take a half-mile walk. Fat is the product of the division of labor. When all men used their whole bodies to hunt or raise their food, they were seldom overweight. Fat is a concomitant of an uncivilized product of civilization. The man who made his living with his head or hands apparently assumed that he needed as much, or was entitled to more than the person who worked for him. It was not until the twentieth century that it began to be apparent that the man with the largest food-purchasing power was the one who needed the smallest amount of food. When this idea became apparent wealthy men were measured by their money rather than by their girth. When rich men ceased, necessarily, being fat men, rich men's wives also ceased, necessarily, being overlarge women.

Have you ever noticed, among the often divorced, that second wives tend, almost invariably, to be thinner than

divorced wives—that new wives are more attractive than old wives?

Personally, I believe that marriage counsellors should be nutritionists, as well as psychologists. No, it is not strange that people should think that I wrote and lectured primarily for American women. Of course I did, because they were the buyers and cookers of food and the planners of meals. But, even more importantly, women are the mothers of the Americans of the future, and nutritional wisdom and effectiveness begins with conception. Yes, the pregnant woman can feed her unborn child to a healthier and happier life, or the opposite. Nutritionally, women are much wiser than men, especially American businessmen.

Consider an average young business executive. He is about forty—a little more, probably. More often than not, he has a business lunch. That only too often means that he goes, on an expense account, to a good—i.e., an expensive—restaurant. He wants to make an extra good impression on his luncheon companion, and his luncheon companion wants to make an extra good impression on him, so, when the well-starched and punctilious headwaiter asks them if they will have something to drink—"A cocktail, gentlemen?"—they say yes and have a Martini, "very dry." Everybody has Martinis "very dry" nowadays. To be "very dry" a Martini must be very strong—strong, that is on gin and weak on Vermouth. Martinis used to be made of equal parts of Vermouth and gin. That was when they were trying to give a little extra fillip to the Vermouth. Nowadays they try to give a little extra fillip to the gin by sort of "dragging" a little Vermouth through it. These Martinis have the same effect as morphine, without the drug's merciful qualities. So, they have another one. Then, being pretty well anesthetized, they eat—no, they overeat. And, because they have so much to talk about, they eat in spurts and dashes, in between long sentences and complicated

paragraphs. They swallow more than they chew, and they overcondiment the food they gulp. No wonder that at 4 P.M. they are looking for aspirin and bicarbonate. No wonder that at fifty they are overweight and short of breath, and worried about being displaced by someone thirty years old.

If you are this sort of business man, then you are already a part-time worker, a half-time worker. Your temper is short, your fatigue is long. Your belly is big, your endurance is small, your secretary is harassed, your wife is distraught. And you yourself, secretly and really, know darned well that what you are doing is merely adding fuel to the fire you want to put out; you are piling Ossa on Pelion, and adding Scylla to Charybdis. This sort of thing can't go on.

The differentiation between drinking and eating is a great illusion—*it ain't so*. One may drink water, but one "eats" alcohol. Why? Because, unlike water and tea and coffee, there are calories in alcohol, and also in so-called "soft" drinks. Yes, soft drinks and hard drinks are edibles. You may not chew them, but they do to you exactly what chewables do—that is, they add to your caloric intake. Life can begin to begin at forty, but it can also begin to end there—if you want it to. We have heard so much about growing old gracefully. But we hear very little about growing old ungracefully, or disgracefully. Probably because we know so much about it.

The Folklore of Fat

I wonder if the United States will ever again have a fat president.

Personally, I doubt it. For one thing, I don't believe physicians to political leaders will permit their charges to get overweight. We know only too well what the penalty is of the stresses and strains of campaigning and administration.

The overweight body is an overworked body.

The person possessing such a body can only give part-time service to his country. In the second place, I believe that the majority of Americans now know that obesity is an obstacle to longevity, happiness, service and health.

There was a time when obesity was a badge of position, when the majesty of the law was geared, with its pomp and ceremony, to the slow measured tread of people who could not walk either fast or far. I see no reason why we should assume that overweight in politicians is any more desirable or acceptable than in soldiers. Obesity is a disease that begets other diseases. Obesity is the vat in which health is slowly dissolved. Obesity is an enemy of society. Obesity is the result of overeating. Not only is it injurious to the individual, but it is also crying evidence of the fact that food is being taken from the mouths of people who need it.

Yes, the old-fashioned orator used to be the obviously well-fed, and consequently the obviously successful, for in those days such success begot authority, and they were only too conspicuously the most authoritative of all. Hence, being authoritative, they were assumed to be the wisest, else how could they have achieved their wealth and power and abdomen. So the populace must hear these adipose humans talk.

So they talked. And as they talked they got fatigued, and short of breath. They gasped, they panted for more breath. And this, paradoxically, was what used to be called a long-winded speech. And out of this situation came the painful, fragmented speech of the politician who liked to think his hearers were as short of intelligence as he was of breath; that it was necessary to speak that way not because of his physical limitations, but because of the intellectual shortcomings of his audience.

For some reason, or for some variety of reasons, obesity came to be a badge of affluence, authority, and majesty. It

was as though non-fatness was undesirable; in fact, as though it was unhealthy. The rich were big in the middle. The poor were thin. The happy and jolly people were overlarge. The thin ones were sad, and full of sorrow and pain. The judges were always overflowing onto their benches. The poor souls being judged were wraiths. Virtue, somehow, became associated with adiposity. The criminal, the maladjusted, the unfortunate, the incompetent, the failure, always was represented as having no excess of flesh. Think of the characters who have come down to us in art and literature and history. Falstaff, the very epitome of jollity, a flagon in his upraised hand, was big as a man could be, without bursting. Henry the Eighth, sits at his straining board, eating joints, and throwing the bones over his shoulder at a pack of hungry, wolfish hounds. John Bull, himself, is represented as being at least seventy-five pounds overweight, but he loves it.

Time and again, you will find that the man of authority, the man of wealth, and the epitome of good humor, good living, and happiness, is the man with girth, too much girth. Even in our own country, the politician, the policeman, the millionaire, and the comedian, are, or used to be, fat men.

Why should this be? Sometimes I think it all goes back to two great circumstances—one having to do with animals, the other with humans who have not yet perfected the transition from barbarity. We expect the hibernating animal, the bear, the woodchuck, the skunk, etc., to gorge during the summer and fall, to lay on flesh and fat, against the necessity of sleeping, in a semi-comatose way, through the winter. This they are compelled to do by virtue of their inability to cope with the cold and snowy environment. Then there was the primitive man who, before the invention of agriculture and domestication of animals, had to eat when and where he could. Eating was not then a

matter of two or three meals a day. Sometimes, they probably didn't eat from one week to another. So when they could eat, they not only did, they gorged. But they were able to, we are told by anthropologists, by virtue of the fact that they had larger stomachs and longer intestines.

One of the early nineteenth-century explorers, Wrangel, said that the Yakuts, a Siberian tribe, "ate in a day six times as many fish as he could eat." Further, he says, "I have repeatedly seen a Yakut, or a Tongouse, devour forty pounds of meat in a day."

But as though these were not argument enough, he tells of seeing a five-year-old member of this race make a meal of "three candles, several pounds of sour frozen butter, and a large piece of yellow soap."

Hungry, such men would be as thin as they were unhappy. Full, they would be as happy and somnolent as they were rotund. Such people could well go days on end with nothing to appease the pangs of hunger but berries and roots. The fat animal was the well-fed animal. The full man was the successful hunter. Happiness and success were measured by girth.

And, even after invention of agriculture, especially during the period in which the division of labor was developed, the well-fed man was the one for whom the many people worked. He was the man of authority. He was the success. He was the boss. The others were slaves, or serfs. Labor was cheaper than food. And so the large stomach became the symbol of position and accomplishment. Corruptence went with wealth. Only the miser was both wealthy and thin. Only the miser was wealthy and unhappy.

During the nineteenth century, even in this country, there seemed to be a premium of fortune on fat. But the tide had begun to turn in the mind of the public. For the fat man always represented the money gouger, the

political boss, the creator of trusts, the unfaithful public servant: Bet-a-Million Gates, Diamond Jim Brady, Boss Tweed. And then the modern Falstaff, Fatty Arbuckle of early Hollywood, tripped and fell on his reputation, and was unable to get up.

Since then, the vogue of fatness seems to have declined. America has a lean ideal, a healthy one. Uncle Sam has the shape a man should have. It is a shape geared for action and longevity. He has the modern look, a flat midriff, and length.

I would recommend to the young men of the country who anticipate entering public service that they train themselves as soldiers are trained. There is no more room in politics for fat men than there is in the armed forces.

This, you must remember, is all folklore. But until the end of the first world war, there was little thought about such things.

Now, nowhere in the civilized world, is fat, as such, either desired or approved. If men can eat good food regularly, they need neither hibernate nor store up against shortages. Nor will they need prepare to cannibalize themselves during famine.

Your Ideal Weight

How much should you weigh? For your guidance, I am passing along to you the figures assembled by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in a study of thousands of insured men and women.

Study the chart; find where you belong on it. The middle figures refer to medium-build, average men and women; the left-hand figures are for the small-boned, and the right-hand figures for the large, big-boned individuals. I, myself, am 6 feet, 3 inches, big-boned, much over 30 and I weigh over 200 pounds. How much do you weigh? How much *should* you weigh?

DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR MEN.
AGES 25 AND OVER.

HEIGHT (with shoes)		WEIGHT IN POUNDS (as ordinarily dressed)		
		Small Frame	Medium Frame	Large Frame
Feet	Inches			
5	2	116-215	124-133	131-142
5	3	119-128	127-136	133-144
5	4	122-132	130-140	137-149
5	5	126-136	134-144	141-153
5	6	129-139	137-147	145-157
5	7	133-143	141-151	149-162
5	8	136-147	145-156	153-166
5	9	140-151	149-160	157-170
5	10	144-155	153-164	161-175
5	11	148-159	157-168	165-180
6	0	152-164	161-173	169-185
6	1	157-169	166-178	174-190
6	2	163-175	171-184	179-196
6	3	168-180	176-189	184-202

DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN.
AGES 25 AND OVER.

HEIGHT (with shoes)		WEIGHT IN POUNDS (as ordinarily dressed)		
		Small Frame	Medium Frame	Large Frame
Feet	Inches			
5	0	105-113	112-120	119-129
5	1	107-115	114-122	121-131
5	2	110-118	117-125	124-135
5	3	113-121	120-128	127-138
5	4	116-125	124-132	131-142
5	5	119-128	127-135	133-145
5	6	123-132	130-140	138-150
5	7	126-136	134-144	142-154
5	8	129-139	137-147	145-158
5	9	133-143	141-151	149-162
5	10	136-147	145-155	152-166
5	11	139-150	148-158	155-169
6	0	141-153	151-163	160-174

It has been estimated that more than twenty-five million Americans are overweight. Are you? Here is the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's charts of desirable weights for men and women of the age of twenty-five and over.

Fat People Take Up Too Much Room, Especially in Hospitals

If you are carrying too much poundage, then you will immediately, in a mature manner, prepare your own plan for Girth Control. Reduction of overweight is one way you can win by losing. The reason you are going to reduce to normal is that you will LOOK YOUNGER and you will LIVE LONGER. Is this really so? The Metropolitan says that the mortality rate for people overweight is 150% of normal. They say that mortality increases with degree of overweight. They say that the mortality rate for men suffering from marked obesity is 179% of normal, and for women, 161%. They also say that the fatter you are, the more likely you are to have gall-bladder disease, and gall stones, the more susceptible you will be to hypertension. Fat people have more gout and more hernia. They suffer more from urinary impairment. More than four times as many overweight people become diabetic. This is but an inkling of the sad correlation that is made between obesity and disease, between obesity and shorter life.

It is an interesting thing that we have spent so many millions of dollars via the Marshall Plan to see to it that the people of Europe are not underfed, when we spend so little time and money in our own country in connection with the equally dangerous problem of overfeeding.

If the person who is overweight could carry his own burden, it would not be so bad. But he can't. Society has to help the fat man carry his own stomach. Overweight fills our hospitals, increases our health cost, and work loss.

It shortens lives. And it precipitates those sudden, premature and tragically disrupting circumstances, cutting people off in the prime of life, leaving families without providers. Economically, we cannot afford it.

Twenty-five million people in the United States of America are victims of badly regulated appetites and improper diets. You cannot reduce quickly. Starvation diets are just that. You cannot reduce by exercise, unless you are prepared to walk up the Empire State Building every time you have a candy bar. You will reduce by eating less food, better food, fewer calories, more proteins, you will eat the good green things that are full of sunshine and the minerals of the earth. You will reduce by being intelligent about the problem. You will reduce because you know that by having normal weight you will BE HAPPIER, that by eating intelligently you will BE HEALTHIER.

The Thumb as an Emotional Outlet

Don't oppose the opposable thumb. Do you know about the opposable thumb? Do you know that you have one, and that it is one of the chief prides of the human body?—the ability to pick up pins, to hold hammers and chisels, to grasp things lightly or tightly—to do all these things as the brain wants them done?

Civilization and culture have been built with the human hand. Almost all of man's pleasure has come from manipulation and manufacture, from using the hand, its muscles, and its opposable thumb. Man, the builder, the doer, the clever, has been man with the strong and facile hand. All the joy of accomplishment, of building, of victory, and of staving off evil, has been associated with and accomplished by virtue of the hand. The place of the hand in man's mind and history is too well established to be easily forgotten. It is not just the hand, it is the coordina-

tion of the hand with the brain, of using the hand for intelligent purposes.

The division of labor that gives rise to the intellectual and the executive places great emphasis on the brain and mind, but little on the hand. The brain is exercised and used as never before, but the hand hangs idle. Its use as an instrument of intelligence becomes less and less important. The need for something to take the place of the activities of the hand that used to be universal, the recognition of the hand as the surrogate of the mind, has given rise to increase of avocational activities, to keep the hands busy: carpentry, gardening, sports, painting, music, and, similarly, to keep the feet busy, occupied and healthy.

The hand has a desire to be doing something. The brain would like to have instructions for the hand. That turn in civilization that has increased cerebral activity and decreased manual functions leaves the mind unhappy and the hand itching for something to do.

The hand wants to be constructive. It wants to be a part of big things. It has built civilizations by working hand in glove with the mind. It has been the chief agent of the mind. To discard it, like an old glove, is to leave the hand itching for something to do. The brain may be well occupied, but the hand is not, by the man who sits, dictates, makes decisions, eats, drinks, drives a car, and dresses and undresses.

The human thumb is, in terms of motor nerves, the second most distinguished part of the human body. The hand is the handmaiden of the mind. It wants to execute missions for the mind. It wants to be the means of expressing what the mind thinks, wants, imagines.

The hand is built to manufacture things, to fashion, to create. The idle hand is but a dangling participle of the intelligence.

The hand loves to be part of great music, great art,

great construction. If the hand is reduced to slave status, it is the mind that is demeaned.

The human hand is free to do so many wonderful things. Relieved of the necessity of doing basic, repetitive things, it is now available for esthetic purposes.

The hunter's hand, the plower's hand, the builder's hand, these are now released for the beautifying and enjoyment of existence, of becoming the artist's hand, the musician's hand, the sculptor's hand, the hand of the cook, of the etcher, the engraver, the architect's hand, the engineer's hand, the hand of the draftsman.

The human mind does not like to be idle. The hand itches to do something. The foot is always longing to go some place. The body responds to *whole* endeavor. The whole body wants to be accomplishing things, making pleasure, building health, creating pleasing things, improving what has previously been done with the spear, the plow, the trowel, the pen and the designer's triangle. It has turned the earth, made boats, hewn trees. It holds those it loves. It has restrained those who were its enemies. It does not want to be reduced to an inessential status.

It is an expression of grace and feeling. It is an ornament as well as a tool. Use your hands and feet in the expressions of joy and beauty. Dance with them. Use them to make pictures. Because we have machines to do our manual work, and other machines to travel us further, is no reason why the hands and the feet should be consigned to the status of extremities, for they are our best constructive emotional outlets.

How to Learn the Healthful Art of Relaxation

What a wonderful thing it was to select as the American Mother of 1952 Mrs. Goon, the dignified Chinese widow of Portland, Maine. For thirty years she has operated a little laundry, run a home, and brought up eight fine

children. And now she has been singled out for this happy distinction. If you saw her picture, you must have been impressed, as I was, by the serenity and dignity of her face. Centuries of calm and patience and perseverance showed in her eyes. Her smile, so quiet. Such grace in her hands as she placed a bundle of "shirts, socks and underwear, all expertly hand ironed," on a shelf for the photographers and reporters who had come to ask America's Mother of the Year what she wanted most to do. "Just relax," sighed Mrs. Goon, "just relax." And I bet when the time comes, she will know how to relax, as all Chinese do.

I believe that the man or woman who has learned to relax has conquered the greatest of handicaps in these tense and strenuous times. Yes, for a happy and healthy life, learning to relax becomes an absolute necessity. It may take a little while, but by all means, learn to relax, to let go.

When you first learn the art of relaxation, there should be no tension anywhere in your body. For complete comfort, you might buy some small pillows. These should be placed under the neck, the elbows and the knees. Winston Churchill relaxes so, each afternoon of his life, and I believe one of his million dollar secrets of success and stamina is this ability of his to relax, to let go, to forget the stresses and strains of his hectic career. As you lie comfortably on a couch or in your bed, let your imagination help you. Make believe you are floating on a cloud, or that you are a rag doll with entirely loose and floppy joints. Be the branch of a bush blowing in the wind, or sea-weed in the ocean going back and forth with the waves. Think of anything which helps you to let go, so that your muscles become loose and free.

I find it best to start with the feet. First, turn each foot a few times to loosen them up; then think of your feet as

being very loose, of dangling like two tassels. Now relax the calves and thighs. You might flex them a couple of times, or shake each leg a bit—then let your legs lie heavy, heavy as lead. *Think* of your legs, and your feet, as utterly relaxed—no tension, no tightness, anywhere. Make believe they are made of cement, that you could not possibly move either of them a single bit.

Now, take a few breaths, deep as possible. Breathe gently and make your exhalations longer than your inhalations. Feel your body sink into the bed. Banish every thought of tension and tautness. Next, tense your arms. Stretch them as long as you can, and tense your fingers, spread them apart, make them as rigid as you can. Now, make tight and hard fists, as though you were boxing.

Now, relax the muscles of your hands and arms, and let them drop heavily by your sides. Your hands and arms should now be as relaxed as sleeping kittens. Now comes the neck, the part of the body that shows so much tension, and is so susceptible to it. Roll your head from side to side a few times, as though you were saying, No! No! No! You will probably find several kinks in your neck. Now, make believe your head is unbearably heavy, and then let it sink deep into the pillow—assume that the neck has no power to move it.

The eyes are next, and it is very important that you learn how to relax them. This can be accomplished in many ways. First of all, squeeze the eyes a few times by just closing them tightly. Now close them a few more times, but lightly, delicately, loosely. If you are still tense and nervous, the eyelids will quiver. So keep on letting go, breathe calmly until the eyes don't quiver and flutter. With the eyes closed, make believe that the muscles that control the eyeballs are loose, very loose, and completely relaxed—let go of all tightness and tension here, too. Banish the idea. Perish the thought. Think loose.

This is head-to-toe relaxation. It will do you good any time of the day, but it is ideal when done just before going to sleep. It has helped many insomniacs to overcome their tensions and sleeplessness. The whole relaxing procedure takes between ten and fifteen minutes. Do it at least once a day. But if you are weary, and really anxious to conquer the strains and tensions of life, do it two or three times a day, until you have learned to prevent tightness and tension. Even then, though, do it each night before going to sleep. For when you sleep in a relaxed and peaceful attitude, you will gain added strength and energy for the following day.

Yes, I believe that eating better, breathing better, and relaxing more, is the modern manner of stopping exhaustion and unhappiness, tense living.

Now, I can hear some of you readers say, but I cannot always lie down and relax when my calendar is filled with important and urgent appointments. And my answer is, the more appointments you have and the more valuable a human being you are, the more important it is for you to relax—believe me, you will last longer, and you will be worth more—and while you do last, you will be more human and efficient.

Here is a simple way, and a quick one, for relaxing and relieving yourself of nervous tension during the day. It is my favorite method when I am on television (which is the most killing of all work) or when I am on a lecture tour. It only takes a few minutes, and is most helpful. Open your nearest window, sit at your desk, and sit straight. Close your eyes and keep them closed. Now, breathe as deeply and as slowly as you can. Remember to breathe in through the nose and to exhale through the mouth, slowly, slowly, and as long as you comfortably can. Hum the letter "U" as you exhale, but not so loudly that your secretary will think you are going berserk. While you hum

—and it is not necessary to do it loudly—and breathe slowly and peacefully, allow yourself to escape for a few moments. Use your imagination, and think of your favorite pastime—fishing in a brook—lying under a blooming apple tree—floating in the Mediterranean; think of anything and everything that brings you happy, peaceful and calm memories.

This letting go, this breathing deeply and slowly, plus a few happy thoughts, can refresh you miraculously, and I am anxious to pass this on to you, Mr. Executive. It is one of my million dollar secrets, and what you do with it is entirely up to you.

There are other methods. I find the one of Dr. David Harold Fink, of Beverly Hills, very useful. This California physician tells you to lie undressed in a completely relaxed position and to talk to your arms, telling them to let go, to talk to your legs and feet. In fact, he says, talking to the different parts of the body is the best way to learn to relax better. Then there is Dr. Jacobson of Chicago, who teaches progressive relaxation and believes that if you can relax the muscles of the eyes you can stop worry.

Psychiatrists tell us that the more strenuous and humdrum our jobs are, the more it is necessary to escape “the monotony.” In just a few minutes of relaxation you can, with the aid of your imagination, escape to any beautiful and calm spot—woods—shore—flying above the clouds.

Many of my students like to combine their relaxing while lying on the Body Slant board. See page 101 for Body Slant position.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Food Is Our Salvation

You, Too, Have an Appestat

We are all possessed of taste and appetite. The one tells us what to eat, the other how much. If we eat too much of the wrong things, then both taste and appetite must be reset. Dr. Norman Jolliffe has recently made a most amazing discovery. It has long been known that the human body is equipped with automatic controls like the thermostat that turns the furnace on and off. The temperature of our bodies is regulated. The amount of water in our system is controlled. In fact we have a great system that is called just that—the autonomic. Now Dr. Jolliffe has located, near the pituitary, a gland he has called the appestat. Mark that word, it is an important one. Appestat controls the appetite. It can be set wrongly, as is the case with people who overeat, who suffer from the results of overeating—or for that matter, of undereating. Normally, the appestat will produce an adequate and proper desire for food—so much, and no more.

Diet, with a capital D, is the business of resetting the appestat. I wonder if there may not be discovered someday soon another autonomic device that will be found to gov-

ern taste—the kinds of food one eats. Animals have an unerring sense of what is good and bad. Even insects have it.

A very attractive young lady came up to speak to me after one of my lectures in one of the most fashionable department stores in the country. She was attractive but she was fat, and she was unhappy. She came to thank me and say that I had convinced her once and for all, and she was going to get thin. She was in charge of a special counter, and she was a very good sales person. But there was not much room behind the counter for any but a thin person, and as her weight had increased it had become necessary to push the counter forward, inch by inch, until now it stuck out in the aisle the way she stuck out in front.

A year later I went back and found a happy, trim girl behind a counter that was in line with all the others. She had not only lost weight but she had gained two raises and a promotion.

She had reset her appestat, not even knowing she had one.

The Food Cure Idea

I should like to tell you about Dr. Heinrich Lahmann, whose sanatorium in Dresden, Saxony, became world famous. I believe Dr. Lahmann started the "food cure" idea. Not only sick people but also the healthy came to him. These came because they wanted to remain healthy or to become healthier. When I took my "food cure," I could see that Dr. Bircher-Benner had obtained many of his ideas and inspirations from Dr. Lahmann. Food was the basis of all the remarkable cures they achieved there. There was no guess work. All patients were under constant observation by five physicians. The laboratory was especially modern for those days. A brilliant Swede, Ragnar Berg, did so much work with urine analyses that he finally developed a method whereby he could tell just what groups of food

the patients ate. It was from him that I learned the importance of alkaline and acid foods. Ragnar Røyg was the chemist who later made the analyses of foods for my dictionary of foods. He was an amazing man. I always wanted to bring him to America, but he preferred going back to his home in Sweden.

Yes, beautiful Dresden was the mecca of thousands. It was full of anti-stress, anti-strain hostels. The last time I visited there, I went to Dr. Möller's sanatorium. I wanted to learn about fasting. There were many advocates of "fasting cures." I took one of his fasts myself. I have always been my own guinea-pig. I found fasting beneficial under this expert's supervision, but absolutely dangerous for anyone to undertake by himself. I definitely do not recommend fasting to my readers. It is tough. It takes guts to live through that second and third day without food. You would have nausea and headaches as you never had thought possible before.

But Dr. Möller in Dresden did not specialize exclusively in "fasting cures." He used other diets like the "*Troken diät*," the diet where you receive not a drop of liquid of any kind for one day, and the next day you drink quantities of liquids—the idea being to flush away accumulated waste products. Then there were fresh fruit and juice diets—and here is my point, if you have followed me up to now. I realized, after traveling thousands of miles from country to country and testing every conceivable diet, that all these diet-sanatoriums had one thing in common—they gave eliminative or cleansing diets, designed to cleanse the "inner man," to give the overworked digestive organs a holiday from overcooked, oversalted, overrich foods. That is why the "food cures" were so popular with the rich. They would flock to Dresden each year to "appease" for their excesses. It made them feel better and look better.

For those who could not afford the expensive private

sanatoriums, there was the big Stadt-Hospital. This was for me one of the most complete hospitals I ever saw. There, the world of food, the world of sun, the world of air, the world of water, and the world of mind and psyche were combined with the world of medicine.

Each patient was examined thoroughly by a staff of medical doctors. Every sort of test was made. This modern laboratory was now in charge of Ragnar Berg. After thorough examinations and laboratory tests, the doctors would decide upon the treatments. If medication was needed, it was administered, sometimes free of charge. Sun and air baths were given, especially to the sun-starved city people.

There was one of the most modern "water therapy" departments for sluggish circulations. Diet played an important part, each patient was given a diet for his specific need. In the City Hospital of Dresden, they served fresh raw things, "*Lebendige Nahrung*" at the beginning of meals, *à la* Bircher-Benner, big salads, vegetable broths and "liquid salads" to those who could not handle the salads. They served other foods, of course, good proteins and all the other food factors which make up a balanced diet—and the psyche was not forgotten.

Patients who had nothing organically wrong were given general therapy. They were taught to relax, to breathe deeply, to withstand strain. Yes, here was the ideal hospital where the whole man was taken into consideration. The results were amazing—even the die-hards who first made fun of these "new-fangled" ideas were impressed with the excellent results the records of the City Hospital in Dresden could prove. I believe the success of this extraordinary hospital was due to the physician in charge, Dr. Brauchle. He is a remarkable man. I had admired his work for years. Unhappily, the once happy and healthy city of Dresden, where I learned so much, has had two bad blows—first the tyranny of a mad dictator and now the horrors of the com-

munists. Happily, Dr. Brauchle, after many hardships, managed to settle in the midst of the Black Forest, where he is the physician in charge, in a splendid little sanatorium where I went two years ago after a strenuous lecture tour of America and England. How I wish we had more such anti-stress and strain homes everywhere. The place is enchanting. The food beautifully prepared, and there is a sunny, happy atmosphere throughout this health hostel in Schönau, near Freiburg i.B. Whenever I discover any new health-hostels anywhere in the world, I shall tell my readers about them.

No doubt you are now thinking, it's very well for him to talk about these dream places all over the world. I wouldn't have the time or the money to get there nor can I afford such a luxurious health-holiday. But, of course, I know that you can. Why? Because I myself and thousands of my students in all parts of the world declare a "health-holiday" whenever we are tired or feel the need of it. We *relax*—let go of tension as I have shown you on page 133 and to give the "inner man" a holiday, we go on my Seven Day Elimination Diet. This is not a fast, not a dry diet nor a boring, monotonous diet. This diet, made up chiefly of fresh things, takes you only seven short days once or twice a year at your own convenience and *wherever* you are. From now on it is your own weapon against overeating. We Americans are especially guilty or we would not have twenty-five million overweight men and women. But what is important for all of us, fat, thin, or of normal weight, the Seven Day Elimination Diet gives nature a chance to exert her marvelous capacity to reinforce the body. See page 225 for Seven Day Elimination Diet.

Meat and Vegetables

"Meat is for strong men and vegetables are for rabbits." This was a popular saying here in America when I started

my nutrition classes thirty years ago. Yet I had gotten well, not on a meat diet, but on a diet consisting chiefly of vegetables, broths, herbs, milk and eggs. We did not know so much about vitamins and minerals then, but my experience, and, later on, the experiences of countless others demonstrated that fresh, natural foods, contain NATURE'S mightiest provisions for the maintenance of happiness and health.

This does not mean that I am a vegetarian, or a raw foodist, nor do I believe in any of the all-one-food diets, such as the milk diet, the wheat diet, the banana diet, the meat diet, the liquid diet, the bread diet, the butter diet or the nine-day egg diet. No, after a lifetime of experience, I realize more than ever the importance of a balanced diet. And I also am convinced that good food has been made for man's enjoyment.

But I do want to erase the "rabbit-food" stigma which still exists in the minds of unknowing people. Fresh raw vegetables and fruits, and especially green plants, are of prime importance in the diet of every man, woman and child—yes, and beast.

Happily, we now have some scientific proof that fresh, raw foods contain almost unbelievably potent nutrients. I would like to present a few of these proofs, but first let me tell of an experience that happened in Switzerland, of the influence it had on a man, and of the influence that influence had on European eating habits.

Dr. Bircher-Benner, then a young doctor of medicine, was sick in bed with jaundice—he had refused all food. His wife, sitting next to him, was cutting up apples. Suddenly, and for no reason she could think of, she put a thin slice of the fresh apple between his lips. He ate it, enjoyed it, and, surprisingly, ate the whole apple. Then, for several days, he ate only raw apples. To everyone's surprise, his own included, he got well! This happened over fifty

years ago, and the rest is history. Bircher-Benner established his famous clinic where fresh, raw foods play such an important role. Thousands have benefited through the teachings of this man.

Now let us go back a hundred years to the time when the great Virchow made a discovery of tremendous value to us all. Time and again, Virchow noticed that when his patients were given cooked foods something strange happened—it caused a mild inflammation of the digestive tract, and also the number of white corpuscles increased.

This looked as if the body resented and tried to resist this invasion—tried to defend itself. But, wonder of wonders, when fresh, raw food was eaten by these same patients there was no intestinal inflammation and no increase in white blood cell count. This led to Virchow's conviction that fresh foods are not resented by the body, but only the cooked, denatured ones. This natural, inborn instinct for fresh raw foods goes back, scientists believe, to primitive man who for thousands of years lived entirely on fresh, raw things.

Now, don't think that I am going to say, "Let's go *back* to nature, let's become primitive, and eat all things raw." Instead, I say, "Let's investigate further." Is it not a fact that nature always tends toward health? Nature is a perfectionist and wants everything to be beautiful. Yes, Nature also wants everything to be pleasurable, and this applies to our food.

So here is another point to remember on your Be Happier, Be Healthier program. There must be *pleasure* in eating. Yes, eating should be fun. This is a principle I overlooked myself years ago, and it is one that is still overlooked by some sanatoriums and dietitians. Let's never forget that good food served in an attractive atmosphere does you the maximum amount of good. So here is very good news for all of us living in the modern age—and dis-

appointing news for those who insist that man should eat only a raw diet of nuts, fruits, berries, and vegetables—because, thanks to Virchow's discovery and the experiments of others, it was discovered that when you *begin* your meals with fresh raw foods you then can follow with cooked foods. For then the mild inflammation of the digestive tract, which Virchow had called "*Verdaunungsleukocytose*," does not take place, and your inner man is ready and eager for a good balanced meal. So, here, then is a Million Dollar secret for you and your family.

A Fresh Food-Start for All Meals

START ALL MEALS WITH FRESH FOOD! And why not? We are so much luckier than our ancestors, we have fresh fruits and vegetables all year round, so please start your meals with a green salad, fruit cup, fruit juice, or vegetable-juice cocktail. All of these can be made DEElicious and in varieties so that you can have a different "first course" every day of the year.

This then is the simplest plan for eating good balanced meals * for the rest of your long life—YOUR LEAN LIFE, because eating fresh things *first* also *satisfies* that first hunger and prevents you from overeating. Just as we can train our "appestat," so we no longer need overeat, so can we normalize and trim our appetite to crave and *like* fresh "Sunshine foods" as Bircher-Benner calls them. How, you ask?—by starting your meals, especially your dinner, with something fresh. Shall I repeat and simplify the whole thing?

START YOUR DINNER WITH A SALAD BOWL AND FINISH WITH A FRUIT BOWL. And between the two fresh courses have a good protein and a short-cooked vegetable and a *whole-starch* food.

This is not a queer dietetic fad because thousands upon

* See Chapter Eleven.

thousands thrive on it. It has been followed at Bircher-Benner's for fifty years, and at Dr. Brauchle's sanatorium at Schoenau, in the Black Forest of Germany, with excellent results. I hope you prove this to yourself. I urge you to. Make this one of your new eating practices. Begin with salad and end with fruit. And I think it would be fine if Mother would encourage the children to dip into the fruit bowl whenever they want to between meals.

But don't overdo it. Avoid monotony—there's lots of variety available. Don't be like the people in the state of Washington whose congressman said that they ate so many clams that their stomachs rose and fell with the tides.

Break the Fast

AMERICAN BREAKFASTS can be the most healthful and delicious in the world—where else have they such oranges, orange juice, grapefruit, grapefruit juice, pineapples, bananas, berries, cherries, apricots, peaches, melons, figs, plums, etc. Anyone of these makes a fine start. Breaking the fast—breakfast—has become a most important meal in the age of jets and rockets. There is more and more evidence that all meals, breakfast not excluded, should be balanced and complete.

Those of you who have been in the habit of starting the day with *Coffee-and*—a piece of toast, orange juice, a doughnut, or a roll—should stop; you are cheating both yourself and the boss. Don't be a *Coffee-ander*. Eat one or two fresh eggs (any way but fried) or a copious helping of cottage cheese, or a slice of lean ham or bacon, or a handful of nuts (almonds, pecans, walnuts or hazelnuts), or your favorite whole cereal or Swiss breakfast or the Gayelord Hauser mixed cereal. No bread is necessary with cereals. To other breakfasts, add one or two slices of fortified bread with fresh butter or margarine. Let your waist-

line be your guide, and remember that the smaller your waistline the longer your lifeline.

Let your coffee be fresh, and made, preferably, in glass or porcelain. For extra morning-nourishment learn to drink Swiss coffee or *café au lait*—half hot milk and half hot coffee. Such breakfasts will give the sustenance and energy you will need until lunch time.

Luncheon Time

Luncheon should be a happy and pleasant interlude—a time to forget business cares—a time to recharge, to refuel. Eat well but don't make the mistake of overloading the stomach. You will be only half as efficient. A greasy, overcooked meal takes too much blood away from the brain for too long a time, and you waste your boss' most important hours digesting greasy gravy. This is plain and simple sabotage, costing your employer time and perhaps costing you that promotion.

So, whether at home or in a restaurant, I strongly urge you to make *Luncheon-time Salad-time*. And don't misunderstand me. I mean great, big he-man's salads—a *complete* meal, all in one. Let's start with a foundation of your favorite greens—escarole, leaf lettuce, romaine, all potent with sun energy. Green leaves taste better when broken into bits. And if Grandma has tooth trouble the greens can be shredded. Of course, you can add any other fresh young vegetables you wish. Now, to this solid bed of fresh vegetables, you add chopped eggs, or cheese, or meat, or nuts, marinating the whole with a light lemon-oil dressing. Then a pinch or two of vegetable-ized salt and a few herbs. Be sure the salad is moist; men, especially, hate dry salads. With this salad have two slices of fortified bread or a whole wheat muffin, or, occasionally, a mealy, baked potato.

If your salad is big enough, and your bread nourishing,

this should satisfy your noon-day hunger, and you may finish with a beverage. However, fresh fruits, stewed fruit, or yogurt with fruit make excellent luncheon desserts, should you desire one.

Incidentally, one of the great problems of present-day, apartment house food preparation is, "Where do I swing the French lettuce basket?"

I must confess I don't know. It is a problem, unless you can go out on the fire escape. Otherwise, all I can think of is a waterproof ceiling for the kitchen.

But the advantages of the basket are tremendous. It is only in this way that crisp, freshly washed lettuce or romaine can be really dried. The only alternative is to dry each leaf separately with a kitchen towel. Wet greens do not absorb the dressing, for the simple reason that oil and water will not mix. A French chef considers that day lost on which dressing remains on the plate after the salad has been consumed.

The proper amount of dressing for a salad is just that amount the greens will pick up and hold. No more, and no less. The wire basket, swung around the head at full arm's length is the method par excellence for drying lettuce. I repeat, I don't know how this problem is to be solved, but I also repeat that there is no salad like one that has been dried in this way. Maybe some day one of our American geniuses will invent a centrifuge adapter for the family washing machine that can be used for this purpose.

Dinner Time

The cares of business are over. Dinner time should be relaxing time—fun time. Memo to good wives: Give Hubby a chance to relax and get rid of his tension. Put him in a comfortable chair. Have him take his coat and shoes off. Then hand him a tall, cool, sunshine cocktail.

If he is a gulper, give him a straw. When all is quiet and serene, sit down and enjoy a good dinner.

And here is the easiest way to solve your dinner-planning problem *forever*.

1. **START WITH SOMETHING FRESH.** Your choice of salad, fruit, fruit juice or vegetable juice.

2. **HAVE A GOOD PROTEIN.** Your choice of meat, fish, eggs, cheese, nuts, soya beans or mushrooms.

3. **SHORT-COOKED VEGETABLES.** Cook in heavy, covered utensil over low heat (not more than 15 pounds in a pressure cooker), with the smallest amount of water. Shred root vegetables first.

4. **FRUIT FOR DESSERT.** Preferably fresh. Occasionally have a compote *à la* Lady Mendl.

5. **BEVERAGE.** Your choice of milk, yogurt, Swiss coffee or a demi-tasse.

Here then we take advantage of the principle so often overlooked by nutritionists that, besides proteins, carbohydrates, fats, vitamins, minerals, etc., man needs fresh, raw, unadulterated food—lots of it—especially at the *beginning* of meals.

Hundreds of people have benefited from this simple re-arrangement of meals. Why not you?

A **GOOD PROTEIN** is essential in a balanced dinner, so follow the “fresh course” with a satisfying protein course such as meat, liver, fish, eggs, cheese, or if you prefer, vegetable protein. You can make attractive dishes with nuts, soya beans and mushrooms. Have one or two *short-cooked* vegetables. Potatoes are best baked or cooked in their jackets. Ordinary spaghetti or macaroni should be replaced with the fortified and enriched variety. And brown rice should always be used instead of white polished rice.

Fruits are ideal just as nature produces them. Why not re-establish the fruit bowl habit in our dining rooms?

There is no better dessert. They satisfy the hunger for sweets without putting on excess weight.

Beware of Snacks That Are Harmful

Between meals or before going to bed, avoid soda pop, oversweetened coffee, cheap candies and rich cookies. On the other hand, if you're hungry, have something like these: a glass of orange juice with a fresh egg yolk beaten into it; milk drinks flavored with honey or molasses; fruit or vegetable juices; or yogurt with or without fruit. If you want a sandwich, use fortified bread and hard-boiled eggs, or peanut butter, or a cheese-cream; cottage, or Swiss—these contain real nourishment and will "stick to your ribs."

There is but one answer to the question, "What shall I do about snacks?" Americans have always snacked, and always will. So the answer must be, "Snack away, but don't forget the calories." If you are going to snack, then I suggest that breakfast be a little light. The mid-morning snack, the afternoon tea, the before-retiring snack, all of these must be allowed for, *and* counted.

Any way you look at it, this is a world for the slim—you and you alone can decide whether you want to liberate the real *you* underneath that blanket of fat. I hope I have stirred you to action. Look at the weight chart of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (p. 129), then look over the reducing menu in *Look Younger*. After you have followed these, you'll not only feel better, look better, but from then on you will be going under your own steam. Until your APPESTAT is adjusted, refer to the food tables in *Look Younger, Live Longer*. Let them be your guide to a healthier and happier you.

"Dear Gayelord: I Eat Good"

During my television programs broadcast from New York City I learned a lot. I had the best sponsor one could

have, and a wonderful product to promote—frozen orange juice. My sponsor let me talk about anything and everything I wanted to. Very shortly after I began broadcasting, an avalanche of letters poured in. Some were sad, some were funny. But by far the greatest number of them said, "How can I reduce?"

I was really up against it. One letter said: "I don't want nobody to tell me how to eat. I eat good. Only, I'm fat. Give me an exercise that don't take long."

We answered that one by saying, "You probably eat 'too good' for your own good."

The world's best and shortest reducing exercise is this: Put your hands firmly on the edge of the table and when the second serving is put before you, push your chair away from the table.

One letter came from a young girl of twenty-nine who complained about her weight. When I wrote to her, I chided and challenged her and said, "I bet you don't do this." And that was just what was needed. She sent me a picture of her un-svelte self at that time and later a beautiful picture of her new slim self. She had taken my challenge and liberated her slim self from the prison in which it had been incarcerated. This, as you know, is one of my favorite challenges. Stand before a full mirror or pier glass. Look at yourself—and *listen*. *Listen* to see whether or not there is a slim version of yourself screaming for liberation, a slim *you* trying to escape from the prison of your obesity.

Another letter that I remember receiving said, "Dear Park-Avenue Godfrey: Don't give us any calory stuff, just tell us what to eat to reduce, and don't tell us to eat steaks and roasts that are full of proteins. I know they are good, but where do I get the money?"

This was an easy one. We just sent her a good diet calling for a lot of fish, eggs, skim-milk and other protein foods. And I thanked her also for the compliment.

One day we got a real stickler. A woman wrote in and said, "I have a fine figure. I have followed your diet for years. I drink orange juice by the gallon. I am full of vitamins and hormones, but what I now need is a husband—can you help me?"

We couldn't. I have a very fine public relations office, and, as I have suggested, a wonderful sponsor, but neither they nor anyone in the whole broadcasting company had any suggestions for this woman.

From Chicago I got a letter from a woman saying, "All I have is in the front, the back isn't so much. Anyhow, I can't see it. What are the best foods for me?"

We sent her a well-balanced diet, trusting and praying that it would take care of the *back* as well as the *front*.

From Brooklyn came a letter saying, "I am a girl in my high forties. I have not enough from the hips up and too much from there on down. When I eat only vegetables and fruits my uppers get thinner and my lowers don't follow. Have you a special diet in such a case?" We tried to tell this lady how to do a few exercises on the Body Slant board, kicking her legs in the air *à la* bicycle riding, and, of course, we sent her my balanced diet with special emphasis on fruits and vegetables and proteins, hoping that this would take care of the "uppers" as well as the "lowers."

Here is a sad one from Chicago. "It is all right for you to say everyone can reduce, but I know different. I am twenty-eight and have a year-old baby, but I never take it out any more except after dark. The last time we went to Lincoln Park during the day people stared at us and made fun of me. One woman said, "That's the fat lady from the circus." Those are bitter words, Mr. Hauser. If it wasn't for the baby I would end it all. So don't be so sure. Some are born with bad glands because I don't eat more than my husband. He weighs 165 pounds. I weigh more than

300 and am short. I have followed so many diets. I cut them out of newspapers, but I am always hungry and irritable and then I fight with my husband. He acts so strange since the baby is born. Don't tell me not to eat candy, because my system craves it, and don't tell me to take long walks because I get tired and my breathing is no good. Just don't be so sure that everyone can be slim." Well, well, we didn't send this poor girl a reducing diet. It would be dishonest and useless. We told her to stop cutting out diets from newspapers. Hers was a special case, and we told her that there are specialists equipped to help her and not to be discouraged. She was much too young. So she went to an endocrinologist who spent a whole morning making a metabolism test which was minus, general blood tests which showed several glands were deficient. He also discovered that she was a "candy drunkard" and calorically ate twice as much as her husband. Glandular injections plus a balanced diet with the emphasis on proteins ordered by this good doctor did wonders. He was not only a good endocrinologist, he was a wise man. He gave her a good talking-to because he knew why she went on candy "drunks" and why the husband acted strange. The doctor even talked to the husband and explained that the reason his wife was so fat was because of a deeper hunger for his love and embrace. He told her to be patient, to follow the diet, that all the candies in Chicago would never be a substitute for her husband's love and affection. He asked her which would she prefer. He got her complete cooperation. Never once did she go on a candy drunk the next three months, and when I gave my last lecture in Chicago, this woman almost knocked down the ushers to see me. She was still too plump, but she had a pretty face and a good light in her eyes. She had lost over fifty pounds and nothing, but nothing, could tempt her to go on "food drunks." And fur-

thermore, she had no reason to do so. Her husband was with her. He looked a little embarrassed because she was so effusive, but he said, "Thanks for helping us solve our problem. We were really up against it." And as they left she said, "I'll also write your sponsor and thank them for bringing you into our lives."

Here is another letter from a good husband: "I watch you every Wednesday and Friday during my lunch hour. Many of my friends have started your exercises. You call it the stomach lift. We call it the belly lift. I have gotten rid of three inches, and one of the other fellows, six inches. We work in a brewery, and you know that that means a liquid diet. But what I really wish you would discuss on your program is what can I do with my wife. She don't believe in diets. She said why should I watch Gayelord Hauser cook when I can hear Don Ameche sing. But seriously, she is very big, and she says that fat runs in her family and her mother also got fat around thirty. We have many arguments when I tell her she's too fat. How can a man get his wife to reduce and stay pretty when she don't want to?"

Arguments are never as good or as effective as praise. Tell your wife you adore her and want to be proud of her. Do what one of my earnest students did. He bought his wife a beautiful dress in the size she wore when they were first married. This dress he hung in her clothes closet where she could see it every day. It worked like a charm. (So try it yourself if your wife is a little plump and a little reluctant to recover her bridal figure.)

This is also what we did for the girls we reduced on my TV program. We bought *good* dresses—not in bargain basements—and every time the girls *looked* at these dresses, it gave them courage to say No to *smashed* potatoes and pastry.

Dear Mr. Hauser

But here is a serious letter from a very intelligent lady, the beauty editor of *Park East*, the magazine for busy New Yorkers. Here is what she said, and on p. 237 you will see my Park East Diet I especially made for her busy-lady readers. It is a well-balanced diet and easy to follow. It is no coincidence, she said, that many New York women are overweight, for overeaters are hungry people. They are not only hungry for food, they are hungry for love, excitement, fun and adventure, all the good things of life that they fear are finished for them—because they have passed the age of—well, whatever their age may be. These are sophisticated women. They can discuss nuclear fission, they can distinguish the surrealists from the cubists, they can bandy about the ideas of Sartre's existentialism—they travel only by air and tomorrow they will travel only by jet planes in the air—but most of them *don't know* beans about food or why they are stuffing themselves.

Dear Mr. Hauser:

I'm writing this letter to you in the name of thousands of women. They are over forty in chronological age, but are of all ages in their outlook, although most of them are younger than their years in terms of their activities, hopes, aspirations, and anxieties. Most of them are too busy for the number of hours in each day. All of them live under a certain amount of tension, physical and emotional.

Many of these women are overweight. Most of them find that, physically, they don't keep pace with their desire to live life to the full. I'm certain you'll know what I mean when I say I cry for them when I see them submitting docilely and with fervent hope to corseting, pummeling, creaming, "mudding," and all the other self-imposed expedients which might make them as youthful in body as

they are in spirit. Worst and saddest of all, I have seen them subject themselves to rigid diets too strenuous for their years (let's face it), resulting in *temporary* loss of weight at terrific cost to themselves. Then, when the diet is over, and they return to eating and drinking in the usual way, the days or weeks of expended will-power are wasted and the weight comes back, with a serious weakening of the physique or heart remaining all too often as the only memento of the diet.

These are the women for whom I speak, and for whom I cry, Mr. Hauser. Many of these women haven't the time or the facilities to undertake and stay with your regimen for looking younger and living longer. They do have the time—and the intelligence—to follow a plan which will modify their eating and living habits to conform with their increased years, one which will make them feel and look like the women they are inside.

If you can prescribe a Park East Diet for People Over Forty, you will be doing a major service for thousands of women—and men—of this city and this time.

Yours hopefully,
Hilda Hobbs.

Noses Are Red for Various Reasons

I remember speaking to a group of the nicest women in a certain community, but as I looked out upon the sea of their faces I was struck by the fact that many of them had the colorful noses so characteristic of the intemperate. Their noses gave them away. They were habitual *candy eaters*. But they were good sports, and they laughed with gusto at what I said.

"I am going to scold you and I am going to shock you. I am going to accuse you of intemperance. For I see among you, more than a few who bear the red badge of the maker and consumer of home brew.

Here is my Hidden Hunger Test:

	Yes	No
1 Do you have at least two glasses of milk (whole or skim), yogurt, or buttermilk each day?	5	0
2 Do you have at least one serving of oranges, grapefruit, tomatoes or corresponding juices, or one serving of raw cabbage each day?	5	0
3 Do you eat whole or fortified bread, and cereals instead of refined ones?	5	0
4 Do you eat one egg a day?	5	0
5 Do you eat at least one green or yellow vegetable each day?	5	0
6 Do you eat at least one fresh fruit a day?	5	0
7 Do you have at least one serving of lean meat, fish, cheese or poultry a day?	5	0
8 Do you eat liver, kidney or heart at least twice a week?	5	0
9 Do you have a whole potato every day?	5	0
10 Do you have a small amount of butter or margarine each day?	5	0
11 Do you short-cook vegetables?	5	0
12 Do you broil meats and fish instead of frying them?	5	0
13 Do you use skim milk, wheat germ, and dried yeast to fortify and supplement your diet?	10	0
14 Do you avoid fancy, rich pastries?	5	0
15 Do you avoid excessive use of tobacco and alcohol?	5	0
16 Do you eat under leisurely and relaxed conditions?	10	0
17 Are you within your ideal weight range for your height and age?	10	0

If you score above 85 you probably are not suffering from hidden hunger.

"Let me tell you a story. A few years ago, in Germany, when Adolf Hitler was shouting his way to political power, I had occasion to watch him make one of his hate-engendering speeches. He was preceded by several warmer-uppers who prepared the way for him. Their principal job was to work the people into a proper frenzy. All the time they were speaking, I noticed that Hitler kept putting things into his mouth that he took out of one of the side pockets of his jacket. Hitler was a candy drunkard. And his nose showed it. When his time came, he addressed the crowd and let forth such a tirade of venom, bile, spleen, and scapegoat's milk as would have done justice to a paranoid alcoholic in the throes of a possessing tantrum."

Then, having painted my little illustration, I said, "Ladies, you will forgive my candor, but there is more than one way, you know, to make home brew. It can be made in a still, and carried on the hip. But it also can be made in the stomach, in which case it will end up, rather than begin, on the hips. All you have to do is eat a certain amount of candy, and then pop a raisin into your mouth, and the ferment is on. Too many calories and you will brew both fat and intolerance. For the fat body is intolerant, to begin with, of its own condition. And from intolerance about one's self to intolerance of others is but a short and seemingly logical step. Whether the intolerance results from intemperate eating or intemperate drinking makes little difference. And the mark of such intemperance can be the red nose that I see in such profusion before me."

Drinking can be temperate, just as eating can. I am opposed to eating, or drinking, too much or too little. I cannot tell you how much you should have of either. Drink is hardly necessary for the body, but it may be good for the spirit. But there can be no question but that too little food or too much food will be bad for you. That

is a kind of intemperance that is bad, as bad, though not in exactly the same way, as too much alcohol.

Personally, I detest cocktail parties, and never go to them, if I can help it. But when I was in France, after the publication of *Look Younger, Live Longer*, when Lady Mendl gave a most wonderful reception for me, I drank champagne with the best dressed and most beautiful ladies of Paris society. Some people were shocked that Gayelord Hauser, the "diet fad" expert, should be seen drinking in public. Many people have strange ideas about me, especially are they surprised when they see me eating like other people. Some seem to think that I live on vegetable soup.

Actually, I never impose my eating ideas on others, either in my own homes in New York or California, or in my villa in Taormina. Diet is a personal thing, like exercise and rest.

Diets Are Bridges

I was going to say, I do my dieting at home, but really the word dieting I think has been overused. I suggest that *diet* be used only to indicate the regime that is used in between old eating habits and the establishment of new ones. Diet is a transition word. Diet has to do with the establishment of new eating habits. But once the old habits have been displaced, and the new ones established, diet goes out the window, as a word. Diet is intelligent eating, for a purpose. However, when the better eating habits have become unconscious, then the word diet need not be used.

People who eat properly and well don't diet, they merely eat. It is only people who under-eat, or over-eat, or mis-eat, who must diet.

Let us think of Diet as a temporary bridge connecting our bad eating of the past with our good eating of the future. Diet is a river that must be crossed, but once on

the other side, one keeps on into the happier and healthier future, leaving the diet as a conscious bridge, way behind.

Bad eating is a habit. Good eating is a habit. Both are unconscious. Diet is deliberate, and almost always a nuisance. But it is a nuisance that eliminates evil and promotes happiness.

There is almost always a reason for the way people eat, for the things they eat. Eating is not only a habit, it is a habit that is induced, in greater or lesser part, by environment. Girls inherit their mothers' cook books. Geography dictates one diet. Economic circumstances decide another. Men yearn for food "like mother used to make."

In some instances bad food and bad diet can be excused because there is no alternative. In others, it seems to me it is not only inexcusable, but almost criminal.

"Combination"

Consider the commercial ham, or ham-and-cheese, sandwich. The bread is full of softeners and is as pliable as putty. It will not crumble. It is lacking in the best grain nutrients. Two slices of this sophisticated, half-done dough serve as a vehicle for an electrically-sliced piece of tenderized ham cut so thin as to be almost tasteless. If combination is required, in also goes a square of rubbery, processed milk product that is dignified with, but does not deserve, the name cheese. Include also a limp leaf of lettuce from which the vitamins have long since departed. To make this lamination palatable, swab some mustard paste on it. The best part of this sandwich is the milk with which it is usually washed down. The bread is made from flour that insects, by preference, will not touch. It is treated chemically so that it will not easily or quickly become stale. The ham has been cured chemically. The cheese has been manufactured in haste; not even mold can find a foothold on it. The mustard is a travesty on the word condi-

ment. Yet this is one of the chief comestibles of the wealthiest and most powerful nations in the world.

But this is polite food. Consider, on the other hand, that uncouth and impolite sandwich known as the "grinder" which the Italian laborer in his not-so-benighted ignorance has for his lunch. A twelve-inch French or Italian loaf of unbleached whole wheat bread is sliced, horizontally, into two even halves. In between, go some slices of onion, possibly a garlic clove, some good thick slices of salami, or a slab of home cooked ham. Maybe the American office worker lacks the strength of jaw to consume one of these grinders. Probably he would lose his job if the onion or garlic were included as a daily item of food. But his body would certainly benefit from such fare.

My Worst Meal

Sometimes I am asked what the worst meal I ever had was like. How well I remember it! It was in the Middle West, in a state that shall be nameless. There was a thin piece of curled leather, some luke warm, light brown, floury water. The potatoes had been cooked to death and then beaten brutally, and there was a salad drowned in rancid oil. The bread was unspeakable, and the butter was worse. Pie had an undercrust that was uncooked and soggy. The upper crust had been varnished. In between were the remains of some abused fruit that had the consistency of mush.

Honestly, when I left that restaurant I thought I ought to call the police and have the cook locked up as an enemy of society.

Man is a funny animal. He cooks the goodness out of vegetables and throws away the water in which they are contained. He makes a sugar that has practically *nothing* nutritious left in it. He chaffs the wheat, removes the heart and the healthful skin and eats the less-nourishing balance.

He throws away and discards the part of the potato that contains the most minerals. He has been in the habit of throwing away or of giving to animals the livers, kidneys, lungs, brains and sweetbreads and tripes that are richest in vitamins. We have given the germ of the wheat to chickens, skimmed milk to pigs, black strap molasses to cattle, and brewer's yeast by the carload went into the river to the fishes—and I am tempted to say, “and we, in our ignorance, have gone to the dogs,” because of the deficiencies caused by such wastefulness.

Concerning Chlorophyll

America seems to have gone chlorophyll crazy, and I am glad. Green toothpastes, deodorants, dog foods, cigarettes, hair-restorers, gum and what not. Let me give you my chlorophyll cocktail. You will find it on page 217. It is utterly delicious. If you prefer a chlorophyll salad, all you need is mixed greens. Here you will get all the flavor and savor. Chlorophyll is green gold. You cannot get too much of it. It is the most precious food we have, and, fortunately, it costs the least.

Save this Liquor

I constantly use the phrases “short-cook” and “under-cook” in connection with the preparation of vegetables. I am forever cautioning against the use of baking soda in connection with the cooking of green vegetables. And I am forever insisting that you should use as little water in the cooking of vegetables as is possible. Finally, I have had almost as a theme song the refrain, “Don't throw the vegetable liquor down the drain. You need it more than the sewer does.”

Need I dwell long on my reasons? Let me be brief. Goodness can be cooked out of things. Soda may change the chemistry of the vitamins, so don't take a chance. The

less water the more highly concentrated will be the juices which you are going to save and use to enrich gravies, soups and stews.

Shredded, Popped and Puffed

The rise of civilization has seen the development of cities which are places where food is not grown. Places to which food has to be brought. It has been also the rise of those industries that make it possible to transport food over longer distances and in conditions that would make it possible to keep them longer. This business of keeping food longer is not new. Even the farmer, and the hunter before the rise of civilization, had to do that in order to tide him over from fall to spring. Drying, powdering, pickling, corning, blanching, smoking and freezing are all old arts, now considerably developed and in some respects improved upon.

But consider the other processes that this trend has brought us. Our food is now homogenized, irradiated, tenderized, canned, colored, preserved, concentrated, processed, sprayed, sweetened, mixed, pasteurized, flavored, refined, milled, ground, shredded, popped, puffed, flaked, salted, sliced, softened, pre-cooked, cooked, extended, cleaned, cut, peeled, halved, dressed, hormonized, half-cooked, fermented, carbonated, purified, pre-boiled, boiled, baked, steamed, roasted, fried, evaporated, and condensed.

It comes to us in tubes, tins, bags, boxes, cartons, containers, bottles, bundles, rolls, bunches, sticks, packages, wrappers, parts and pieces.

Most of these processes take something out of our food or put something in. The things that are removed are presumably good. We may wonder about some of the things that are added—the artificial flavoring, the coloring, the sprays, the extenders, the softeners, the tenderizers,

the hormones, the preservatives, emulsifiers, anti-staling agents, bleachers and improvers.

Deep Freeze

In my lectures, and in my mail, there is one question that is constantly asked me. "What about frozen foods?" My answer is this. There is no substitute for good, fresh vegetables and fruit that are picked at the height of their ripeness. But such food loses much with travel and time. Much better plunge it into deep freeze immediately than send it on a withering journey of days. As for oranges, frozen concentrated juice of tree-ripened fruit is much higher in values than the unripe orange that is supposed to come of age in the weeks it is en route to your table. I do not believe that frozen vegetables are as rich in vitamins as the ear of corn on the farmer's table, or the garden peas that are in the saucepan almost as soon as the pod has been picked from the vine. But as between the vegetable that is a seasoned traveler and that which has been properly and promptly frozen, there can be no choice, as far as I am concerned. I think that frozen vegetables and fruits and juices are a wonderful boon, and particularly in places like England where native produce is at a premium. But the real miracle of the deep freeze is that it brings spring and summer into our refrigerators during the fall and winter. I was privileged to be instrumental, together with Sir Arbuthnot Lane, in introducing frozen foods to England. What a blessing it has been to them!

Diets, Diets, Diets

On page 245 you will find the diet I used for my TV students. I tried to remember lean and small pocketbooks and to make simple menus and use foods available everywhere. Notice that dinners always start with something

fresh, a principle I'd like to have you follow always. I can hear you say, "For heaven's sake, why does he give us so many different diets?" And the answer is because there are so many different needs. There are the sick who have abused their body-houses with years of cooked-to-death food and have filled their stomachs with pink pills and pale pills, alkaline tablets, have smoked too many cigarettes, suffer from constant tension, have time for everything but relaxing. They call it burning the candle at both ends, or too much wine, women and song. For you and all your relatives, if this description fits you, I have no diets. You've let your inner man go on the blink so much that if you had one of my big fresh salads or a 100% whole cereal, you *couldn't* take it. Your solution is to let your doctor help you put your weakened digestive apparatus in order. He will probably give you a bland diet and then gradually add other foods as your system can take care of them. He will also probably tell you that it is harmful to "souse" your stomach with alkaline tablets, regardless of what the man on the radio says, because the healthy stomach is an acid stomach. So you see, my diets are for the wise and intelligent men and women who want to *stay* well and *stay* slim and *stay* young, and, even more so, my diets are for that great army of people who want to "eat good." I hope you belong to this last group. I belong to it, and I can "eat good" at home or at restaurants.

I Enjoy Eating

I crave and like certain foods. I cannot live without fresh foods. One of my favorite dinners consists of a large mixed green salad with a light dressing containing garlic, a thin steak broiled, with potatoes well baked, split open, and sprinkled with parsley and butter (I eat jackets and all), dark green asparagus, and open Viennese strawberry pie, followed with a demi-tasse. My sister-in-law, Mrs.

Otto Hauser, in Milwaukee, makes this dinner for me when I am in Wisconsin. She knows just how I like it. She mixes the salad in a wooden bowl, she breaks the green leaves, she doesn't cut them. She puts in all the fresh vegetables she can get at the farmers' market, including young unpeeled radishes and cucumbers. (Only when you peel them are they hard to digest.) She adds the dressing and tosses until the vegetables look shiny. She broils the thin steak and adds only a bit of vegetable-ized salt when it's nice and brown and ready to serve. She scrubs round, fat potatoes until they shine and bakes them until they are mealy and crusty. She cooks the green asparagus (she knows I don't like white asparagus) seven minutes in a heavy stainless steel pan with only a few drops of water. To keep the asparagus green, she sprinkles a little lemon over it while cooking and keeps the pot covered tightly. Again she sprinkles a little vegetable-ized salt on them *after* they are cooked, no cream gravy, just a bit of butter. The Viennese strawberry pie is made with a thin shell of nutty, whole-wheat flour and is filled with fresh strawberries and sprinkled with honey. She makes the best coffee in America, and it is made in a tea pot. Here is a real honest-to-goodness meal, good to the eyes, good to the stomach, and good to the waist line. You know why—it is a meal full of good fresh earthy, wholesome food, plus one factor. That plus factor is so very important that if you have it, you are indeed a millionaire.

My food is cooked with loving care which is the best seasoning, the most tasty condiment and zesty spice that can be put in a pot.

CHAPTER NINE

Our Body-Mind House

Whenever we are sincerely pleased we are nourished.
Emerson

Never Underestimate the Power of a Mouse

Aunt Emma weighed two hundred pounds. The mouse, an ounce and a half. The mouse only wanted a crumb of bread it had smelled. It wasn't going to attack Aunt Emma. It wouldn't have harmed her for the world. But Aunt Emma *thought* otherwise. In less time than it takes to say Jack Robinson, Aunt Emma was standing in her chair, her skirts around her knees. She was pale and perspiring. She was shaking. Her blood pressure was up, her heart was pounding, and she was screaming for help.

Actually, Aunt Emma didn't stop to *think*, she reacted.

After it was all over, after she had been *rescued*, she was all weak and trembling. And it suddenly occurred to her that she had been pretty spry for a woman of sixty-five. She wouldn't have believed she could have moved so fast. Well, she was right. Ordinarily, she couldn't have jumped up into that chair the way she did.

Now Aunt Emma has had a lifelong fear of mice that amounts to a phobia. So, when she saw this harmless little gray thing, her phobia pattern was transmitted, not to her

thinking brain, but to her emotional or non-thinking brain. When it arrived there, it acted as though it was a burglar alarm, a fire alarm and a declaration of national emergency, all rolled into one great warning. The reaction was practically instantaneous. Her various glands started pumping energy into her blood, which in turn was diverted from the stomach and the thinking brain and other temporarily expandable functions and organs. She was suddenly possessed of a tremendous amount of energy that had been mobilized emotionally. By jumping, screaming, trembling, she did her best to use up that extra energy. She succeeded. She used a little more, and that's why she felt weak afterwards. But we must say one thing about Aunt Emma, though she may suffer from a phobia, she is not going to suffer from tension, not as the result of this little episode, anyway. For that is what tension is—the non-use of emotional energy. However, Aunt Emma is in a bad way, because her thinking brain is now going to be very rational and logical and tell her that where there is a mouse there are mice. It doesn't tell her that this one, and his whole family, have probably been scared into the next county. No, Aunt Emma is going to worry. And her worry, while it is not going to release as much emotional energy as did the sight of the mouse, is still going to stimulate those glands so that she will be *ready* to jump the next time. And what does she do with this extra energy? She just fidgets, worries, is apprehensive, and nervous. That energy is not used, as energy should be, to do constructive work, instead it is reverberating around her body, bouncing back and forth trying to find an outlet. It finally wears itself out, by wearing her out. Her heart has been overstimulated. Her blood sugar is up. And pretty soon she is worrying, not about the mouse's return but about her heart. And if she keeps it up, she will really have something to worry about.

Nervous energy can be released by things that happen outside the body, or by things that happen within the body. Externally, it may be the sight of a mouse, the sound of screaming brakes, the smell of smoke, the taste of something nasty, or the sensation caused by an insect as it moves a hair on the back of your leg. Internally, it can be a pain, or flatulence, or sudden dizziness, or weakness, or numbness, or it can be caused by metabolismic imbalance.

The point is this. We are all possessed of a most miraculous mechanism whereby a very small stimulus, internal or external, can cause the release of a tremendous amount of working energy. A mouse caused the release of enough to enable a 200-pound woman sixty-five years old to jump up onto a chair. Actually, it was not the mouse that did it. It was fear, and that is the next point. Fears, hopes, desires, all of these, and a hundred other feelings, can have the same effect the mouse did.

Aunt Emma is the victim of a very foolish fear. Somewhere, somehow, she became conditioned in this way. Aunt Emma can be deconditioned, though, if she wants to be. She can do this by using her thinking brain. It won't be easy or quick, but it is by no means impossible.

Emotional energy is our best friend and our worst enemy. It is our best friend when we use it constructively. It is our worst enemy when we let it be destructive.

Pick up an elastic band. Put it in the palm of your hand. It is relaxed, as you are when you are normal. Now stretch it as far as it will go, without breaking. It is now tense with energy, as you are when emotion has stimulated your glands. There is enough energy in the elastic to return it to normal, to a relaxed condition. It will snap back if you release one finger, or it will go back slowly if you bring your fingers back that way. In either instance, the amount of energy used up to come back to normal, to become relaxed, is exactly the same.

But what happens if the rubber band is kept tense and stretched? Little by little its elasticity will disappear, become lost, and eventually it will have lost completely the power to come back to normal, to be relaxed. It is the same with you. If you do not use your energy, you will remain tense and unrelaxed and eventually you will also have completely lost the capacity of being normal again.

Aunt Emma used up her original burst of energy, and was left limp as a rag. But then she began worrying, and the worrying generated a little more energy than she needs, so she is trying to use it up by being nervous, irritable, apprehensive and fidgety.

Aunt Emma is not suffering from mouse-itis, she is suffering from tension. The doctor can't find anything wrong with her—except, of course, her weight. To be sure, her pulse is rapid, but he can't find anything organically wrong. He concludes it is psychological, and tells her to take it easy, to relax. He might better tell her to take up the raising of mice as a hobby, but of course he doesn't know about that episode.

Tension can be caused by any of a thousand things. It is typically a disease of our civilization.

Who Manages Your Mind?

I want to recommend a book to you. But first let me tell you why I want to do so. Every one must have a philosophy of life. Maybe you call it a way of living. They are both the same thing, I believe.

A philosophy of life is important, and essential, because it is the blueprint of all our intellectual and physical activity, or should be. Some people have fine sounding philosophies, but do not practice what they preach.

The purpose of a philosophy of life is to train our brains so that we will do the things we want to do, and to control our emotions so that we will be happier.

Actually, of course, no man can always do everything he wants to do. But if he has an adequate philosophy of life he will be happy because of the things he can do, and will not think that he is a mere buffet of fate with respect to the goals he has not yet achieved. And if you have an adequate philosophy of life you will have such control of your emotions as will enable you to channel this great energy into productive rather than destructive channels. But in order to arrive at a good philosophy of life one must have values, and these can only be obtained through the exercise of intellectual objectivity.

The world is a changing place. All the things in it are changing all the time. If we have values that are fixed and rigid, or that assume that the world is fixed and rigid, we are not being intellectually objective. We are not being mature. In order to use emotional energy productively we must have energy outlets. An energy outlet, if it is a good one, is a plan for the use of emotion toward a desired end. Emotion will run wild if you are not prepared for it. It will be like a bull in a china shop. The person with a working philosophy of life, one that enables him to be happier and healthier, despite the inevitable pains, frustrations and conflicts, will be hurt less by the inevitable stresses and strains of everyday, modern life; he will be more elastic, more resilient.

But one very important thing must be recognized about your philosophy of life. You must be unselfish. You must recognize that your best guarantee of obtaining the things you want in this world, of exercising your values, is by fighting for the privilege of others to do the same thing, even though their values are not your values.

A philosophy of life is a personal thing, but it is based upon a universal privilege, the right of every man to have a personal philosophy of life. And if this privilege is not

available, then neither you, nor anyone else can put your philosophy into effect. You will be thwarted.

We are fortunate in America and the rest of the free world in that we are privileged to have personal philosophies of life, to establish our own values. The only crime is that so many people do nothing about it. They just live a haphazard existence, being happy when things go well, and miserable when they don't. They live on the assumption that life is a snarl of circumstance that unravels a little each day.

Being intellectually objective, having good elastic values that are not broken into little pieces every time something goes wrong, and being emotionally stable so that emotion can be controlled and limited, means that you have a philosophy of life, that you are mature, that you are not blown about by the wind of every circumstance. It means also that you are working for the welfare of others as they are working for yours.

I told you a little while back that I wanted to recommend a book to you. The reason I want to is because it contains, I think, the best practical suggestions for a philosophy of life that I have ever seen. But it contains much more than that. It is not just a book about a philosophy of life, it is a book about managing your mind. In fact that is the title of it, *Managing Your Mind*. It has two authors, Dr. S. H. Kraines, a wise and experienced psychiatrist, and E. S. Thetford.

These two authors believe that human nature can be changed. In fact, the subtitle of this wonderful little book is "You *Can* Change Human Nature."

I have said I would like to recommend this book to you. I cannot do so too highly. It is not a book for sick people, especially. It is a book for people, for all people who have problems, and want help in solving them. And that means all of us. Solving problems requires skill. It doesn't make

any difference whether they are problems of piano technique or interpretation or of life. The person with skill will do a better job than the person without skill.

And even—even?—*especially*, in connection with emotional problems, skill is needed. Why? Why is skill needed to solve emotional problems? Because, as the great doctors of antiquity knew, as the great philosophers have always known, and as medical men and psychologists are now convinced is the case, man is a whole. His mind and his body and his emotions are all interrelated. And a philosophy of life that integrates these aspects of man, is one that recognizes the fact that just as emotion can upset thought, so thought can contain or channel emotion.

There are lots of apathetic and placid people who say, "Me? Huh, I never get excited. Emotion never gets the better of me. You never see me go off the deep end. No, sir." These are the sad people who are slowly stewing in their own emotional juices, and those are no mean juices. They are able to do things that gastric juices can't do. They can cause ulcers that will eat right through the wall of the stomach, causing perforation and peritonitis.

There is no one who does not need to go off the deep end, at times. We all are confronted with situations that affect us to powerfully, that it is unwise not to let go. Emotion results from the release of energy, and that energy will serve us, or itself. Usually, we can channel it to our own advantage, if we are prepared, if we know in advance how we want to use it, and how we can use it. But that means that we must manage our minds, for if we don't, emotion will manage them.

Think Tall

And now I want to tell you how Mary Garden, whose beautiful voice has thrilled so many people, increases her height with psychology. Ever so many people, when they

have met Miss Garden personally, have remarked that she seems much larger when she is singing, and I mentioned this to her. And she smiled, and said, "I think tall, when I am performing. I hold my head up. I hold my chin up. I stand as full and big as I can, and then I *think* tall. And that's all, except that it makes me feel good to think tall."

Mary Garden, even now, in the second half of her life, thinks tall, and looks taller than she actually is. Recently, there has been published an exciting biography of her life, written by a very talented musical author, Louis Biancoli. You will like it; because it is a long story, really, of how one exceptional person thought tall and big, and happily and successfully.

Getting Mad Is Good

Get mad, says the busiest man in New York. Getting mad, says Robert Moses, is not only all right, in fact, it is a good thing.

Mr. Moses only has ten jobs. He is Commissioner of Parks for New York City, Chairman of the Triborough Bridge Authority, Coordinator of City Construction, President of the Long Island State Park Commission, Chairman of the Mayor's Committee on Slum Clearance Plans, President of the Jones Beach State Parkway Authority, Director of Planning and Construction of the Office of Civil Defence, President of the Bethpage State Park Authority, Chairman of the New York State Council on Parks, and Member of the City Planning Commission.

Anyone who has ever enjoyed a day at spotless Jones Beach knows what sort of things Mr. Moses gets done.

When shall you get mad? Mr. Moses says he gets mad when he is trying to do what he thinks is right and people get in his way, don't understand him, or don't believe him.

How does he get mad? An interviewer for the *New York Times*, C. B. Palmer, says he unleashes an artillery barrage

consisting of a cocked head, a glaring eye, an excellent command of English and an impressive body of knowledge.

Wolf, Wolf

The stresses and strains of modern life, especially of life in the big cities, are tremendously increased by noise. It is not just that there is much noise in the metropolis, that autos make noise, that the blowing of horns and the squealing of brakes are more concentrated in the city than in the country or suburb. But urban life is faster, nerves are more taut, and every noise, whether it be a late party upstairs, or the laughter of children at play on the front sidewalk, strikes a string of reaction which is tighter and therefore reacts with a higher pitch and tone. We become accustomed to much noise, so accustomed that when it stops the silence can arrest our attention. But there is a lot of difference between the bells of St. Mary's or St. Paul's and the decibels of a place like New York or Chicago.

There is so much unnecessary noise, so much angry noise, so much noise that has no meaning or justification. It is careless and thoughtless noise. It is this noise, the banging of garbage cans, the unnecessary clatter of the milk bottles, the clangor of fire apparatus, the tolling bells of ambulances, the screams of sirens, the shrieks of the frightened, these are the noises that shred the nerves and curdle the juices of the body; they make the glands to secrete their powerful chemicals; they upset the metabolism. Often they are alarms of emergency, when no emergency is present. They are fire drills, where drills are unnecessary. They are the cries of *wolf, wolf*, in the city. They decrease efficiency. They increase neurasthenia. They are the chief cause of the jitters.

In coping with the stresses and strains of the hectic world in which we live, there is no medicine like laughter. And I mean good deep "belly" laughter, the kind that hurts if

you keep it up long enough. It has been said that great men always have a well-developed sense of humor. There are many kinds of humor and laughter, but of them all it seems to me that the most important one, the one that does the most good, is the ability to laugh at one's self.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

Let me recount a story that was told me by Miss Garbo. Like so many others, she has always been fascinated by clowns. She was in Berlin one winter. A wonderful clown was performing at one of their great theaters. He was a sad, droll, *triste* tightrope walker garbed in shreds of rags that were forever getting in his way. They tripped him, they thwarted him. Try as he could, somehow his clothes prevented him from doing what he had gestured he would attempt. But like all great comedians, he was more than a master of his craft, he was the super-master who could turn a grotesque and clumsy fall into a miraculous recovery. But always his face got longer, and the laughter of his audience, louder.

At dinner one evening, sitting beside a psychiatrist, she turned the conversation in the direction of clowns. The doctor smiled. "I'll tell you a story," he said. "A few days ago a man came to see me. He was morose and depressed. A very unhappy man. I listened to him long enough to realize that he was suffering possibly from fatigue more than anything else. And because he was in the city for a limited length of time, I gave him what I thought was good advice, rather than trying to institute any prolonged therapy.

" 'Sir,' I said to him, 'you must try to forget yourself, get outside of yourself. You need to laugh, to have fun, to be amused. Look! At the theater, at the moment, there is a clown performing. All Berlin is laughing, because of him. Go see him. Go tonight. He will do you more good than I

can, maybe more good than anyone else in the world can do for you. Go. I recommend him without reservation. In fact, that is my prescription.' I looked at my visitor and noticed that, if anything, he looked even more depressed at the suggestion. 'Come,' I said, 'you must be cooperative, you know. Now tell me that you will go.'

"The patient shook his head sadly, and negatively. 'But why not?' I asked. Whereupon the patient pointed a long accusing finger at his own heart, and said, 'I am that clown.' "

The man who was so good for so many could not help himself. To me, that is the saddest story there is, because all of us need to see ourselves, to get outside of ourselves, so that we may judge, from a new point of view, whether or not we are taking some things too seriously, and, possibly, others, too lightly.

Good whole-laughter is a respiratory gymnastic. It is good for the organs of the chest. We must have more laughter, and not just the twitching of nervous muscles, but deep-down, hilarious laughter which shakes the whole inner man.

If the Russians Would Only Laugh

In Paris, there is a school for laughter. It is run by Dr. Vachet of the Paris Institute of Psychology. He gives fabulously successful courses in laughter on Sunday mornings. He teaches his students, men and women, young and old, to laugh at anything and everything. He gets them to laugh deep, to shake with laughter. Dr. Vachet believes that laughter is a solvent for poisons of the mind, and an exercise for the muscles that make faces pleasant and bodies happy.

When I remark about this during my lectures, my friends often ask me if we do not get enough laughter on

radio and television. My answer is No. Neither enough, nor of the right kind. Professional laughter is so often what I call toothpaste laughter—it is squeezed out with considerable effort, it is smooth and neat as a ribbon, and it usually falls flat on the floor with the comedian doing most of the laughing, or is he just showing his fine teeth.

The art of laughter does not depend upon slapstick, bad puns or old chestnuts. Laughter is a physical manifestation of an intellectual reaction. The things to laugh at are all around us. And laughing *at* a thing is not to be construed as scorn or contempt. One laughs because one is entertained—something is funny. Laughter is an expression of pleasure, not of derision. When you laugh you show the world your *happy* side.

Pogo's creator, Walt Kelley, describes laughter as a cleansing lash, and as the benevolent and gentle custodian of the mind. We are all absurd, he suggests, and laughter is the only way absurdities can be revealed as such as they hide under the cover of assumed perfection.

Mr. Kelley thinks our laughter is, or has recently been, a little nervous, as though we were a little afraid to exercise it, too.

Laughter and freedom go together. We must be free to be absurd, if we want to be. But we must also be free to laugh at our absurdities. I think Mr. Kelley has put his finger on the very thing that Dr. Vachet has been teaching for so long. Learn to laugh, and then you cannot help laughing at the things that are laughable. And where there is laughter, there will you find freedom.

Let us have schools of laughter here in America, and all over the world, for that matter. These times cry for more laughter. We have jitters and tensions, and strains and stresses enough. Laugh and the world laughs with you! Good humor is a precious instrument of health and happiness.

Whole generations of Russians are being brought up to believe that they are perfect. They don't laugh because they don't think they are absurd at all. And if they did, they wouldn't dare to.

If only we could get the Russian people laughing.

Maybe there is hope that we *can* get the Russians to laugh, for even as I write, *Time* has reported that seventy-year-old Biologist Olga Lepeshin has said that laughter and gaiety can improve health, and, further, that Russia is the happiest country on earth. Maybe Walt Kelley will have something to say about this. Anyway, I quite agree with *Time* and Madame Lepeshinskaya that to Live Longer you should Laugh Louder.

The Joy of Participation

The "I want to be alone" theory has passed. Don't withdraw. There is no place for hermits in this century. Maintain your radius of acquaintance, and expand it. Join things, help do things that cannot be done alone. There is the P.T.A. There are garden clubs and community improvement groups. If you are lonely, join a walking group, or some bird watchers, or civilian defense. You will find social groups at the neighborhood center. Other people are lonely, too. Others want to help get things done. Do you belong to a political club or party? Get into the swim. Participate. Show your willingness to do your share. Give some of your time. Any social worker can tell you where you can help. Any minister will have ideas for you. All psychiatrists are full of suggestions about participation. Don't shrink—expand. Don't hide—come out. Society is an organization of volunteers. The warp and woof of your community is made up of people like yourself. Doing things will make you happy. It is an expression of love. And it will bring you untold reward. And you don't have to go talk to birds and flowers, either!

Nowadays, there are clubs almost everywhere for those in the second half of life. They are wonderful things. The more people go to them, the less they go to doctors and clinics. I know of one in New York where two hundred people, both men and women, gather every week day to swim, dance, look at television, play cards, listen to lectures, discuss current events, weave, make leather goods, go on boat rides, subway picnics, and once a year go away to camp for two weeks, and not a one of these people is less than sixty-five, and several are over eighty. Where do they get the time? They make it. And where do they get the energy? They make that, too. It is made on a cooperative basis. Each helps the other be happy. Many of them have learned for the first time what fun life can be, and now they are living to the full, enjoying every second of it. If you could only hear one of their discussion groups. They speak all the languages of the earth, but they understand each other. One is the widow of a great conductor. One is the mother of a successful banker. One is the father of a bus driver. To hear them is a Babel, but a Babel of thrilling experience. You have no idea how young in both looks and behavior these wonderful people are.

And this is going on in every large city, and hundreds of smaller ones, all over the country. But do you know how they get started? People like you, and you, get together and say, "Let's start a club for older people." And then people like you find a place, and they dig up the money, and they get the managers of movie theaters to give them free tickets for dull times, and they get a church to cooperate, and another, and some local business men. And the first thing you know, these nice people, the salt of the earth, have a club that excites them, that stimulates their circulation, that gives them pleasure. And every day they have coffee klatches, and the comfort that comes from

not only knowing but also experiencing love. The love of people for people.

And what do you think these members pay for all this joy? Ten cents a month. They could pay more, they would like to pay more. But people like you have said, "Let's keep the dues down so that no one will be excluded." And no one is.

Vitamin "X"

The highest attainment of human beings, I firmly believe, is the full love of men and women. This is something that is beyond any *individual*. It can only be achieved through mutuality. Born of attraction, bred in the flames of full passion, heightened by parenthood, and given full force by the whole life of maturity, of understanding of the pleasures and the privileges of the second part of life, love is something no man, or woman, can create for himself or herself. But, what horrible things husbands and wives can still do to each other, when they get side-tracked or derailed.

Love is that, and anything that one receives, which results in the supplementation of one's own capacities with the strength, abilities, encouragement, support, and assets of others who charge no bond, ask for no interest, require no mortgage, look for no advantage and seek no profit. The pleasure of lovers, and their profit, derives from giving, helping, being of assistance, being a means of support, material or spiritual, when people they love can benefit from, or would suffer from, lack of it.

M. F. K. Fisher, a discerning woman, with a most articulate palate—she is the famous author of *How to Cook a Wolf*—tells in her *Alphabet for Gourmets* what X stands for, in the letters of gastronomic correspondence. X is for Xantippe. A shrew, the wife of Socrates, one of the world's great solons, her behavior was such, with pot and pan,

in the kitchen and at meals, that it may well have been *her* haggling, rather than *his* principles, that encouraged him to accept the cup of hemlock.

Be that as it may, and at this late hour it would be difficult for us to shed much light on the subject, there can be no question but that many wives put emotional poison in their husband's broths. This is by no means as difficult or dangerous as it may sound. The chief ingredient of a poison broth is anger, or dissension, or, even, petulance. Food should be eaten in the calm of complete happiness, and it should be brewed with love. There is no dish that will not sour with hate. There are no gastric juices that can break down the molecules of animosity. Better fast when love is slow, or has stopped. You wives, you mothers, you makers of the bread of life, stop, look and listen—make your kitchen a place of love and happiness. Set your table with smiles. Eat with joy. Leaven all your food with love. The loaf so unleavened will be a lump in the stomachs of your loved ones. Reserve your scowls for movie villains, and your anger for the landlord next door whose incinerator pollutes the air. Take out your ire on the unneighborly generators of noises that unsoothe the nerves. Get mad at the politicians who ignore your mandates. But, for your loved ones, have only sweetness and light. Banter at breakfast. Let dinner take place in an atmosphere of genuine *bonhommie*.

Are you a book-cook, or are you a creative cook? Your kitchen can be a studio in which you create dishes of your own design, or it may be a factory in which you turn out little images of those things, prescribed by cook-book writers, that are being produced in the kitchens of millions of other *kitchen-mechanics*.

Cooking is the art of supplying the body with its many needs and titillating the palate with salivating savors.

Variety is the spice of life. There is no condiment so powerful as the original dish cooked with imagination and served with that indispensable ingredient of all dishes, *love*.

Fanny Farmer, author of America's most famous cook-book, says, "Cooking may be as much a means of self-expression as any of the arts. No cook-book can provide the spark of genius, but it can serve as a source of inspiration and information."

"This food has been prepared with loving care by Sally Chase." These words appear on the menu of a delightful little restaurant, *Sally Chase's*, on the motor road between Bethel and Newtown, Connecticut. These words delight me, because I have always thought that love was the most important ingredient of every dish. Who would think of eating things that had been prepared by a hating chef, a cook who was sour on the world, one who despised the people who consumed the food she prepared. I often say to my own cook, when she has prepared something a little overcaloric, "I trust you put a little love in it, too." And sometimes, when a particularly luxurious dessert is put before me, I tell her that I will eat it, but that she must pray while I do so. Sally Chase is Hungarian, and with her American husband Joe, she runs this charming roadside inn. To it, from miles around, come the natives and the summer residents, the New Yorkers in voluntary and happy exile, for her "out of this world" pot-roasts. And I am sure that Sally will pray for you, too, as you eat a great wedge of her pecan pie. It is wonderful to see the best of European culinary practice wedded to the finest of American kitchen art. .

Of course, what we all want is a diet to end all diets, a 365-day diet in which every meal is different, in which

every meal is better than the one before, in which there is infinite pleasure as well as variety.

I believe there is such a diet, but I cannot tell you what it is. All I can tell you is how to go about planning for it. But one thing I can tell you about it—I can tell you what the essential ingredient of it is. The 365-day diet to end all diets, the diet in which no two meals are alike, in which each meal is more enjoyable than the one before, must contain, every single dish—morning, noon, and night—the anti-ulcer vitamin, the pleasure vitamin, the vitamin of love which I have called “X.”

Yes, Vitamin X, the vitamin of love, of peace, and of understanding, makes every meal different, and better. Vitamin X is generated by an intelligent understanding of the nutritional needs of the human body and the spiritual needs of the human mind. No spiritual hunger can be satisfied by food. No physical hunger can be satisfied by understanding. But the mind of the well-fed body can be left wanting, just as the body of the understanding mind can be left in dire need. Into every dish, if *both* body and mind are to be well fed, must go love as well as the proper proteins and minerals.

Vitamin X is the miracle vitamin, the psychosomatic vitamin, the vitamin which is produced not by photosynthesis, but by the synthesis of mutual understanding and affection. It is the vitamin of love, the vitamin that makes every dish fit for a king. Vitamin X is the vitamin of pleasure. It makes the good salivary juices to flow, it secretes the gastric juices. It is the vitamin of anti-indigestion.

You say it is a figment of the imagination? It is. But don't forget that the imagination can cause indigestion, can turn loaves into lumps, can turn healthy people into misanthropes, happy people into patients. Love is a product of the imagination, too. If love is a snare and a delu-

sion, then you are lacking in vitamin X. But if love is, as it should be, that alchemy that makes you the *one* person in the world, then you, and the person who thinks you are the one person in the world, between you, can synthesize vitamin X—and you are lucky, for from your food you will get not only the needed nourishment for your body but also the necessary nourishment for your spirit. You are in love with your cook, and your cook is in love with you.

But you are not married? No one loves you? You can still be in love with your cook, and your cook can still be in love with you. A good cook loves the work she does with her pots and pans, and the things she produces in her ovens, and her food is full of vitamin X for those who appreciate what she has put into her fare. Vitamin X has nothing, necessarily, to do with sex or matrimony. Vitamin X is the product of mutual appreciation and understanding, however it is achieved. If you are in love with life and the world and your cook is in love with her work, then—marriage vows or no—vitamin X will be present, and your stomach will purr with content, and your mind will distill happiness to your heart's desire.

Diet with a Capital "D"

But, just as I hope that my "Diet to End All Diets" will make it possible for you to regulate the newly discovered appestat, so that all diets will be unconscious and will begin with the lower case "d" instead of capital "D," so also, do I hope that a time will come when foods will not have to be enriched synthetically. We have heard much in recent years about the evils of starch-foods, but I think that from now on, we should all look at starch-food as a highly desirable thing. But when we eat starch-foods, let us eat *all of the grain*, not just part of the inside. Let us eat the bran skin and let us eat the heart of the wheat,

the nutty germ. When the good outside and the all-important inside are removed, the staff of life becomes only an empty reed.

I know I shall live to see the day when foodism is a thing of the past. Health foodists are inclined to overlook the *pleasure principle* in eating. Food must be good, but food must also be fun. There must be *love* in cooking and there must be fun in eating. This is the element that is so regrettably lacking in the ideas of the faddist, the foodist, the nutritionist and the dietician. I pride myself on one thing. I have never written of any diet that I have not myself experienced. I have always been my own guinea pig, and whenever people doubt things that I say, and I ask them if they have tried them themselves and they say no, then I always reply, "Why, then, do you, and how can you, criticize it if you haven't tried it?"

Three Highways to the Mind

I like flowers. My home is full of flowers. I have great vases full of riots of color. Every room is scented differently. Florists bring me fresh flowers every day. And I recommend that you, too, draw strength from the indulgence of something you love. Let yourself go.

My eyes love the color and the form of flowers. My nose loves the subtle odors that emanate from them. Flowers fill my mind with happiness. They displace the too-many dull, drab aspects of life that are about us all the time. They are an escape. When flowers come into my home, a little of the great outdoors comes with them. I eat with flowers before me and my guests. I have flowers beside me as I read, to perfume the words of my favorite authors. I have flowers on top of my television set. There are flowers on my bed table so that they may be the last thing I see before closing my eyes, and the first, upon awakening. My life is bounded by flowers. I memorize flower odors,

recalling them at will, as I walk along a crowded, dirty street. Flowers are an important ingredient in the composition of my mental cocktails. They greet my friends on my front hall table. But now, I am sure, you know why my weakness for flowers is a strength and a source of happiness and pleasure. As long as I can afford them, I shall have flowers, and will be the florists' best friend.

Do you live in a world of vague and general sounds, sights and smells? Or do you live where the oriole sings, the lilac scents the air, and majestic Grecian columns of Carrara marble form the façade of a museum full of Corot, Rodin and Rembrandt?

Have you ever thought that your eyes, ears and nose are the three main highways connecting you with the rest of the world? Without them you would live in a Stygian blackness, silent and odorless. No sights would come to your brain, no sounds, no smells. Your happiness depends upon more than the maintenance of these wonderful senses, it depends upon their training. You should be able to hear more, see more, and smell more—and you can, if you will put your mind to it.

You should see more than a painting, you should see that the painting is a Matisse, or a Corot. You should hear more than music, you should hear Beethoven, and an inverted fifth. You should know that that was an oriole, not a warbler, and that this is the odor of jasmine, and that, of lilac.

You should be able to see the beauty of Rodin. Through your senses the whole world is yours—the past as well as the present. The world of ideas, of sights, of happenings.

For greater happiness, I would like to suggest the habit of visualization. When you refer to a painter or a composer, picture to yourself something you have seen or heard. . . .

Make your mind a museum full of masterpieces, a Carnegie Hall full of visions of Toscanini and the sounds of Beethoven, make it a country garden full of flowers and the scented breezes of summer, make it a hall of fame full of the great people of history, make it a stage on which Shakespeare is re-enacted.

Take at least one picture every time you go to a museum. Transfer the pictures from the Louvre to your own mind. No one will stop you. Have a Cezanne, a Da Vinci, and a Rembrandt all your own. Originals, too.

Now, when you are high above the clouds, on a plane flight, you may spend your time gazing at masterpieces, examining photographs you have taken.

Music is something to remember, not something to recognize. "Oh, yes. I've heard this, but I don't know what it is, or who composed it, or where I heard it." Hang on to some part of every composition you like. Grab a measure, and make it yours. Then you will have a little of Beethoven's Fifth in your mind, and you will find that just those four notes will evoke many more.

Better than Barbiturates

One of my favorite bed-time soporifics is mental cocktails. I mix them, and I take them when sleep seems to elude me either at home or abroad.

I prescribe *mental cocktails* for those moments when you are in need of comfort, inspiration, or a little spiritual boost of some sort. What is a mental cocktail? It is a mixture of the essence of wisdom, beauty, understanding and love. There are two kinds of mental cocktails—the kind you mix yourself, and those that come already prepared. I like both, myself.

Let me tell you, first, how I make my own, and when and why.

It is midnight. I am lying in my bed in the Grand Hotel

in Rome. I have been driving all day. I am tired. Sleep does not come quickly. I have not yet relaxed. Through the window come the many noises of Rome. There are cars, buses, happy people wending their way home. There are a few carts, millions of motor scooters and bicycles with little auxiliary motors on their front wheels. Rome is in a hurry to get to bed, too, and every vehicle has its own ludicrous little toot-toot or peep-peep with which they tell others to get out of the way. And *how* they use them!

So I decide I shall have a mental cocktail. I put my mind to work on it. The ingredients shall come from the distilled essences of sensory pleasures and happy remembrances. Yes, this is a strange mixture, but it is not to be drunk with the lips, it is to be taken in through the mind, so don't be surprised at what goes into it.

The ingredients shall be five: some sound, some sight, some taste, some odor and some feeling. For sound I take the soothing theme of a lullaby, the lullaby from Erminie which I have always loved. For sight I go to the little front room of my home so far away in New York, and from the south wall I take a picture of Renoir, a picture of a peaceful man, an elder, sitting under a tree outside a rural inn-door. For taste, I use the remembrance of tree-ripe peaches as I picked and ate them in Taormina only a few short weeks ago. For odor I add a little gardenia from my California garden. And for touch, I add the remembrance of the cool, refreshing waters in which I swam just two days ago—the waters of the Mediterranean.

Into the goblet of my mind, where I mix this cocktail, I now put a jigger of song that soothes me, a dash of a picture I love, for sweetness I put in a trace of that fresh, wonderful peach, now a touch of bouquet of gardenia, and finally a liberal amount of that calming, soothing feeling I get when I rest and relax in the wonderful

waters at Taormina, with the sun high above me, giving me warmth and comfort.

Slowly, in my mind I mix these things I love, these things which have always given me such pleasure, things I associate with peace and calm and relaxation. Round and round I stir them, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, as they go. I associate them with me and myself with them. The sounds of Rome die away. The draft is a heavy one, a potent one. It is a wonderful one. Phenobarbitol was never like this.

Try one. I assure you it will give you such rest and sleep as you have not had since childhood. And it will give you sweet dreams, too. It may not work at first, but try it, and keep on trying. At the very least it will keep you occupied in a pleasant pursuit, and keep your mind from things unpleasant. Prepared mental cocktails, of course, are composed of the things that have been written by the masters of thought and pen. There are few things, either good or bad, that have not happened before. And the world of literature is full of imperishable expressions that have soothed and salved many, before you.

To serve you best, I recommend that you get small light-weight volumes that can be held without effort. I have built a small library of such books, and from them I have extracted and written into a little blank volume of my own those that I like best. This is my anthology, there is not another like it in the world. I take it with me wherever I go. I am never without it.

It contains verses and quatrains, paragraphs and aphorisms—those things that have come to mean so much to me. At one time or another, something from the *Consolations* of Boethius or Aesop's *Fables*, from Epictetus or Walt Whitman, from Liebman's *Peace of Mind* or Marcus Aurelius, has pleased me, has helped me, has given me com-

fort or wisdom—so I have taken them out and made them my own.

If you are in question as to where to look for such things, I would like to recommend a wonderful Bibliography that is very inexpensive. It is called *Good Reading* and is published, for thirty-five cents, by The New American Library. It is a wonderful little volume, paper covered. You can probably get it wherever such books are sold. In it you will find 1,250 of the world's best books listed, and described, a little, enough so that you can quickly tell if they might interest you. I recommend that you get this book with your next small change. From some of the titles listed in it you can begin to extract your own prepared mental cocktails. But you need not wait. Tonight when you go to bed you can mix an original mental cocktail composed of sensory recollections that have pleased and comforted you. Try it. P.S. No hangover from these.

Shangri-la

We need to take vacations from ourselves. One of the best ways of doing this, I think, is that of getting away as far as possible from the routines of everyday life. Go away from your friends, from the places you live and work, leave the things you do. Go where everything is new and strange, and, especially, where it is green and quiet. And I predict that when the beating echoes of the city have stopped reverberating in your ears and mind, when the familiar sights have been displaced with strange ones, and familiar faces with new ones, then you will see yourself maybe as that clown needed to see himself.

I dream—and no one can stop me—of Shangri-las of health, places way off in the woods far from mechanical noises and swift-moving vehicles, where you could go, where you could afford to go, to get away from yourself for a short time. These would be little Utopian health

farms and anti-stress havens. They would be places of relaxation. They would be inexpensive because they would be simple.

You would go there alone, because part of the treatment would be a complete change of faces. Maybe you would even leave your name behind. Here, in my sylvan idyll, there would be complete equality. Everybody would be there for the same purpose, and everyone would do the same things.

You would eat the freshest, youngest foods right from the garden, and they would be still drenched with the sun. Between meals you would be invited to drink as many "sunshine cocktails" as possible. They would be freshly made, of course. You would walk a great deal. Like the thousands who have enjoyed the regime of Father Kneipp at Woerishofen, you would walk in the grass in your bare feet in the early morning when the green fields are wet and cool with invigorating dew. You would bathe your feet and ankles, and the calves of your legs in cold, tumbling water.

You would walk over the mosses, leaves, twigs and stones that make the forest floor, avoiding beaten paths. You would lose yourself in the thickets. You would rise with the sun, and retire with it. You would make new friends and play simple games of participation and cooperation. And you would not be ashamed to be doing simple things.

You would learn to breathe deeply and rhythmically, in the best tradition of the great Tirala, using the diaphragm to move the organs of the body so they massaged each other gently and beneficently. You would seek the sun moderately, and not with the frantic impatience of a chameleon who cannot wait to change his color. You would wear loose and light clothing, and as little as good taste permitted. You would work a little in the good earth,

getting your hands in the soil and dirt from which all life comes. The soil itself would be especially healthy. It would be certified soil.

Where is this Shangri-la? When will it be? Who can say? But in the meantime I shall dream of places where city people can be de-citified, where tired people can get energy, where jangled nerves will be soothed and calmed. And where people who cannot laugh at themselves will learn to do so.

Every Day in Every Way

Do you remember Coué? If you don't, your mother and father probably do. He was a French chemist who achieved meteoric fame and success here in America during the second decade of this century. I remember him very well. I met him in Chicago, and then, later, I had the privilege of seeing him work at his home in Nancy.

He was successful because he had an obviously sensible idea that was presented in a simple and direct way and, especially, because it could be boiled down to what became a country-sweeping slogan: "*Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better.*" It seemed silly. But we know today that thinking can help, as well as hurt, the body; that thinking can cause high blood pressure and ulcers. You can also have an "acid condition" of the mind which, if it lasts long enough, will almost certainly result in a nervous and inflamed stomach. The mental condition falls in the field of the psychiatrist; the stomach condition, in the field of physical medicine. But when the latter is caused by the former, then we must consider the new field of medicine called psychosomatics—*psyche* referring to the mind, and *soma* to the body.

Coué knew that man is a whole, that his mind is not separate from his body, that his body is not separate from his mind.

Coué made no extravagant claims. He felt this his was only one kind of treatment. His great point was that imagination, rather than will-power, was the decisive influence in everyone's life, and that where these came into conflict the power of imagination could always win out.

Just as the modern psychiatrists want *emotional power* used for constructive purposes, so did Coué suggest that *imagination* must be used positively. If not used positively, imagination would serve the negative interests of will-power. He was convinced that if it was within nature's power to heal a patient, this method would achieve the cure.

Here You Go

Now let's consider your plan of action, your philosophy of life, that will enable you to Look Younger, Live Longer, Be Happier, Be Healthier. You have made an inventory of the needs of your body-house. You know how they can be improved. You are going to feed yourself better. You are going to make more intelligent use of your body. You will give it air and sun, you will bathe it, you will relate it to the good earth as nature intended it should be. You will remember that the fight for better health and greater happiness is as old as man. That there has been much wisdom in the past that has not yet been displaced. You have analyzed your mind. You are better aware of the deep drives and desires. You know that emotion is your best friend. You know that love is a giving. You will remember that Bergson has said that the person who does not change does not mature, that maturity is the endless changing of one's self. You know that you shall be forever pursuing joy, and forever fleeing from pain. You know that you will react to stimuli, and that your reactions will be your responses. You will do your own living, not hire someone to do it for

you. You will do your own praying. You will do your own loving.

You know that you should be occupied with the business of living and loving. That the more occupied you are, the happier and healthier you will be. You will respect the values of others, as they must respect yours. Tomorrow is a castle in the air, not a hole in the ground. You are engaged in building a great cathedral, not just in toiling. You know that the wisdom of the few today will be the wisdom of the many tomorrow.

What is your philosophy of life to be? It is to be composed of several things. First, a knowledge of the body house and the way it works. Second, of the way your body is fed by nature. Third, of the needs of your own body. Fourth, it will benefit from the way people of the past have benefitted from nearness to nature. Fifth, it will recognize the emotional machinery that enables you to do great things. And sixth, it will assume that emotion can be controlled for constructive, rather than destructive, purposes. But, finally, it will recognize that this is a purely personal plan for living that presupposes freedom for expression; and that as you need freedom, so will your neighbor, that he may express himself in *his* personal way.

You are climbing a mountain of infinite good and beauty, not slipping down a precipice of despair.

First comes the grand strategy of time and general method. Then come the tactics of individual efforts. You are a general. Marshal your strength, discount your weakness, make your decision, and act. But remember you are not fighting people. You are just fighting yourself. Your enemy is your lethargy, your past bad habits, your lack of confidence. Yes, you are arrayed against the left-hand column of the table Dr. Kraines prepared, of immature and

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Be Happier, Be Healthier

harmful attitudes. You are fighting your negative self, your *id*, your childish self.

IMMATURE AND HARMFUL

Intolerance
Hypercriticism
Hypersensitivity
Dependence
Defensiveness
Irritability
Resentment
Suspiciousness
Inferiority
Inadequacy
Self-pity
Egocentricity
Self-importance
Self-indulgence
Selfishness
Laziness
Excessive pride
Excessive humility

MATURE AND CONSTRUCTIVE

Tolerance
Understanding
Objectivity
Self-reliance
Open-mindedness
Calmness
Forgiveness
Fair-mindedness
Self-respect
Self-confidence
Facing facts
Concern for others
Respect for others
Self-discipline
Generosity
Industry
A sense of proportion
Poise

From *Managing Your Mind* by S. H. Kraines and E. S. Thetford. Copyright, 1943, by The Macmillan Company and used with their permission.

Don't go to extremes in judging yourself, or in reforming. Individuality is the most precious of privileges, but it must be self-supporting and not interfere with the individuality of others. On the contrary, it must dovetail nicely with all of the people with whom you live and work. Human intercourse should be free and easy. Where there are sparks, there is social friction, and emotions begin to boil. This is where the stresses and strains arise. When there is conflict within, then tension is created.

For your private information, make a list in black and white of the things you dislike and fear, and of the persons and people who affect you in these ways.

Are any of them phobias? Are they founded on any facts you can remember? Are some of them superstitions? Are you afraid of black cats and of walking under ladders? Are some of them based on revenge? Have you inherited some? Do any of them do you any good? Do they enable you to release steam, or do they just generate it? Are any of them scapegoats for some of your prejudices?

Now, make a list of the things you do like, and of the things you want. Are any of them easily attainable? Are some of them unattainable? It is good to have goals, to set your sights high, but it may hurt if you set them too high, too soon. Some ideals and desires only beget disappointment and anger.

There is no reason why you should dislike a family because your grandfather did. It is silly to carry on feuds in the twentieth century. The Hatfields and the McCoys only wasted their own lives. There is no reason you should be afraid of the things your mother feared. You didn't inherit such attitudes, you acquired them, and you can disacquire them. The list of your dislikes and fears and your likes and desires should give you the material for planning your life. There are these things you will go away from, and these things you will go toward. Here at least, is a direction. Now, how to get them? And which ones come first?

So many people enter the future backwards, their eyes cast longingly on the things that have been. They see not where they are going. Their gaze is riveted on the places they have come from.

Turn about. The future is full of main roads, by-paths, and pleasant trails and journeys. Pick your route. Select the itinerary of your choice. The future is up to you. If you are a grandma, be a Grandma Moses, or a Grandma Dietrich, or like my dear Grandma Reynolds. If you are a grandpa, be a Grandpa Pinza, or a Grandpa Eisenhower. Use your rocking chair to relax in, not to decline in.

Make, Don't Mark Time

Can you spare a couple of minutes? If you can, then you can add another day to your year. Yes, if you have two minutes a day that you aren't using, then the million-dollar miracle of time-making is available to you.

Let me show you how you can *make* time. Let me show you how you can *find* time. And let me show you how you can *use* time.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what you are doing, whether you are at home, traveling, or on vacation, you spend a certain amount of time sleeping and eating. The average person sleeps eight hours and devotes another four to eating and the preliminaries that come before and the pauses that come after meals. Here are twelve hours taken up by the most important things you do, half your time every day given over to the vital business of rest, renewal and maintenance of your physical self. For other affairs there are left 720 minutes. This is the day that is available for the things you have to do and the things you want to do. And it isn't enough, you say! If only you had more time! But you said you could spare a couple of minutes, that you had two minutes you weren't using. Good, now please multiply 2 minutes by 365. There is your extra day. Seven hundred and thirty minutes. Not only an extra day, but an extra-long, extra day, with a ten-minute bonus.

Yes, you can have an extra day a year if you can find just two unused minutes a day.

But I know you are smiling at this point, and wondering what you can do with just two minutes. Keep on smiling, it's good for you, but listen to my suggestions just the same.

We will use this time, this two minutes a day, for the purpose of finding more time. You are right, a day is not

very much, you need more. What you really need is a week or a month. Then let us spend two minutes a day looking for a place in your daily time schedule where you have fifteen minutes you can spare. Fifteen minutes would give you an extra week a year, with half a day thrown in for good measure.

I know what you are thinking—that the day is already full, and that the few minutes you have left over you need for rest and relaxation. Of course you do, but those are not the minutes we are looking for. We want fifteen minutes that you are not using, or that you are not using very profitably.

Look in every nook and cranny of your daily schedule, especially where you initiate and terminate efforts. Going to bed, for example. Do you go to bed, or do you dawdle? If your body serves you as it should, and if you serve your body as you should, then going to bed would be an efficient business, you undress, attend to your toilette, get into bed and go to sleep. How about it? Any chance of finding fifteen unused minutes just before bed-time? Better still, how about getting up fifteen minutes earlier in the morning? There is an advantage in this, a great advantage to you, because there is another million-dollar miracle in morning hours when you are at your freshest. Mentally, you can accomplish twice as much in the morning as you can at night. Twice as much? Yes, fifteen morning minutes will be worth 30 evening minutes to you. Here are fifteen brand new extra days for you which, added to your present 365, give you a year of 380 days.

Can you use these extra fifteen days? Would you like to take a university extension course in something? Let's start simply, say, with a one-point course in a subject you have always intended, when you had time, to take.

A one-point course means an hour of lecture a week, with two or three hours of outside study, per week. This

course runs for a college semester, which is usually about seventeen weeks long. Seventeen times four is 68. You now have a reserve of fifteen days waiting for you. Each of these days has twelve hours in it. All you will need to complete the one-point course will be a third of your extra time.

Time is a most miraculous thing. It cannot be saved. You cannot draw on it in advance. It must be spent. But what you spend it for depends on you. Wasted, it gets you nothing. Spent wisely it will yield you great wealth. But you must act immediately. You cannot use this moment, tomorrow. It must be used now, or never. To catch each fleeting moment and wring wealth from it you must have a plan. Such a plan involves better living. It involves living more fully. It calls for a philosophy of life.

There are untold months of extra time awaiting you. You spend time each day going to and from work, maybe an hour each way. Whether you drive yourself, ride in buses, or strap-hang in subways, you still have this time. How do you use it? An hour is a month. Do you spend two months a year reading newspapers? Cut it down to a month. Use the other month in thinking about something constructive. What would you do, if you were suddenly given an extra month? Would you travel? Probably, but this is not a consecutive month. How wonderful, though, it would be if we could devote an hour a day to a thirty-day journey, and arrive at our destination at the end of a year, never having been more than an hour away from home at any time in the course of the trip. You can do better than this, you can be in London, with Boswell and Samuel Johnson, just by opening the covers of a book. Close the book, and *whisk*, you are home again. But this is not the same as real travel? Maybe not, but it is the only way you or anyone else can ever travel backward in time. What do you do during the four or five months you spend

after dinner? I know, you have important television and radio business to attend to, and there are children, and things to fix up around the house. Don't tell me, though, that you spend still another month reading the daily papers.

I know that you are resting your weary bones, as you should—and, by the way, don't forget to put your feet up, in the process. But are you resting your mind, too? Do you come home mentally fatigued? The mind is not a muscle, you know. And if you do have mental fatigue, it is doubtful that a bad book will rest it. If you are in the habit of dulling the mind for a couple of months a year with bad books, then here is another opportunity for you to stretch your year into one of 450 days or more.

You will find that the more you use the mind the more you can do with it, the better it will serve you, the wealthier you will be. And don't forget two minutes wasted is a day thrown away.

To Repeat

Let me, here, sum up the many important things you have decided to do, that you have agreed upon, the ideas you have accepted. Let this be a quick guide for the future, a reminder of the *new-you* you are going to be.

The Relation of Man to Nature

You know that man depends upon the green things for his very existence. You know that these derive their health and strength from the elements of the sun, earth, air and water, and that your dependence, also, is on these.

Sunning

You know that you draw your energy from the sun, not only through food but also through the skin itself. Sun is good. You can have too much of it, and you can have too

little of it. You will remember that it is the sun and the earth and the things you eat, that give you strength and the materials you need in order to maintain your body.

Eating for Health

You believe that health is something that is maintained or lost. You believe that health is natural, that un-health is un-natural. Health comes from the sun, air, earth and water, in the forms that are appropriate to your needs. The closer you are to the sources of those foods, the happier and healthier you will be. When foods are weak or inadequate, they may be strengthened and fortified. You believe that the earth is a living thing, and that it, too, can be healthy or unhealthy. You believe that healthy earth produces healthy vegetation and that these transmit their health to those who consume them.

Breathing

You have learned that breathing is not only a good thing, but that it can make you happier and healthier. Breathing is a habit, one you can't stop, but one you can improve. You have a set of lungs and you are going to use them from now on. You know what and where your diaphragm is, and you are going to use it as a massage for the contents of your chest and abdomen. You are going to breathe deeply, slowly and rhythmically, and you are going to wonder why you never did it before. You are going to stop cheating yourself of this world's most precious stuff.

Bathing

You'll establish a new Order of the Bath. You have learned the wonderful things that water can do. You have already begun to use water as a means to happiness and health instead of something to remove dirt, and wash down food with.

Relaxing

You are already embarked upon a sensible procedure of letting yourself go, of being serene and calm, of unrelaxing, getting rid of tension. You are going to use this technique as an antidote for the stresses of society and civilization. You know that today's relaxation can prevent tomorrow's recuperation.

Phobias

Have you any? These are blind things, such as fear of certain animals or hatred of certain people. They have correctable causes. Uncorrected, they will do you no good, and much harm. They are negative things. If you cannot cope with them, then you should see a person who is trained and skilled in analyzing and helping you to dispel them.

The Effect of Mind on Body

You know and will remember that conditions of the heart, the stomach, the nerves, the intestines, bladder, skin, and even speech, can be caused by bad habit of thought, control of the emotion, or stress and strain. These, when they are not "pill" problems, are psychological problems. You are the one who must control your own psychology. You can do it, and you will do it, because you have decided to harness your maturity to the problems of living. And don't think you're the only one. We all have them.

Understanding of Your Own Body

You have made an inventory of your physical assets and liabilities. You are not a hypochondriac. You are just a practical person who is going to have preventative work done now so that you will not have to have major work done later. You are going to save money, you are going

to save time, you are going to be healthier, and you are going to kick a lot of worry out the door and be happier. You are going to have the confidence and strength of a person who knows his body well and likes it. And from such knowledge you are going to draw unlimited courage to do your own living and your own loving.

Pretence

You will stop pretending you are anyone but yourself. You will stop imitating. You will let your conspicuous characteristics be the frame on which you will spread your character and your personality. You will accentuate your positives, even as Jimmy Durante does. You will stop pretending there is nothing the matter with you. You will stop making believe you are completely happy. You will stop pretending you are not worried about this confused world.

The Relation of Man to Other Men

You know that the freedom to have your own values is a privilege accorded you by your fellowmen, and that the very process requires that you accord them that privilege, too. This is the very essence of Democracy. It is also the straight road to greater happiness.

Making Friends

The way to have friends is to be friendly. This is a phase of loving. You have learned to do things. You have learned that there is sound truth, and no need for blushing, in the Scout good-deed theory. The opposite of helping, of loving people, is hating them, hurting them. There is no middle ground, just degrees of one or the other. Loving will make you happier and healthier. Hating will corrode your mind and body. It is good business to stop hating and start loving.

Love

Recognize the various kinds of love. Admit sex to your intelligent consciousness. Use it the way nature intended. But recognize, also that love is much more than sex, that mostly it is giving of yourself to others without hope or desire for reward. Admit that it is the feeling you have when someone does something for you without hope or desire for profit or approval. Love as many people as you can, but remember that loving is giving.

Understanding Emotion

Emotion can be controlled. It must be used. Emotion is the energy you need for doing constructive things. Emotion is also the energy that will run away with you and cause great damage. Remember Aunt Emma!

Control of Emotion

Occupation, being busy, these are the best consumers of, and controllers of emotional energy. These and love of truth, and love itself—the doing of things for others without desire of reward. Happiness and enthusiasm and optimism are fueled by emotion just as much as fear, hatred and worry.

The Oneness of the Human Being

You know that mind and body are one, that mind and body and emotion are one. You know that the body can affect the mind just as the mind can affect the body. You will not treat yourself as two different persons. Be twice as big as you were. Be twice as happy, twice as healthy.

The Advantage of Maturity

Maturity pays off. It will get you ahead in business. It will make you money. Maturity is the unconscious ability

to serve oneself and others without letting either get in the way of the other. Your boss does not want to be bothered with your personal affairs, nor does he want your efficiency reduced by them. Maturity will release you for bigger and better things.

Plans for the Future

Make a list of the things you want to do, and want to be. Pick out one that you can accomplish. Do it. Arrange the others in ascending order of difficulty and time required. Synchronize your plans to your time. Don't fail yourself on your first assignment.

Understand your pleasures and fears, your desires and your pains, and your prejudices.

Put them down neatly in black and white. Get to know them. Admit them. Analyze their origins, their sources of strength. Are they good for you or bad? Do they upset you? Talk about them with someone you love. See a minister, or a psychiatrist, if you don't understand some of them. Don't hide them. Don't let them burrow in your brain.

You Can Make Time

Plan your present time. Make some extra time. Remember that two minutes is a day. That an hour is a month. You can have thirteen months in your year without giving up any good thing you now do. Spend your time, use it. Don't waste it, and remember you can't save it.

Methinks She Doth Protest Too Much

Don't gossip. Don't be a rumor monger. Don't point the finger of scorn. Admit to yourself your own shortcomings, and let others do the same for themselves. You cannot shed your viles by making scapegoats wear your evils. We are

all imperfect, but you and I are getting less so every moment of every day, and we are going to live a long life and a happy and healthy one, and we are going to have more and more friends, because we have learned to love.

We have learned what intellectual objectivity is.

We have learned what emotional stability is.

We are now going to take all of these and shake them up into a grand melange of purpose and plan. This is the stuff, these are the things, out of which, from which, and by means of which we shall make a philosophy of life for being happier and healthier. And the fuel for all of this great program and prospect is going to be the action that supports our beliefs, and which is the emanating energy of our Faith.

Prayin' Time Is Over

Now we have had a long session, you and I. I have exorcised, I have preached, I have pleaded. I have prodded you. I have scolded you—*not too much, I hope*. I have tried to encourage you, to hold up the hope of reason. And having done all this, having lectured so long, I am reminded of the time I was on a southern lecture tour with my late-associate, Miss Brewster, one of America's first nutritionists and founder of Health-House in Seattle, Washington. We came to a town where they were having an evangelical meeting, and she and I went and were so pleased to see such happy and enthusiastic people.

I have never forgotten how one of the devout got up and testified about the goodness and kindness of the "Lawd" and ended his testimony by shouting in his great booming, vibrant voice, "*Brethren, prayin' time is over—this is doin' time!*" And, as though in response to his instruction, bedlam broke loose in the form of emotional release, the like of which I had never before seen.

So, like this evangelical follower, I now say to you,

"Readin' time is over—this is doin' time!" Yes, this is the time to do those things you *know* you should be doing. This is the time for doing what should be done about diet, about breathing, about exercise, about relaxation, about those habits of your life which could and *should be* better. This is the time to be up and doin' about your blueprint for life, your plan for living *better*.

As you turn this page, as you put down this book, may I hope that you are a more mature person than you were when you picked it up. You have gone over your body in *self-examination*. You have analyzed your own mind. You know what emotion is, and how it can be used for constructive action. You know that all of life comes from the sun, the earth, air and water; whether one counts and measures with atoms, vitamins and molecules, or whether one thinks in terms of force, beneficence and sunshine.

You know that you can Look Younger and Live Longer *if*, along with the agelessly beautiful and strong people of the world, you feed your inner spirit wisely and intelligently, as nature intended. Why do I do this? Why do I devote my life to this business of gentle reminder, admonishment, encouragement? It is because I have known how empty life can be without love, how forlorn the weak can be without the encouragement of the strong, how short time can be when it is measured immaturely, and of how wonderfully long and full even short times can be when they are ordered maturely.

So, hitch your ideals to a star, put a governor on your emotions, and let yourself go. *Prayin' time is over—this is doin' time*.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN *THE MILLIONAIRE'S CLUB*

Applicants for membership in *The Millionaire's Club* should be able to subscribe to at least half of the following claims:

1. I get as close to nature as possible.
2. When I can't get to the Riviera, I get my sun on "Tar Beach" or in a patch of sunlight on one of my floors.
3. Until I can get healthy foods grown in healthy soils, I shall continue fortifying my foods.
4. I have learned how to breathe deeply and diaphragmatically.
5. I use water for more than cleaning off dirt and washing down food. I have made a Spa of my bathroom.
6. I have taken a physical inventory of my Body-house, and I have taken my concerns to my family physician.
7. I have a flat midriff.
8. I have no abdominal consciousness.
9. I have learned to relax.
10. I have learned to laugh.
11. I begin and end all meals with fresh things.
12. I have analyzed my fears and phobias.
13. I have a plan for using my emotional energy.
14. I am addicted to the making and consuming of mental cocktails.
15. I am making a gallery of my mind and am filling it with imperishable masterpieces.
16. I no longer *mark* time, I *make* it.
17. I have put my opposable thumb to constructive and creative uses.
18. I have a Shangri-la of my own.
19. I have a philosophy of life, a plan for living.
20. I *feel* like a million.

If you can affirm ten of these statements then you are indeed a member in good standing of *The Millionaire's Club*. You have something that money can't buy. You will LOOK YOUNGER, you will LIVE LONGER. You will BE HAPPIER and will BE HEALTHIER.

. . . in the quiet of the evening, the day's work done,
I sit in the meadow and feel the breathing of nature.
I hear a melody, the melody of the future.
Oh ye millions, I embrace ye with a kiss for all the world.

Villa lo Turco
Taormina, Sicily
August, 1952

CHAPTER TEN

Happilogue

A Dream Come True

As I was finishing this book in Paris, a friend, Marion Preminger, received a letter from Thornton Wilder, the author of the famous book—*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, telling that Albert Schweitzer was doing organ recordings of Bach at a little town named Guensbach, near Strassburg. We must not, he said, miss this opportunity of seeing him. It had always been one of the great desires of my life to meet this noble man about whom the world is now talking so much and for such good reason. This is the man who has had so many marvelous careers as musician, doctor, philosopher, builder of hospitals in the jungle. I had always loved him for his devotion to the poor, benighted and the sick. Marion and I left for Strassburg the following day!

Guensbach, his birthplace, is the tiniest imaginable village—so small, in fact, is it, that even in Strassburg, half an hour away, they seemed never to have heard of it—didn't know where it was—couldn't find it on the map, but when we had driven for a short while, I suddenly realized

that we had arrived, and I also suddenly was reminded of the old fable of the "man who builds the better mouse trap," for if Guensbach is too small for people in Strassburg to know anything about it, it is still one of the great places of the world, and, lo and behold, to its door, who should have beaten a path, but two great sound-recording trucks that had come from half way around the world to put on a master disc for stamping for all time and all people, the marvelous organ interpretation of Bach, the like of which no one in the world has ever been able to do with more magic than this ageless genius.

The sound trucks were in front of a very small church, so we stopped there, too. As we got out of the car, we could hear the unmistakable strains of Bach. We tiptoed in, and there was Albert Schweitzer seated at the console of an organ which we learned later had been built to his own design and specifications, and for this very purpose. The piece over, he greeted and welcomed us. I was immediately struck by his strength and warmth. He reminded me of my father. The geometry of his face is fascinating, and I imagine he is a wonderful subject for sculptors—high forehead, bushy eyebrows and wiry hair, a magnificent mustache, a prominent but not overlarge nose, and a face full of planes, angles, elevations and valleys. His eyes are amazingly bright and understanding.

I was happy to find an old friend there, Antonio Brico. This marvelous musician—the only American, I believe, who has studied under Toscanini, Sibelius and Schweitzer—was there to help him with his recording.

It was one of the great experiences of my life. Everything—time and place—melted into the magnitude and the glory of the moment, as he played the chorale, "*Liebster Jesu Wir Sind Hier*." Time stopped. Marion and I were transfixed. All earthly tension seemed to cease to be. This

was the world of Albert Schweitzer. This was a heaven of musical event.

For years I had been following Dr. Schweitzer—physically and spiritually. Now, I had finally caught up with him. I could hardly believe my good fortune. To me, Schweitzer is one of those simple people who, by their simplicity, achieve greatness that is beyond any price. Here was a king of men—a prince of the people, whose only scepter and authority were the fingers with which he made music and mended the physical ills of the lowliest people of the blackest continent on earth. We were transformed that afternoon into healthier and happier beings—those of us who listened to him, by the miracle of his understanding and ability. What greater thing can humanity accomplish, I wondered, than to produce a man like this who can evoke in so many ways the highest spiritual aspirations of our greatest and best dreamers and doers.

The afternoon's recording over, we returned to the little house and shortly dinner was announced and we sat down to a spotless white table. Naturally, I was overcome with curiosity as to what and how the great Doctor Schweitzer would eat, but with one glance I knew. There was a green salad with tomatoes in a white porcelain bowl. With it, there were delicious cold cuts of meats with two kinds of cheese—Swiss and cottage. There was one cooked vegetable, a basket of grapes and, yes, there was a bottle of dry Rhine wine. This simple meal turned out to be a feast for me, the place, the food, the company.

Mrs. Schweitzer was the perfect hostess. I helped myself twice to everything. I found that he knew all about Bircher-Benner. Several of his doctors, he said, had studied the Bircher-Benner regime and he was loud in his praise—not only of Bircher-Benner, but also of Dr. Gerson of New York City. He said that the world probably owed more than it yet realized to the work that Dr.

Gerson had done that related nutrition to tumors. And he told me about the extent to which the natives will go in their effort to get salt. Along the shore the natives make salt through evaporation of sea water, but this salt is not shipped very far inland, and in the deep saltless interior the natives will pay anything to get some of this ocean salt—even going to the extent, he said, of selling their own children, not because they are lacking in love for them, but just because this great salt hunger is so overpowering.

There was a bowl of soya beans on the table, and I took some because I love them and told him that even in America protein foods were getting more and more expensive, only the rich can afford steak and roast, and for years I have looked for cheaper proteins and that the best I found and popularized were powdered skim-milk, dry food yeast and soya bean flour. He said that by the time these foods came to him from America, they would be too expensive. But he has now planted soya beans. He realizes they are a good protein, but the natives so far won't eat them, and all the arguments about how good and how healthful they are will not make them change their minds—they won't touch them. "So," I said, "what are you going to do?" And with a twinkle in his eyes, he said, "I'll do what Parmantier did when potatoes were first introduced into France—potatoes came to Europe, you know, from America. The French people did not like their taste and refused to eat them at all. But then Parmantier had a brilliant idea. Right in the city of Paris he fenced off a block of land and sent out word that he was planting something extraordinary and did not want anyone to have any of it. The fenced up block on the rue Sablon in the Bois de Boulogne was surrounded by great mystery, and sure enough, little by little, all the Frenchmen in the neighbor-

hood stole a few of the hard-to-get vegetables, planted them, and so it went on until almost everybody grew them and loved them. And that," said Dr. Schweitzer, "is what I'll do to my soya beans."

I heard so many interesting stories from this wise man who, naturally, has a great sense of humor. I was filled with great desire to capture all I saw and heard, and so I used my eyes for the purpose of making mental photographs of him, and the little home in which I found him, and I recorded with my ears the sounds that I heard—the music, his voice, his laughter, and I am happy to say that these photographs and recordings are with me at this moment, as I write, and will be with me for the rest of my life, enriching and enlivening moments that would otherwise be dull and drab.

I cannot urge you too greatly or too much to record your great experiences, to make them forever available to yourself. Do make pictures of the things you see, do record the sounds that you have heard and like, and do also transmit these things to others—that they may share your joys and pleasures.

I must confess that when we had left the little church to walk back to the house, I was quite speechless. After dinner, as we sat in the living room, Dr. Schweitzer showed us a large oil painting of his hospital, which had in the course of the years grown from a very small building. Now it is a great institutional haven and heaven, administering to the health and happiness of the poor natives. I was very much interested in the many interesting and unusual trees that appeared in the picture, and especially of the number of animals. I had read the book that Dr. Schweitzer had written about animals and knew how wonderful he was to them. So I asked about the pelican and, as he pointed to a pelican in the foreground of the picture, he laughed and told us that this bird

had appointed himself night watchman of the hospital. And then he went on to say that ever since the hospital had been built, this pelican had appeared every single evening, stayed all night long until daybreak, and disappeared. Night after night, without fail, it had come to guard the building. Not only that, it had adopted one of the native workers with whom it talked, and Dr. Schweitzer said that no one who had never seen it and heard it could possibly believe the incident, in the manner in which these two—the black native and this big pelican—jabbered back and forth at each other in apparent perfect understanding. He said they even seemed to argue sometimes, and often times the pelican got the better of him. Dr. Schweitzer said something that I have always believed—that the best way to make a real friend of an animal is to talk to him.

How I wished my readers could have had this pleasant experience. Here was a man, a big muscular man. He eats intelligently, and he relaxes you with his presence. The world comes to see him—the Queen of Belgium was there a few days before—but he remains utterly simple and modest. He is ageless. He works day and night, and his only purpose in life is to help the sick, the poor, the down-trodden. What a lesson for you, for me, for all the people of the world. This is the purpose of life.

Hotel Lancaster
Paris
September, 1952

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Diets, Menus and Recipes

"APPETEASERS"

Here are a few new recipes which I add to *Be Happier, Be Healthier* because they are really delicious, full of vitamins, minerals and chlorophyll—and what is more important, they are colorful, good-looking and attractive. I also suggest them as *health insurance* for those unfortunate ladies and gentlemen who must put up with a lot of overcooked and badly prepared meals. And last, but not least, these "appeteasers" are easily made in those liquifier-blenders which often stand unused on the bottom shelf of many cupboards, soda fountains and bars. Whether you are at 21, the Colony or the corner drug store, these "appeteasers" can be made in a jiffy—just ask for them.

Chlorophyll Cocktail

Put one cup of unsweetened grapefruit juice in your liquifier-blender, add one small handful of parsley, another of dark green, outside lettuce leaves and three large stalks of celery (leaves and all). Turn on the unit, and as

quick as you can say "Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A." you have mixed the vitamins, the minerals, the *chlorophyll* from those ordinary green things, and you have a Green-Gold Cocktail fit for a millionaire. DRINK IT FRESH right from the "mill," or refrigerate it and serve cool before meals, between meals, or any time you feel low and need "fortifying."

Sunshine Cocktail

Put one cup of orange juice in your blender. Cut into it three Golden Carrots, three large sticks of celery without leaves, mix for one minute, strain and enjoy. Save the *strainings* for Fido and mix with his meat. You drink the *golden liquid* fresh!

Orange Almond Drink

For something more nourishing—between meals, or for busy *breakfasters* who should not, but do, take breakfast on the run, here's a drink that sticks to the ribs and contains real nourishment.

Place one cup of orange juice, or any of your favorite fruit juices, into the liquifier-blender—add one handful of blanched almonds, a tablespoonful of wheat germ, and a teaspoonful of honey. Mix for one minute, and drink through a straw. P.S., if you are not in the money you can use any kind of nuts, even peanuts will do if you don't have to watch your middle.

If you have no electric liquifier-blender for mixing these drinks, here are two you can make with an ordinary cocktail shaker or Mason jar. Place a cup of tomato juice in the shaker and add one teaspoon of celery-flavored yeast flakes, one teaspoon of chopped parsley, and one teaspoonful of chopped chives—a pinch of vegetable-sized salt and two pieces of ice. Shake well and serve at your next cocktail party and watch the people rave.

Yogurt Cocktail

Place one cup of yogurt, two cups of tomato juice, into shaker. Add seasoning—a pinch of caraway seeds, a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion, a pinch of vegetable-sized salt, two pieces of ice, AND SHAKE WELL. This is EXCELLENT for non-drinkers at cocktail parties.

Lean Cheese-Dressing

In Beverly Hills, in New York, in Taormina, or in Paris or Rome, whenever and wherever I served big platters of young raw vegetables—like celery sticks, bits of cauliflower, tender carrots, fenchu slices, green and red pepper slices, small red and yellow tomatoes—everybody raved! Try these appetizers (they tease and don't spoil your appetite) at your next cocktail party or as a first course in your new design for living better.

Here is a *dee-licious* low-caloried sauce to dip the vegetables into: mix cottage cheese and yogurt to the consistency of thick mayonnaise, add to this a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of finely chopped onions, add vegetable-sized salt to taste, mix well, and WATCH your guests dip it up—but quick.

Gayelord Hauser Bread

There is a new and delicious bread appearing in many cities. It is made according to my formula, and it bears my name. I tried it out on many of my friends and they all agreed it is the best bread they ever ate. Lillian Gish carried a loaf of it all over New York and told her grocer to get it for her. Greta Garbo kept four loaves in her refrigerator and reports it was good until the last slice disappeared. Mrs. Thurman Arnold, the famous hostess of Washington, D. C., raved about it. Grandmother Reynolds said it's the best ever. But until some first-class baker in

your city starts to make this bread, I suggest you experiment when you bake at home. Use your own bread recipe but substitute unbleached flour for white flour and try adding a tablespoon each of wheat germ, brewers' yeast, skim milk powder and soya flour for each loaf you bake. All these nutritious foods added to your bread make it more delicious. It's not white, it's not brown, it's a golden beige and excellent when toasted. TRY IT!

Eighteen-Karat Orange Cookies

Here's an excellent "orange diamond" you can make for the children. It contains real nourishment and is extremely healthful.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
2 cups brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup wheat germ
2 unbeaten eggs	1 cup shredded coconut
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	1 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
	1 cup orange juice

Cook butter and sugar together over low flame until mixture bubbles. Cool. Add unbeaten eggs and beat thoroughly. Add vanilla, mix, and add dry ingredients alternately with orange juice. The mixture should be quite thin. If necessary, add more orange juice. Pour onto greased cookie-sheet and bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. Cut diagonally in diamonds while still warm. Place this dainty dish before your little *Kings* and *Queens* and see how long they last.

April Fool Whipped Cream (Lean whipped cream)

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered skim milk, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vanilla, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Place water in mixing bowl and mix with vanilla and lemon juice. Now sprinkle dried skim

milk over liquid and mix with rotary beater or electric liquifier-blender until mixture is stiff (between 6 and 8 minutes). Finally, sprinkle sugar over mixture and blend until mixture is stiff (about 3 minutes). P.S., use ice-cold water, it will whip more quickly. You can use this on coffee or cake, or both, without *conscience* trouble.

THE ONE DAY HEALTH HOLIDAY FOR BUSY PEOPLE

Years ago I searched for a way to make up for dietetic carelessness, and other carelessness, such as lack of sleep, lack of relaxation. I came to the conclusion that the best way to make up for such losses is to declare one day out of every week a health holiday, a rest cure. Everybody knows that, after a day of rest, both body and spirit are lighter and brighter, and for that reason yearly vacations have become a national good habit; but two weeks or even a month every year is not enough in these days of "high tension" living. Why wait until you are so exhausted that you cannot relax and let go on your vacation? There is good scientific reasoning that smaller and more frequent meals are better for busy people, and over a period of thirty years, I have become convinced that short and more frequent rest periods are health-giving and prolong our youthfulness. Give yourself this one day a week rest cure. Make it any day in the week, or Sunday if that is your only day away from the job, but go all the way. Not only does the brain need a rest but the entire man needs a rest; especially, the "inner man" needs a holiday from overeating.

On this day, be as lazy as possible, stay in bed as long as you like, shut off the telephone and talk as little as possible (if women only knew how much energy is wasted through idle chitchat and gossip, they'd stop at once). In other words, this is your day to relax—relax, let go of all tension.

See your lesson on relaxation and take the Body Slant two or three times during the day; it's your chance to stop that constant downward pull. This is probably the laziest, best, and easiest of all exercises. Just lie there, be alone in your room and rest your weary bones. Let go, and as you lie there you might as well use one of the simplest and most wonderful forces to youthify the body—breathe, breathe, breathe slowly and gently breathe in through your nose, then slowly, and a little longer, breathe out through the mouth. Do this for five minutes three times a day, or whenever you are relaxing. Remember that every time you breathe in, you are breathing in life-prolonging oxygen; and when you are breathing out, you are expelling waste. But what is more important for you, and this is not wishful thinking, deep rhythmic breathing gives a gentle massage to the inner organs, and every cell of the body receives the benefit of this increased amount of fresh air. If you have dark circles under your eyes, they will become less and less noticeable and finally disappear. Here is hoping that all health clubs, beauty farms, and institutions adopt and use this simple, consciously controlled form of deep, slow rhythmic breathing. It is by far the best exercise to prevent the inner organs from premature aging. I also hope that all intelligent men and women, especially those who work under tension, will occasionally stop and do a few rhythmic breaths during their working hours. So I urge you, on this your One Day Health Holiday, to let go and breathe in as much fresh air as possible; nothing is as helpful to clear one's brain and revive one's spirit.

Your menu for this *gesundheits-tag* should be light, to give an overworked digestive tract a rest. You will overeat the vitamin-rich, mineral-rich foods, and you will undereat the hard-to-digest and fattening foods for *just one day*. Your "inner man," which includes your stomach, liver, and gall bladder, and 28 feet of abused intestines, will get

a breather. This is an easy diet to follow; even weak sisters and overeaters in general can follow it with ease. You may be cheating your appetite, but your "inner man" is having a feast of vitamins, minerals, enzymes, easy-to-digest proteins—and the result will be that you look better and feel better the very next day.

If I can inspire you to make this one-day-a-week rest cure part of your busy life, I know that you will be as enthusiastic about it as are thousands of my students all over the world. And here, sir or madame, is your menu to choose from:

fresh fruits, fruit juices, fresh vegetables, salads,
liquid salads, yogurt, cottage cheese, buttermilk,
molasses and honey.

hot beverages: peppermint tea, papaya tea, strawberry tea, fortified milk, fresh coffee.

And this is how it can be arranged. Remember to stay in bed as long as you like—pamper yourself. Let your husband, your mother-in-law, or your maid bring you a glass of orange or grapefruit juice or tomato juice—as much as you like—and drink it through a straw. Now go and snooze some more, even if you do not sleep. Just lie there as relaxed and carefree as a rag doll, breathe slowly and deeply for three minutes, don't answer the telephone, and above all don't talk. Be a miser with your energy *one* day a week.

BREAKFAST: Whenever you want it—your choice: peppermint tea, papaya tea, strawberry tea, New Orleans cup, Fresh Coffee sweetened with honey (no cream today, let the gall bladder rest).

MIDMORNING: If hungry during the morning—your choice: tomato juice or sauerkraut and tomato juice (half and half) or

celery juice or carrot juice or liquid salad or fortified milk

LUNCHEON: Any time you like—you are no slave to time today:

Hot clear broth or liquid salad

Large salad

Your choice of: any fresh vegetables, chopped very fine, with yogurt dressing (the finer you chop it the less work for the "inner man"), or sauerkraut salad sprinkled with lemon and caraway seeds, or glass of yogurt flavored with molasses and honey

Hot beverage, as for breakfast

MIDAFTERNOON: Same as midmorning, or hot tea with lemon—try some of the fragrant herb teas

DINNER: Liquid salad or hot broth

Four tablespoons fresh cottage cheese sprinkled with chives or parsley or green onions or caraway seeds (a bit of lemon if desired), or large finely chopped carrot salad with half-cup thick yogurt dressing

Beverage: your choice of: fortified milk, yogurt, herb tea or demitasse

BEDTIME: So there is no possible chance of cheating your body of any of the important vitamins or minerals, fortify yourself with the vitamins and minerals your doctor has prescribed. Drink down with a cup of fortified hot milk flavored with a teaspoon each of blackstrap molasses and brewers' yeast for vitamin B and more protein.

Here's hoping you took the Body Slant and that you relaxed and breathed deeply for fifteen minutes, at least. If so, you can say good night to your conscience and fall into *deep* sleep—no tossing tonight! I recommend this one day rest cure to all busy executives, and to thinking men and women who believe that a day of prevention is worth a year of recuperation.

MY SEVEN DAY ELIMINATION DIET

My Seven Day Elimination Diet is a Seven Day Housecleaning, a putting of one's house in order. It restores to the tissues and fluids of the body much-needed vitamins and minerals, and affords an opportunity for the body to eliminate accumulated waste products.

You can go on this Seven Day Elimination Diet (actually it is a feast) whenever you feel the need for a thorough cleansing. Springtime is ideal, for the first vegetables and fruits coming from the garden are especially rich in vitamins and minerals. But here in countries where we have fresh fruits and vegetables the year around, the diet can be taken at any time of the year. I, myself, and thousands of my students, go on the Seven Day Elimination Diet twice a year: before Easter and again in the fall. I am convinced that such periodic cleansings and removal of body wastes can prevent much suffering and premature aging.

Here, then, are the foods which you can eat to your heart's content for seven days and at the same time give your body a Seven Day Housecleaning:

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SEVEN DAY ELIMINATION DIET

BREAKFAST: Upon arising, after cleansing your mouth, drink a large glass of fruit juice, preferably fresh, such as

orange, grapefruit, pineapple, or apple juice. In addition to the fruit juice, you have have one or two cups of fragrant herb tea such as peppermint, strawberry, or papaya tea. These can be flavored with a bit of honey and a slice of lemon. It is best to do without coffee. However, if you simply cannot get along without it, have one cup of fresh coffee and drink it clear. Should the fruit juice and a hot beverage not satisfy you, you might add some fresh or stewed fruit sweetened with a little honey.

DURING THE MORNING: If you want something more substantial, have a cup of yogurt, plain or flavored. You could also have a "finger salad" consisting of celery sticks, carrot sticks, slice of green pepper or bits of cauliflower flavored with vegetable salt. If chewing is a problem, have a glass of vegetable juice.

LUNCHEON: One cup of hot broth, a fresh fruit or vegetable salad, a dish of yogurt, hot tea with lemon.

DURING THE AFTERNOON: A glass of your favorite fruit or vegetable juice, fresh if possible. If something hot is wanted, one cup of peppermint tea with lemon and honey.

DINNER: A cup of broth, one cooked vegetable, a fresh green salad, a cup of herb tea or demitasse.

BEDTIME: Take a 20-minute warm relaxing bath. If bowels do not move freely, take some mild herbal laxative. If hungry, have some fresh fruit, fruit juice, or fat-free yogurt.

You can make up your own menus from the list of fruits and vegetables that follows, or you can follow the day-by-day plan given further on. *The pint of yogurt which I have added to the daily menu is of great help, but do not use more than a pint if you are overweight, and be sure to remove the cream from the milk.*

HERE ARE THE FRUITS TO CHOOSE FROM

1st Choice: Oranges, grapefruit, pineapple (whole or in juice form), lemon and lime juices in water.

2nd Choice: Apples, peaches, grapes, pears, apricots, and all berries.

3rd Choice: All melons, also papayas, pomegranates, and persimmons. (No bananas during this week.)

HERE ARE THE VEGETABLES TO CHOOSE FROM

1st Choice: Celery, carrots, spinach, parsley, beet tops, watercress, and okra.

2nd Choice: Celery roots, cucumbers, asparagus, green and red peppers, bean sprouts, and eggplant.

3rd Choice: Red and white cabbage, sauerkraut, cauliflower, beets, zucchini, and young peas.

Cooked vegetables can be seasoned with soy sauce, not butter.

Don't let yourself get hungry. If you are working, take some fresh fruit, some celery and carrots to the office, so that you will have something to eat during the morning and afternoon.

First Day

BREAKFAST: Large glass orange juice or grapefruit juice

Hot beverage: your choice of: peppermint, papaya, or strawberry tea with a bit of honey. Clear coffee, if you must.

If still hungry, you may add some fruit as melon, berries, peaches or apples; pears, fresh or baked.

MIDMORNING: Your choice of any *one* of the following:

Fresh fruit in season or fruit juice (no bananas)

Raw vegetables in season or vegetable juice

Sauerkraut juice or tomato and sauer-

kraut juice (equal amounts mixed—
an excellent reducing cocktail)

Yogurt (not more than three cups a
day)

If you prefer something hot, your
choice of: hot Hauser Broth, hot to-
mato juice, hot herbs tea (pepper-
mint, papaya, strawberry), weak tea
with lemon—sweetened only with a
bit of honey or brown sugar. Clear
coffee, if you must.

LUNCHTIME: Hot Hauser Broth or tomato juice
Yogurt—one cup
Salad: cucumber, lettuce, green pepper
(or your own combination), with
yogurt dressing
Choice of hot beverage as above

MIDAFTERNOON: Same as midmorning

DINNERTIME: Hot Hauser Broth
Spinach, or other greens, steamed with
thin slices of onion
Yogurt
Baked apple
Choice of hot beverage as above

BEDTIME: Same as midmorning

*Check up on your elimination. Take a simple herbal laxative
when needed.*

Second Day

BREAKFAST: Large glass orange or grapefruit juice
Hot beverage: your choice of: pepper-
mint, papaya, or strawberry tea with
a bit of honey. Clear coffee, if you
must.

If still hungry, you may add some fruit as melon, berries, peaches or apples; pears, fresh or baked.

MIDMORNING: Your choice of any *one* of the following:

Fresh fruit in season (no bananas) or fruit juice

Raw vegetables in season or vegetable juice

Sauerkraut juice or tomato and sauerkraut juice (equal amounts mixed—an excellent reducing cocktail)

Yogurt (not more than three cups a day)

If you prefer something hot, your choice of: one or two cups hot Hauser Broth, hot tomato juice, hot herb tea (peppermint, papaya, strawberry), weak tea with lemon—sweetened only with a bit of honey or brown sugar. Clear coffee, if you must.

LUNCHTIME: Hot Hauser Broth or tomato juice

Yogurt—one cup

Salad: pineapple, carrot, and raisins

Choice of hot beverage as above

MIDAFTERNOON: Same as midmorning

DINNERTIME: Hot Hauser Broth

Steamed cauliflower

Salad: celery hearts and strips of green peppers

Yogurt

Fresh or broiled grapefruit

Choice of hot beverage as above

BEDTIME: Same as midmorning.

Check up on your elimination. Take a simple herbal laxative when needed.

Third Day

BREAKFAST: Large glass orange or grapefruit juice
Hot beverage: your choice of: pepper mint, papaya, or strawberry tea with a bit of honey. Clear coffee, if you must.

If still hungry, you may add some fruit, as melon, berries, peaches or apples; pears, fresh or baked.

MIDMORNING: Your choice of any *one* of the following:

Fresh fruit in season (no bananas) or fruit juice

Raw vegetables in season or vegetable juice

Sauerkraut juice or tomato and sauerkraut juice (equal amounts mixed—an excellent reducing cocktail)

Yogurt (not more than three cups a day)

If you prefer something hot, your choice of: one or two cups hot Hauser Broth, hot tomato juice, hot herb tea (peppermint, papaya, strawberry), weak tea with lemon—sweetened only with a bit of honey or brown sugar. Clear coffee, if you must.

LUNCHTIME: Hot Hauser Broth or tomato juice
Salad: cabbage and pineapple with yogurt dressing

Yogurt

Choice of hot beverage as above

MIDAFTERNOON: Same as midmorning

DINNERTIME: Hot Hauser Broth
Broiled eggplant (inch-thick slices) or
summer squash
Salad: sliced cucumbers
Yogurt
Fresh or stewed fruit
Choice of hot beverage as above

BEDTIME: Same as midmorning

Check up on your elimination. Take a simple herbal laxative when needed.

Fourth Day

BREAKFAST: Large glass orange or grapefruit juice
Hot beverage: your choice of: pepper-
mint, papaya, or strawberry tea with
a bit of honey. Clear coffee, if you
must.
If still hungry, you may add some fruit
as melon, berries, peaches or apples;
pears, fresh or baked

MIDMORNING: Your choice of any *one* of the follow-
ing:
Fresh fruit in season (no bananas), or
fruit juice
Raw vegetables in season or vegetable
juice
Sauerkraut juice or tomato and sauer-
kraut juice (equal amounts mixed—
an excellent reducing cocktail)
Yogurt (not more than three cups a
day)

If you prefer something hot, your choice of: one or two cups of hot Hauser Broth, hot tomato juice, hot herb tea (peppermint, papaya, strawberry), weak tea with lemon—sweetened only with a bit of money or brown sugar. Clear coffee, if you must.

LUNCHTIME: Hot Hauser Broth or tomato juice
Salad: apple, celery, and orange diced
Yogurt
Choice of hot beverage as above

MIDAFTERNOON: Same as midmorning

DINNERTIME: Hot Hauser Broth
Stewed tomatoes
Finger salad: celery and carrot sticks
and green onions
Yogurt
Berries or fruit in season
Choice of hot beverage as above

BEDTIME: Same as midmorning

Check up on your elimination. Take a simple herbal laxative when needed.

Fifth Day

BREAKFAST: Large glass orange or grapefruit juice
Hot beverage: your choice of: peppermint, papaya, or strawberry tea, with a bit of honey. Clear coffee, if you must.
If still hungry, you may add some fresh fruit as melon, berries, peaches or apples; pears, fresh or baked.

- MIDMORNING:** Your choice of any *one* of the following:
Fresh fruit in season or fruit juice (no bananas)
Raw vegetables in season or vegetable juice
Sauerkraut juice or tomato and sauerkraut juice (equal amounts mixed—an excellent reducing cocktail)
Yogurt (not more than three cups a day)
If you prefer something hot, your choice of: one or two cups hot Hauser Broth, hot tomato juice, hot herb tea (peppermint, papaya, strawberry), weak tea with lemon—sweetened only with a bit of honey or brown sugar. Clear coffee, if you must.
- LUNCHTIME:** Hot Hauser Broth or tomato juice
Yogurt
Salad: fruit salad
Choice of hot beverage as above
- MIDAFTERNOON:** Same as midmorning
- DINNERTIME:** Hot Hauser Broth
Vegetable Chop Suey (equal amounts of diced celery, onions, and bean sprouts when available, seasoned with soy sauce)
Salad: sliced tomatoes
Yogurt
Peaches or fruit in season
Choice of hot beverage as above
- BEDTIME:** Same as midmorning

Check up on your elimination. Take a simple herbal laxative when needed.

Sixth Day

BREAKFAST: Large glass orange or grapefruit juice
 Hot beverage: your choice of: peppermint, papaya, or strawberry tea with a bit of honey. Clear coffee, if you must.

If still hungry, you may add some fruit as melon, berries, peaches or apples; pears, fresh or baked.

MIDMORNING: Your choice of any *one* of the following:

Fresh fruit in season or fruit juice (no bananas)

Raw vegetables in season or vegetable juice

Sauerkraut juice or tomato and sauerkraut juice (equal amounts mixed—an excellent reducing cocktail)

Yogurt (not more than three cups a day)

If you prefer something hot, your choice of: one or two cups hot Hauser Broth, hot tomato juice, hot herb tea (peppermint, papaya, strawberry), weak tea with lemon—sweetened only with honey or brown sugar. Clear coffee, if you must.

LUNCHTIME: Hot Hauser Broth or tomato juice
 Yogurt

Finger salad: cauliflower buds, green onions, carrot and celery sticks, and other raw vegetables in season

Choice of hot beverage as above

MIDAFTERNOON: Same as midmorning

DINNERTIME: Hot Hauser Broth
Stew of tomatoes, onions, and green
peppers—okra if available
Salad: chopped pineapple, carrot, and
cabbage
Yogurt
Fresh pears or fruit in season
Choice of hot beverage as above

BEDTIME: Same as midmorning

Check up on your elimination. Take a simple herbal laxative when needed.

Seventh Day

BREAKFAST: Large glass orange or grapefruit juice
Hot beverage: your choice of: pepper-
mint, papaya, or strawberry tea with
a bit of honey. Clear coffee, if you
must.

If still hungry, you may add some fresh
fruit as melon, berries, peaches or
apples; pears, fresh or baked.

MIDMORNING: Your choice of any *one* of the follow-
ing:

Fresh fruit in season or fruit juice (no
bananas)

Raw vegetables in season or vegetable
juice

Sauerkraut juice or tomato and sauer-
kraut juice (equal amounts mixed—
an excellent reducing cocktail)

Yogurt (not more than three cups a
day)

If you prefer something hot, your
choice of: one or two cups hot
Hauser Broth, hot tomato juice, hot

herb tea (peppermint, papaya, strawberry), weak tea with lemon—sweetened only with honey or brown sugar. Clear coffee, if you must.

LUNCHTIME: Hot Hauser Broth or tomato juice
Yogurt
Salad: raw sauerkraut with lemon juice
Choice of hot beverage as above

MIDAFTERNOON: Same as midmorning

DINNERTIME: Hot Hauser Broth
Cooked young green peas
Salad: chopped celery hearts and watercress and orange
Yogurt
Sliced pineapple or fruit in season
Choice of hot beverage as above

BEDTIME: Same as midmorning

Check up on your elimination. Take a simple herbal laxative when needed.

Hauser Broth

1 cup finely shredded celery, leaves and all
1 cup finely shredded carrots
½ cup shredded spinach
1 tablespoon shredded parsley
1 teaspoon vegetable salt
1 quart water
1 cup tomato juice
Brown sugar or honey

Put all shredded vegetables into the quart of water, cover and cook slowly for about 25 minutes, then add tomato juice, a teaspoon vegetable salt, and a pinch of

brown sugar or honey. Let cook for a few more minutes. Strain and serve.

Should you be hungry as a bear and *not* overweight, you may eat the broth unstrained. Added vegetable juices give variety and flavor to the broth. If you are unable to buy them and do not possess a juicer, you may add any of your favorite vegetables or herbs. Some days add a bit of onion (fresh or dried flakes), green peppers, beet tops, chives, etc. This broth has been a "comfort to thousands" as Billie Burke once wrote. It has been used by many of the Fifth Avenue beauty studios. If you are unable to prepare this broth, you can use any prepared dry vegetable broth and heat it to simmering point in tomato juice. Or you can buy canned mixed vegetable juice, flavor it with vegetable salt, and heat, but do not boil.

THE PARK EAST DIET

Monday

BREAKFAST

	<i>Calories</i>
1 large glass orange juice	105
2 poached eggs and slice of bacon	200
1 slice fortified toast, butter or margarine	90
Cafe au lait (half coffee, half hot milk) with 1 teaspoon sugar	100
Breakfast calories	<hr/> 495

Mid-Morning

1 glass unsweetened fruit juice, or milk	100 or 160
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LUNCHEON

Fruit salad with cottage cheese ($\frac{1}{2}$ banana, $\frac{1}{2}$ apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, pineapple

	<i>Calories</i>
cubes, and 2 tablespoons cottage cheese) with lemon juice dressing	180
1 slice whole wheat toast or 2 rye crackers, buttered	90
Milk or yogurt, or cafe au lait	160 or 100
Luncheon calories	370 or 430

DINNER

Water-cress and tomato salad (lemon juice or wine vinegar and oil dressing)	40
4-ounce serving pan-broiled liver	220
1 medium baked potato with butter	140
String beans (short-cooked with herbs)	15
1 slice buttered wheat germ bread	90
1 portion ice cream	165
Coffee or tea, 1 teaspoon sugar and milk	35
Dinner calories	705

Bedtime

1 cup fortified milk drink, warm or cold, or	
Yogurt with molasses or honey	200
Total calories for today	1,870 to 1,990

*Tuesday**BREAKFAST*

	<i>Calories</i>
½ grapefruit	105
2 eggs, boiled or poached	150
1 slice buttered fortified toast	90
Cafe au lait	100
Breakfast calories	445

Mid-Morning

1 glass unsweetened fruit juice, or milk	100 or 160
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LUNCHEON

	<i>Calories</i>
Tuna fish salad with lettuce and tomato, and French dressing	250
1 slice buttered rye toast	90
Milk or yogurt, or cafe au lait	160 or 100
Luncheon calories	440 or 500

DINNER

Lettuce and tomato salad, with French dressing	100
2 broiled hamburger patties (if home, fortify with wheat germ and chopped parsley)	325
1 potato cooked in jacket	100
Green beans, short-cooked	15
1 slice fortified bread, buttered	90
Fresh fruit cup	75
Coffee or tea	35
Dinner calories	740

Bedtime

1 cup fortified milk drink, warm or cold, or	
Yogurt with molasses or honey	200
Total calories for today	1,925 to 2,045

*Wednesday**BREAKFAST*

	<i>Calories</i>
1 large glass orange juice	105
1 cup whole wheat cereal, or oatmeal (if home, fortify with wheat germ).	

	<i>Calories</i>
Flavor with milk and brown sugar or honey	220
1 slice buttered toast	90
Cafe au lait	100
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Breakfast calories	515

Mid-Morning

1 glass unsweetened fruit juice, or milk	100 or 160
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LUNCHEON

Avocado salad, with tomato, lettuce, and French dressing	300
1 slice rye toast, buttered	90
Milk or yogurt, or cafe au lait	160 or 100
	<hr/>
Luncheon calories	490 or 500

DINNER

Finger salad (carrot sticks, celery, green pepper, etc.)	35
Cheese omelet	225
1 slice fortified bread, buttered	90
Green peas (fresh or fresh-frozen, cooked with herbs)	50
1 portion ice cream	165
Coffee or tea	35
	<hr/>
Dinner calories	600

Bedtime

1 cup fortified milk drink, warm or cold, or	
Yogurt with molasses or honey	200
	<hr/>
Total calories for today	1,905 to 2,025

Thursday

BREAKFAST

	Calories	
1 large glass orange juice	105	
Prepared cereal with sliced banana or berries in season (2 ounces milk, ½ banana). Sweeten, if desired, with honey or brown sugar	270	
Cafe au lait	100	
	<hr/>	
Breakfast calories		475

Mid-Morning

1 glass unsweetened fruit juice, or milk	100 or 160
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LUNCHEON

Grilled cheese sandwich (wheat germ or fortified bread)	275	
Milk or yogurt, or cafe au lait	160 or 100	
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Luncheon calories	375 or 435	

DINNER

Tomato juice, 6 ounces	40	
2 broiled frankfurters	200	
Baked beans in tomato sauce	110	
Sauerkraut	20	
1 cup custard	150	
1 slice rye bread and butter	90	
	<hr/>	
Dinner calories		610

Bedtime

1 cup fortified milk drink, warm or cold, or		
Yogurt with molasses or honey	200	
	<hr/>	
Total calories for today	1,760 to 1,880	

*Friday**BREAKFAST*

	<i>Calories</i>	
½ cup stewed prunes with lemon juice	150	
1 boiled egg	75	
1 slice fortified toast with butter	90	
Cafe au lait	100	
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Breakfast calories		415

Mid-Morning

1 glass unsweetened fruit juice, or milk	100 or 160
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LUNCHEON

New England clam chowder (large bowl with milk, potato, clams, etc.)	300
1 slice buttered rye toast	90
Milk or yogurt, or cafe au lait	160 or 100
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Luncheon calories	490 to 550

DINNER

Tossed green salad	60
1 slice broiled halibut	200
Cole slaw	40
New potato with parsley	100
Broiled tomato	30
1 slice fortified bread and butter	90
Rice pudding with raisins and cinnamon	150
Coffee or tea	35
	<hr/>
Dinner calories	705

Bedtime

1 cup fortified milk drink, warm or cold, or	
Yogurt with molasses or honey	200
	<hr/>
Total calories for today	1,910 to 2,030

*Saturday**BREAKFAST*

	<i>Calories</i>
1 large glass orange juice	105
1 scrambled egg with English muffin and butter and marmalade	275
Cafe au lait	100
Breakfast calories	<hr/> 480

Mid-Morning

1 glass unsweetened fruit juice, or milk	100 or 160
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LUNCHEON

Lean hamburger on rye toast	240
Milk or yogurt, or cafe au lait	160 or 100
Luncheon calories	<hr/> 340 to 400

DINNER

Shrimp cocktail in sauce	70
Broiled steak with mushrooms	400
Baked potato with butter	140
Broccoli	20
Tossed green salad with French dressing	60
1 small roll with butter	90
1 small slice melon	35
Demitasse, no sugar	0
Dinner calories	<hr/> 815

Bedtime

1 cup fortified milk drink, warm or cold, or	
Yogurt with molasses or honey	200
Total calories for today	<hr/> 1,935 to 2,055

*Sunday**BRUNCH*

	<i>Calories</i>	
1 large glass orange juice	105	
Pancakes made with enriched flour, fortified with 2 tablespoons skim-milk powder; butter, honey or maple syrup	310	
Cafe au lait	100	
Brunch calories	<hr/>	515

DINNER

Clear consomme	10	
Roast chicken	225	
Brown rice	100	
Peas, short-cooked with herbs	50	
2 tablespoons gravy	40	
Head-lettuce salad with French dressing	60	
1 slice wheat germ or fortified bread, butter	90	
Portion of ice cream	165	
Demitasse, no sugar	0	
Dinner calories	<hr/>	740

SUPPER

Welsh rabbit on toast	330	
1 pear cooked in wine	150	
Coffee or tea	35	
Supper calories	<hr/>	515

Bedtime

1 cup fortified milk drink, warm or cold, or		
Yogurt with molasses or honey	200	
Total calories for today	<hr/>	1,970

TV REDUCING DIET

FIRST WEEK

Monday

BREAKFAST

	Calories
Orange juice, 6 oz.	75
One poached egg	75
One slice fortified bread, lightly toasted and thinly spread with butter or margarine	85
Swiss coffee	45
Total breakfast calories	290

Mid-Morning

Fortify yourself with delicious, flavored lean milk, large glass	130
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LUNCH

Clam chowder or vegetable soup, 1 cup	70
1 hamburger sandwich on rye or wheat germ toast, lightly spread with butter or margarine with tomato slices	230
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup fortified lean milk, hot or cold, with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup black coffee	100
Total lunch calories	400

Appetite Controller

Orange juice, 4 oz. (To be taken 30 to 60 minutes before dinner)	55
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DINNER

Lettuce and tomato salad with piquant yogurt dressing	30
--	----

	<i>Calories</i>
Calves' liver, 3 oz. slice, broiled with onions	140
Fortified mashed potatoes	85
Asparagus, short-cooked, 6 spears	20
1 slice whole wheat, rye or wheat germ bread, lightly spread with butter or margarine	75
Fresh pineapple, 1 slice	45
Demitasse or clear tea	0
Total dinner calories	395
<i>Total Monday Calories</i>	1,270

*Tuesday**BREAKFAST*

	<i>Calories</i>
Orange juice, 6 oz.	75
One coddled egg	75
One slice fortified bread, lightly toasted and thinly spread with butter or margarine	85
Swiss coffee	45
Total breakfast calories	280

Mid-Morning

Fortify yourself with delicious, flavored lean milk, large glass	130
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LUNCH

Chicken chef's salad	195
(2 oz. chicken cut in julienne strips; 1/4 head lettuce, shredded; 1/2 tomato; 1/2 green pepper; 1/2 sliced cucumber; 2 stalks celery, diced; with 2 tbs. piquant yogurt dressing)	

	Calories
1 slice whole wheat bread or toast, thinly spread with butter or margarine	75
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup fortified lean milk, hot or cold with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of coffee	100
Total lunch calories	370
<i>Appetite Controller</i>	
Orange juice, 4 oz. (To be taken 30 to 60 minutes before dinner)	55

DINNER

Watercress and tomato salad, with freshly ground black pepper and wine vinegar	15
Broiled hamburger steak, lean, well done, 3 oz.	200
Stewed mushrooms ($\frac{1}{4}$ lb.), onions and green pepper with herbs	30
String beans, short-cooked, large serving	15
1 slice whole wheat or rye bread, thinly spread with butter or margarine	75
One-half cantaloupe, garnished with fresh strawberries	45
Demitasse or clear tea	0
Total dinner calories	380
Total Tuesday Calories	1,215

Wednesday

BREAKFAST

	Calories
Prunes, 4 medium and 2 tbs. juice, dash of lemon juice (stewed without sugar)	75
One poached egg on	75
One slice fortified bread, lightly toasted	

	Calories
and thinly spread with butter or margarine	85
Swiss coffee	45
Total breakfast calories	280

Mid-Morning

Fortify yourself with delicious, flavored lean milk, large glass	130
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LUNCH

Spring salad (chopped radishes, cucumbers, scal- lions and green peppers with coun- try style pot cheese, 3 tbs. and 4 tbs. yogurt; lace with freshly ground black pepper, dash paprika and onion juice)	110
Lightly buttered rye wafers (2)	75
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup fortified lean milk, hot or cold, with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup black coffee	100
Total lunch calories	285

Appetite Controller

Orange juice, 4 oz. (To be taken 30 to 60 minutes before dinner)	55
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DINNER

Tossed green salad, yogurt dressing	20
Shrimp creole (made with 3 oz. shrimp; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked enriched rice; green pepper; mushrooms; onions; stewed fresh tomatoes and herbs)	250
1 slice rye or whole wheat bread, thinly spread with butter or margarine	75

	<i>Calories</i>
1 large pear	120
Demitasse or clear tea	0
	<hr/>
Total dinner calories	465
<i>Total Wednesday Calories</i>	1,215

*Thursday**BREAKFAST*

	<i>Calories</i>
Orange juice, 6 oz.	75
Whole grain cooked cereal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (wheat or oatmeal, with 2 oz. whole milk, 1 tbs. wheat germ and 1 tsp. honey or molasses)	145
Swiss coffee	45
	<hr/>
Total breakfast calories	265

Mid-Morning

Fortify yourself with delicious, flavored lean milk, large glass	130
--	-----

LUNCH

Plain omelet, 2 eggs in thin pat of butter	180
2 crisp celery stalks	15
1 slice whole wheat or rye toast, thinly spread with butter or margarine	75
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup fortified lean milk, hot or cold, with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup black coffee	100
	<hr/>
Total lunch calories	370

Appetite Controller

Orange juice, 4 oz. (To be taken 30 to 60 minutes before dinner)	55
--	----

DINNER

	<i>Calories</i>
Head lettuce salad with yogurt dressing	20
Broiled kidneys (veal or lamb) and mushrooms, 3 oz.	135
Fortified mashed potatoes	85
Brussels sprouts	20
1 slice whole wheat or rye bread, thinly spread with butter or margarine	75
Fresh fruit cup	75
Demitasse or clear tea	0
	<hr/>
Total dinner calories	410
<i>Total Thursday Calories</i>	1,230

*Friday***BREAKFAST**

	<i>Calories</i>
Grapefruit juice, 6 oz.	75
One poached egg	75
One slice fortified bread, lightly toasted and thinly spread with butter or margarine	85
Swiss coffee	45
	<hr/>
Total breakfast calories	280

Mid-Morning

Fortify yourself with delicious, flavored lean milk, large glass	130
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LUNCH

Shrimp salad (shrimp, 3 oz.; diced celery, cucumbers; lettuce and tomatoes and yogurt tartar sauce—made by adding to	150
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	Calories
piquant yogurt $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. chopped sweet pickle and green olives)	
1 slice whole wheat bread or toast, thinly spread with butter or margarine	75
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup fortified lean milk, hot or cold, with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup black coffee	100
Total lunch calories	325
<i>Appetite Controller</i>	
Orange juice, 4 oz. (To be taken 30 to 60 minutes before dinner)	55

DINNER

Green salad with piquant yogurt dressing	20
Large fillet of flounder, broiled, 6 oz., gar- nished with lemon slices	120
One baked potato, thin pat of butter	125
$\frac{1}{2}$ broiled tomato	15
1 slice whole wheat, rye or wheat germ bread, thinly spread with butter or margarine	75
2 halves canned peaches, 1 tbs. juice	75
Demitasse or clear tea	0
Total dinner calories	430
Total Friday Calories	1,220

Saturday

BREAKFAST

	Calories
Orange juice, 6 oz.	75
2 strips crisp bacon	80
1 slice fortified bread, lightly toasted	

Calories

and thinly spread with butter or	
margarine	85
Swiss coffee	45
	<hr/>
Total breakfast calories	285

Mid-Morning

Fortify yourself with delicious, flavored	
lean milk, large glass	130

LUNCH

Pick-Up Salad	145
(lettuce, $\frac{1}{4}$ head; celery, 3 stalks; $\frac{1}{2}$	
raw carrot; $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper in rings;	
radishes and one hard-cooked egg;	
serve with 2 tbs. piquant yogurt	
dressing)	
1 slice whole wheat, rye or wheat germ	
toast, thinly spread with butter or	
margarine	75
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup fortified lean milk, hot or cold,	
with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup black coffee	100
	<hr/>
Total lunch calories	300

Appetite Controller

Orange juice, 4 oz. (To be taken 30 to	
60 minutes before dinner)	55

DINNER

Thin sliced cucumbers, vinaigrette	15
Sirloin steak, broiled, 3 oz., boneless	255
Mushrooms, broiled, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.	15
Broiled tomato	30
1 slice bread, lightly spread with butter	
or margarine	75

	Calories	
Fresh cantaloupe, one-half	35	
Demitasse or clear tea	0	
	<hr/>	
Total dinner calories		425
Total Saturday Calories		1,215

Sunday

BRUNCH

	Calories	
Orange juice, 6 oz.	75	
Pancakes, two	165	
(fortified with 1 tbs. skim milk powder; 1 pat butter, 1/8" thick; 1 tsp. honey, molasses or maple syrup)		
Swiss coffee	45	
	<hr/>	
Total brunch calories		280

Appetite Controller

Orange juice, 4 oz. (To be taken 30 to 60 minutes before dinner)	55
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DINNER

Watercress and tomato salad with piquant yogurt dressing	20	
Broiled breast of chicken	210	
Broccoli, steamed, 1/2 cup	20	
Fortified mashed potatoes	85	
1 slice bread, thinly spread with butter or margarine	75	
One-half cantaloupe	35	
Demitasse or clear tea	0	
	<hr/>	
Total dinner calories		445

Between-Meal Snack

Fortify yourself with delicious, flavored lean milk, large glass	130
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LATE SUPPER

	<i>Calories</i>
Asparagus (8 spears) and sliced hard-cooked egg on toast, with yogurt dressing	175
Tossed green salad with piquant yogurt dressing	30
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup fortified lean milk, hot or cold, with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup black coffee	100
	<hr/>
Total supper calories	305
<i>Total Sunday Calories</i>	1,215

THE ESQUIRE DIET *

*Monday**BREAKFAST*

Stewed prunes

Poached egg on fortified toast spread with butter or margarine

Small slice broiled ham

Cafe au lait. (Mix equal quantities of very hot coffee and hot skim milk.)

LUNCH

Broiled chicken livers on fortified toast

Grilled tomato

Tossed green salad with lemon juice dressing

Yogurt and fresh berries in season

Or

Orange sherbet

Milk, tea, or coffee

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DINNER

Clear consomme
Baked meat loaf fortified with wheat germ-parsley garnish
Zucchini squash
One-half baked potato garnished with chives
Half grapefruit broiled with brown sugar
Milk, tea, or coffee

Tuesday

BREAKFAST

Orange juice
1 cup whole grain cooked cereal with wheat germ and 1
tsp. honey
Fortified toast with butter or margarine
Coffee or cafe au lait. (Mix equal quantities of very hot
coffee and very hot skim milk.)

LUNCH

Chef's salad
Dressing—serve yourself: lemon juice and dash of
olive oil
1 slice whole wheat, rye, or wheat germ bread lightly
buttered
Vanilla ice cream
Tea or black coffee

DINNER

Thin sliced cucumbers vinaigrette
Broiled breast of chicken with parsley garnish
Brussels sprouts
Short-cooked whole carrots
Baked apple with cream
Milk, tea, or cafe au lait

*Wednesday***BREAKFAST**

Tomato juice

Corn flakes fortified with wheat germ, topped with sliced tomatoes

Whole wheat muffins with butter or margarine and honey

Coffee or cafe au lait. (Mix equal quantities of very hot coffee and very hot skim milk.)

LUNCH

Cheese omelet

Broiled mushrooms

One slice whole wheat toast lightly buttered

Fresh fruit cup

Milk, tea, or coffee

DINNER

Sunshine finger salad—strips of carrot, cucumber, celery, peppers, cauliflowers, sliced onions, radishes

Broiled liver (calf, beef, lamb)

Mashed potatoes fortified with yogurt and powdered skim milk

Stewed tomatoes

Yogurt with fresh fruit and honey

Demitasse or cafe au lait

*Thursday***BREAKFAST**

Orange juice

Crisp bacon

Scrambled eggs fortified with powdered skim milk

1 slice whole wheat toast with butter or margarine and honey

Coffee or cafe au lait. (Mix equal quantities of very hot coffee and very hot skim milk.)

LUNCH

Onion soup

Brisket of corned beef open faced sandwich on rye bread

Dill pickle

Cole slaw

Milk, tea, or coffee

DINNER

Broiled lean lamb chop

Buttered short-cooked beets

Steamed brown rice

Waldorf salad

Cheese and crackers, camembert or bleu

Tea or coffee

Friday

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit juice

2 shirred eggs with chopped chives

Whole wheat muffins lightly buttered

Cafe au lait. (Mix equal quantities of very hot coffee and very hot skim milk.)

LUNCH

Cup of clam chowder

Starch-reduced spaghetti with mushroom sauce

Mixed green salad with French dressing

Cheese of choice and crackers

Milk, tea or coffee

DINNER

Head lettuce with yogurt dressing
Broiled filet of flounder with lemon butter
Fresh asparagus tips on fortified toast with hard-cooked
egg garnish
Apple betty with orange sauce
Black coffee or tea

*Saturday**BREAKFAST*

Grapefruit sections
Chipped beef on fortified toast
Cafe au lait. (Mix equal quantities of very hot coffee and
very hot skim milk.)

LUNCH

Cup of vegetable soup
Open-faced hamburger sandwich on 1/2 toasted bun
Tomato slices on lettuce leaves
Honeyed rice pudding with raisins
Coffee, tea, or milk

DINNER

Fresh cranberry juice
Broiled steak (porterhouse, sirloin) with onions and
mushrooms
Green beans almondine
Small whole potato baked in shell
Open-faced apple pie
Coffee or tea

Midday snacks—(pep-up cocktails)

Glass of orange juice with raw egg and 1 tsp. honey well beaten in

Glass of vegetable juice with lemon wedge

Banana shake— $\frac{1}{2}$ banana whipped into glass of orange or pineapple juice; add 1 tsp. honey

Midnight snacks—(good-nite caps)

Cup of hot milk with 1 tsp. honey well beaten in

Yogurt with fresh fruit in season

Slim milk shake—cup of skim milk with powdered skim milk, dash of nutmeg well beaten in

Sunday

BREAKFAST

Orange slices in orange juice

2 buckwheat cakes fortified with wheat germ

Broiled crisp bacon and one egg

Cafe au lait. (Mix equal quantities of very hot coffee and hot skim milk.)

DINNER

Vegetable juice cocktail

Chuck steak roast

One-half baked potato garnished with parsley

Buttered broccoli

Beet and celery salad with lime juice dressing

Fortified bread thin spread with butter or margarine

Fresh fruit compote with fresh mint sprig

Milk, tea or demi-tasse

SUPPER

Hauser salad—celery, cheese sticks, cauliflowerets, lettuce, tomato, carrot strips, parsley

Dressing—1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 tbs. cider vinegar, 1 tbs.
olive oil

Bran muffins lightly buttered

Yogurt Cream Pie on whole wheat crust

Demi-tasse

FOOD TABLES

The following tables of food values give you the nine important factors for each food. Foods commonly eaten in the cooked state have their values given for "short cooking," unless otherwise stated. Except for calories, all values are in terms of percentage of my generous daily allowance. To use these tables you do not have to remember units and milligrams. Remember only that each value is a percentage value, except for calories. If the percentage value for each of the other food factors, in your daily menu, totals 100, you will be getting my generous daily allowance. If the figures go over 100, so much to the good.

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

<i>Vegetables</i>	<i>Calories</i>	<i>Protein</i>	<i>Calcium</i>	<i>Iron</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>B₁</i>	<i>B₂</i>	<i>Niacin</i>	<i>C</i>
Asparagus, fresh									
1 Cup cut spears	36	5.25	2.6	12.0	18.2	11.5	12.0	14.0	40
Asparagus, green canned									
1 Cup cut spears	38	5.25	2.6	22.0	14.0	5.5	5.6	11.3	31
Beans, green lima									
½ Cup	76	5.0	2.3	9.0	2.3	5.5	2.8	6.0	12
Beans, snap or string									
1 Cup	27	2.25	4.5	6.0	8.3	4.5	4.8	4.0	18
Beans, soy*									
½ Cup	100	14.4	6.9	13.0	3.0	15.5	3.6	4.5	—
Bean sprouts, raw									
1 Cup	49	8.25	5.1	7.35	1.9	12.0	8.4	6.0	14
Beets, diced									
1 Cup	68	2.0	1.2	8.0	.3	1.5	2.8	3.3	11
Beet greens									
1 Cup	39	3.6	NA**	30.6	108.0	3.5	9.2	4.0	22
Broccoli									
1 Cup	44	6.25	19.5	13.3	51.0	5.0	8.8	8.0	111
Brussels sprouts									
1 Cup	60	7.1	4.2	11.3	5.2	2.5	6.4	18.6	10.1
Cabbage, Chinese									
1 Cup	27	2.8	8.2	11.3	4.9	2.0	2.4	4.0	42
Cabbage, Chinese, raw									
1 Cup 1" pcs.	14	1.5	4.3	6.0	2.6	1.5	1.6	2.6	31
Leaves and stems									
Cabbage									
1 Cup	40	3.0	7.8	5.3	1.5	2.5	2.0	2.0	32

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

<i>Vegetables (Cont'd)</i>	<i>Calories</i>	<i>Protein</i>	<i>Calcium</i>	<i>Iron</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>B₁</i>	<i>B₂</i>	<i>Niacin</i>	<i>C</i>
Cabbage, raw shredded 1 Cup	24	1.75	4.6	3.3	0.8	3.0	2.0	2.0	50
Carrots, fresh, diced 1 Cup	44	1.1	3.0	6.0	181.0	3.5	2.8	4.6	6
Carrots, canned, diced 1 Cup	44	1.1	3.0	6.0	254.0	1.5	1.3	2.6	4
Carrots, raw 1 5½" x 1"	21	.75	1.7	2.6	60.0	1.5	1.3	2.0	3
Cauliflower 1 Cup	30	3.6	2.3	8.6	1.1	2.5	4.0	4.0	34
Cauliflower, raw 1 Cup buds	25	3.0	1.9	7.3	.9	5.5	4.0	4.0	69
Celery 3 Inner or 1 large Outer stalk	9	.75	2.1	1.3	---	2.5	0.8	1.3	4
Chard 1 Cup stalk & leaves	30	2.5	NA**	34.0	451.0	3.0	3.6	4.0	25
Chard 1 Cup leaves only	47	5.75	NA**	29.3	169.0	3.5	11.2	3.3	30
Collards 1 Cup	76	9.2	47.3	20	145	7.5	14.4	21.3	84
Corn 1 Earl 5" x 1¼"	84	2.7	0.4	4.0	3.9	5.5	4.0	9.3	8
Cress, garden 1 Cup	73	9.5	38	34.6	59	6.5	10.8	9.3	70
Watercress, raw ½ Cup	5	---	5.0	50	50	1.0	2.5	0.9	2

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

Vegetables (Cont'd)	Calories	Protein	Calcium	Iron	A	B ₁	B ₂	Niacin	C
Cucumber	6	.05	.5	1.3	—	1.0	0.8	0.66	4
Dandelion greens									
1 Cup	79	6.1	33.7	37.3	273	11.5	8.8	1.3	29
Endive									
1 Stalk 5¼"	12	1.0	3.7	4.0	15	2.4	4.6	.13	6
Kale									
1 Cup	78	7.2	49.6	32	184	8.0	20.0	25	112
Kohlrabi									
1 Cup	47	4.1	7.1	6	—	3	2.4	2	57
Lettuce, head									
2 Large or 4 small leaves	7	.75	1.1	1.3	2.7	1.0	1.6	0.6	4
Lettuce, leaf									
½ Head	16	1.6	2.4	3.6	6.0	2.5	3.6	1.3	8
Mushrooms									
10 1½" diameter	16	1.7	0.7	5.0	—	—	—	13	—
Mustard greens									
1 Cup	31	4.0	31	27.3	100	4.0	10.0	6.6	63
Okra									
8 Pods 3" x 5½"	28	1.9	7.0	4.0	6.3	2.5	2.0	2.6	17
Onions									
1 Cup	79	2.6	6.7	6.6	1.1	2.0	2.4	2.6	13
Onions, raw									
1 2½" diameter	49	1.8	3.5	4.0	.6	2.0	1.6	1.4	10
Onions, young green									
6 Small	23	0.6	6.8	2.7	.3	1.0	0.8	0.6	12
Parsley									
1 Tbs. chopped	1	0.12	0.7	1.3	2.9	—	0.4	0.6	7
Parsnips									
1 Cup	94	2.0	8.8	7.3	—	4.5	6.4	2.0	19

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

Vegetables (Cont'd)	Calories	Protein	Calcium	Iron	A	B ₁	B ₂	Niacin	C
Peas, green									
1 Cup	111	9.7	3.5	20.0	11.5	20.0	8.8	24.6	24
Peppers, green									
1 Medium	16	1.0	0.7	2.0	4.0	1.0	1.6	1.3	77
Potato, Irish, baked									
1 2½" diameter	97	3.0	1.3	5.3	0.2	5.5	2.0	9.3	17
Potato, Irish, boiled in skin									
1 2½" dia.	118	3.5	1.6	6.6	.30	7.0	2.4	10.6	22
Pumpkin, canned									
1 Cup	38	1.44	2.3	5.3	39.0	1.0	2.8	4.0	—
Rice, brown									
½ Cup	102	2.6	0.7	1.6	—	2.5	0.4	6.3	—
Rutabagas									
1 Cup, diced	50	1.5	8.5	4.0	5.4	4.0	4.4	7.3	33
Sauerkraut, canned									
1 Cup	32	2.6	5.4	5.3	0.6	2.5	4.0	1.3	24
Spinach									
1 Cup	46	7.0	NA**	24.0	212.0	7.0	14.4	7.3	54
Spinach, canned									
1 Cup	46	7.0	NA**	24.0	137.0	2.0	8.2	4.6	26
Squash, summer									
1 Cup	34	1.6	3.2	5.3	5.5	4.0	6.0	8.6	23
Squash, winter									
½ Cup	48	2.4	2.8	5.3	63.0	2.5	6.0	4.0	7
Sweet potato, baked***									
1 5" x 2"	183	3.2	4.4	7.3	114.0	6.0	3.2	6.0	28
Tomato, raw									
1 2" x 2½"	30	1.9	1.6	6.0	16.4	4.0	2.4	3.3	35

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

Vegetables (Cont'd)	Calories	Protein	Calcium	Iron	A	B ₁	B ₂	Niacin	C
Tomato juice, canned									
1 Cup	50	3.0	1.7	6.6	25.4	6.0	2.8	12.0	38
Turnips									
1 Cup	42	1.5	6.2	5.3	—	3.0	2.8	4.0	28
Turnip greens									
1 Cup	43	5.25	37.6	23.3	153.0	4.5	23.6	6.6	87

*Measured before steaming

**Not available.

***Deep yellow variety.

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

<i>Meats</i>	<i>Calories</i>	<i>Protein</i>	<i>Calcium</i>	<i>Iron</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>B₁</i>	<i>B₂</i>	<i>Niacin</i>	<i>C</i>
Bacon, broiled									
2 Sl. well drained	97	5.0	0.4	3.3	—	4.0	2.0	5.3	—
*Ham, smoked, broiled									
1 Pc. 4" x 3¼" x ¾"	206	25.0	0.9	16.6	—	23.0	7.2	23.3	—
Brains, all kinds									
3 Ounces	106	11.0	1.4	20.6	—	10.0	8.8	25.3	15
<i>Beef:</i>									
Hamburger, regular									
Cake 2⅞" x ⅞"	316	24.0	0.8	16.0	—	3.5	6.4	27.3	—
Hamburger, beef round									
Cake 2¾" x ⅞"	197	23.0	0.9	19.3	—	3.0	7.6	31.3	—
Heart									
3 Ounces	92	18.0	0.8	26.0	0.3	25.0	30.0	44.0	5
*Sirloin steak									
4¼" x 2½" x ¾"	245	37.0	1.3	25.0	—	4.5	8.4	40.0	—
*Rib roast									
4" x 3" x ¼"	266	29.0	1.0	20.4	—	3.0	0.7	28.0	—
*Round									
2½" x 2⅜" x ¾" (1 piece)	235	27.0	1.0	22.6	—	3.5	8.9	36.8	—
Liver, beef									
3 Sl. 3" x 2¼" x ⅝"	236	33.0	1.0	58.5	600.0	15.0	180.0	110.0	36
Liver, calf's									
3 Sl. 3" x 2¼" x ⅝"	217	37.0	0.9	110.0	330.0	16.0	190.0	164.0	54
<i>Lamb:</i>									
*Leg of lamb									
2 Sl. 3⅝" x 4¼" x ⅙"	306	33.0	1.2	23.0	—	8.0	10.6	30.0	—
*Lamb chops									
1, 3 to the pound	231	28.0	0.9	17.3	—	6.0	8.8	32.0	—

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

<i>Meats (Cont'd)</i>	<i>Calories</i>	<i>Protein</i>	<i>Calcium</i>	<i>Iron</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>B₁</i>	<i>B₂</i>	<i>Niacin</i>	<i>C</i>
<i>Pork:</i>									
*Fresh ham									
1 Sl. 6" x 5" x 3/8"	218	25.0	0.9	17.3	—	22.5	8.0	26.0	—
*Pork chop									
1 Loin chop	200	20.0	0.9	16.0	—	28.4	6.4	22.2	—

*All visible fat cut away.

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

Poultry	Calories	Protein	Calcium	Iron	A	B ₁	B ₂	Niacin	C
Chicken									
½ Broiled, 8 oz.	332	55.5	3.1	22.0	—	9.0	14.4	15.0	—
Chicken, fryer									
1 leg	159	36.3	2.1	17.3	—	7.0	13.6	8.0	—
Chicken, fryer									
1 breast	210	58.0	2.8	14.6	—	6.5	7.2	21.1	—
Chicken, roaster									
¾ oz.									
3 Sl. 3½" x 2¼" x ¼"	190	37.0	1.5	17.0	—	5.6	6.0	15.0	—
Turkey, dark meat									
¼ oz.									
1 Sl. 4" x 2½" x ¼"	100	25.0	1.2	20.0	—	5.2	7.0	20.0	—
Turkey, light meat									
1.9 oz.									
1 Sl. 4" x 2½" x ¼"	100	23.8	1.1	19.0	—	2.0	1.6	8.0	—

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

Seafood	Calories	Protein	Calcium	Iron	A	B ₁	B ₂	Niacin	C
Bluefish									
1 Pc. 3½" x 3" x ½"	193	42.5	2.9	6.0	—	7.5	5.6	18.6	—
Cod									
1 Pc. 3¾" x 2½" x ¾"	84	23.3	1.1	3.3	—	3.5	4.0	16.6	—
Flounder									
4 Ounces	78	22.3	6.9	6.0	—	3.5	2.4	12.6	—
Haddock									
1 Pc. 4" x 3" x ½"	158	23.8	1.8	4.0	—	2.0	3.6	16.0	—
Halibut									
1 Pc. 4" x 3" x ½"	228	41.0	1.8	6.6	—	4.0	3.6	87.0	—
Salmon									
½ Cup	173	25.2	25.0	8.0	2.3	2.0	6.4	50.0	—
Clams									
12 Clams, 4 Oz.	92	18.0	10.9	52.0	1.2	5.5	8.0	12.0	—
Oysters									
1 Cup, 13 to 19	200	29.4	22.6	90.0	7.7	17.5	15.2	18.6	—

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

Dairy Food & Eggs	Calories	Protein	Calcium	Iron	A	B ₁	B ₂	Niacin	C
*Eggs									
1 Medium	77	7.6	2.6	9.0	5.5	2.5	5.6	1.3	—
Milk, whole fluid									
1 Glass**	166	10.6	28.8	1.3	3.9	4.5	17.6	2.0	3
Milk, skimmed fluid									
1 Glass	87	10.7	30.3	1.3	—	4.5	17.6	2.0	3
Buttermilk									
1 Glass	86	10.6	28.8	1.3	—	4.5	17.2	2.0	3
Enriched milk									
1 Glass	143	17.9	49.9	1.33	—	7.5	30.0	2.9	—
Fortified milk									
1 Glass	163	19.3	53.0	10.5	—	27.0	64.0	13.0	—
Skim milk lassie									
1 Glass	186	21.2	56.5	19.6	—	48.0	48.0	24.0	—
Cottage cheese, skim									
milk, 1 Cup	215	55.0	21.6	4.6	0.5	2.0	27.6	1.3	—
Cheddar cheese									
1 One inch cube	113	9.0	20.6	2.0	4.0	0.5	6.0	0.8	—
Fat-free yogurt									
1 Glass	104	13.0	36.0	1.6	—	5.5	21.0	2.4	—
Whole milk yogurt									
1 Glass	160	12.8	33.6	1.6	—	5.4	20.1	2.4	—
Butter									
1 Tbs.	100	—	—	—	0.46	—	—	—	—
Butter									
1 Pat	50	—	—	—	0.23	—	—	—	—

*Eggs should be cooked enough to set the white. Uncooked egg white inactivates biotin in the body.

**1 Glass equals 1 measuring cup, or 8 ounces.

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

Cereals	Calories	Protein	Calcium	Iron	A	B ₁	B ₂	Niacin	C
Wheat germ-bran									
½ Cup	97	7.5	2.8	17.8	—	45	28	24.8	—
Bran 99%									
½ Cup	72	4.5	2.8	21.0	—	5.5	4.6	38.0	—
Bran flakes 40%									
1 Cup	117	5.4	2.4	13.3	—	9.5	3.6	23.3	—
Corn flakes, enriched									
1 Cup	96	2.5	0.3	4.0	—	5.0	0.8	4.0	—
Wheat flakes, enriched									
1 Cup	125	4.75	1.6	10.0	—	10.0	2.4	15.0	—
Oatmeal									
1 Cup cooked	148	6.75	2.1	11.3	—	11.0	2.0	2.6	—
Breads									
Whole wheat									
1 Sl. ½" thick	55	2.6	2.2	3.3	—	2.5	1.2	4.6	—
White, enriched									
1 Sl. ½" thick	63	2.5	1.8	.7	—	2.0	1.6	3.3	—
Rye, ½ rye, ½ clear flour									
1 Sl. ½" thick	57	2.6	1.7	2.6	—	1.0	0.8	1.3	—
Rye wafer									
3½" x 1¾" x ⅛"	30	1.0	0.3	1.6	—	—	—	—	—
Graham crackers									
2 Medium	55	1.3	0.3	2.0	—	2.0	0.8	1.3	—

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

Fruits	Calories	Protein	Calcium	Iron	A	B ₁	B ₂	Niacin	C
Apple 1 Large 3" dia.	117	0.75	1.2	4.0	0.18	4.0	2.4	2.6	9
Apricot, fresh 3 Medium	54	1.37	1.7	3.3	30.0	1.5	2.0	6.0	7
Apricot, canned, waterproof ½ Cup	38	0.75	1.2	2.3	16.5	1.0	1.0	2.6	5
Apricot, dried ½ Cup cooked	121	3.0	4.0	15.3	34.5	2.5	2.8	9.3	5
Banana 1 6" x 1½"	88	1.5	0.8	4.0	4.3	2.0	2.0	2.6	10
Blackberries ½ Cup	82	2.1	4.6	9.0	2.8	2.5	2.4	3.3	30
Blueberries 1 Cup	85	1.0	2.2	7.3	4.0	2.0	1.2	2.6	23
• Cantaloupe ½ Melon 5" dia.	37	1.3	3.1	4.6	61.9	4.5	2.8	6.0	59
Cherries, sour 1 Cup	65	1.5	1.9	2.6	7.1	2.5	2.4	2.6	9
Gooseberries 1 Cup	59	1.5	3.3	5.3	4.4	—	—	—	49
Grapefruit ¼ Fruit 5" dia.	104	1.6	5.7	3.3	0.2	5.0	2.0	3.3	105
Grapefruit juice 1 Glass	87	1.5	2.0	2.6	0.2	4.5	2.0	3.3	99
Grapefruit-Orange juice blend, canned 1 Glass	99	1.9	2.2	4.6	1.1	5.5	1.6	3.3	92

• Deep colored variety

PERCENTAGES OF DAILY RECOMMENDATIONS

<i>Fruits (Cont'd)</i>	<i>Calories</i>	<i>Protein</i>	<i>Calcium</i>	<i>Iron</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>B₁</i>	<i>B₂</i>	<i>Niacin</i>	<i>C</i>
Honeydew melon									
1 Wedge 2" x 7"	49	1.0	2.6	4.0	0.6	3.5	1.6	2.0	34
Lemon juice									
1 Tbs.	4	0.01	0.2	—	—	—	—	—	7
Lemon juice									
1 Glass	59	1.25	3.4	1.8	—	5.5	0.4	0.2	122
Malaga grapes									
1 Cup	102	1.5	2.6	6.0	12.0	4.5	2.4	2.4	6
Orange									
1 3½" dia.	106	2.6	7.7	6.0	4.4	9.0	2.4	4.0	116
Orange juice									
1 Glass, canned or fresh	108	2.5	4.7	3.3	4.6	9.5	2.4	4.0	122
Peaches									
1 2½" x 2"	46	0.6	0.8	4.0	8.8	1.0	2.0	6.0	8
Pineapple, fresh									
1 Cup diced	74	0.75	2.2	2.6	1.8	6.0	1.6	2.0	33
Pineapple juice, canned									
1 Glass	121	0.9	3.7	8.0	2.0	6.5	1.6	2.6	22
Plums, Italian, canned									
3 with 2 Tbs. juice	92	0.62	1.0	8.7	2.8	1.5	1.2	3.3	1
Plums, fresh									
1 2" dia.	29	0.5	1.0	2.0	2.0	2.0	0.8	2.0	3
Prunes, no sugar added									
1 Cup fruit with ½ cup of liquid, 16 to 18 prunes	310	3.4	6.2	30.0	22.1	3.5	8.0	13.3	2
Raspberries, black									
1 Cup	100	2.5	5.4	8.0	—	1.5	3.6	2.6	32
Raspberries, red									
1 Cup	70	1.9	4.9	7.3	1.6	1.5	3.2	2.6	29

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